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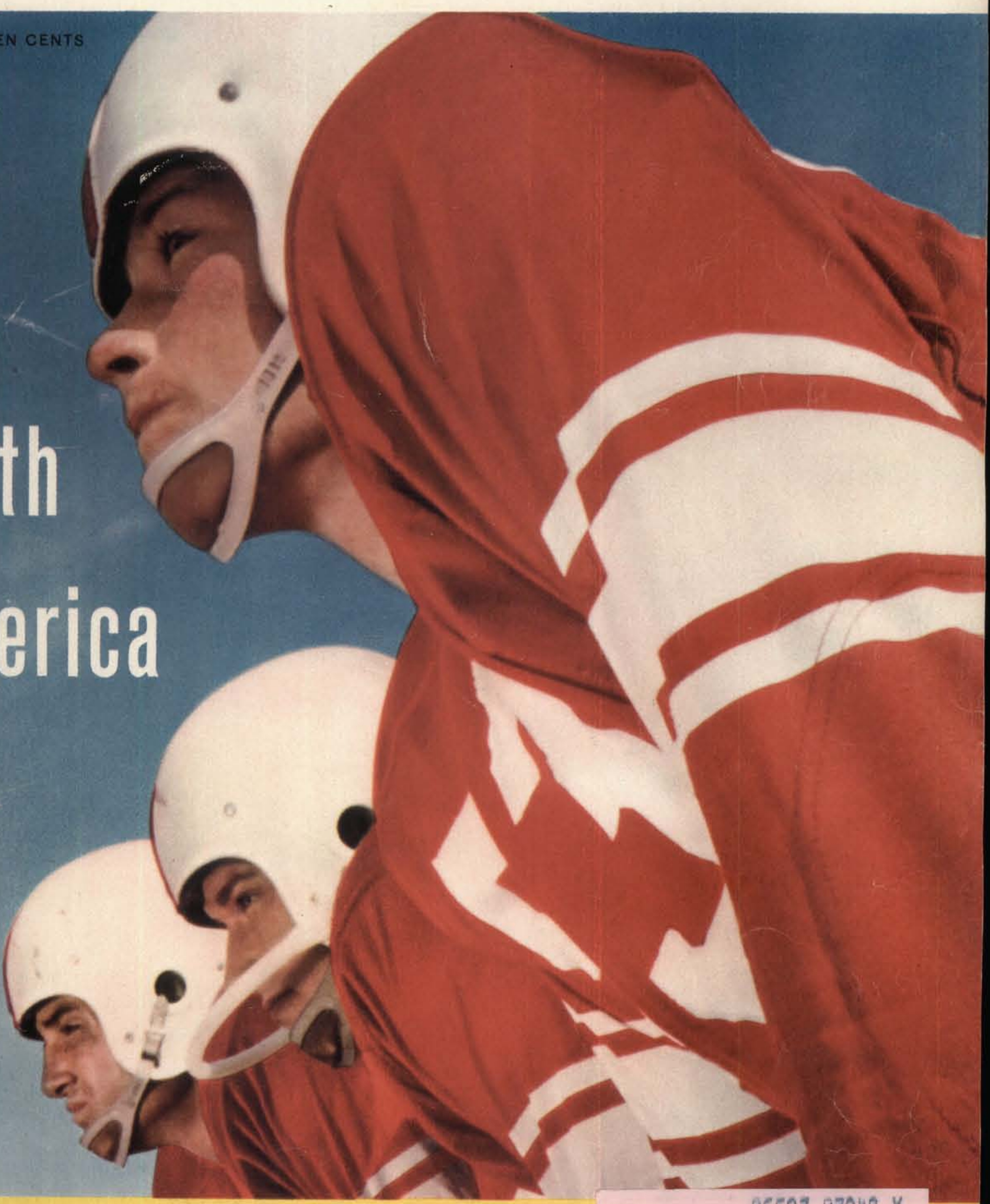

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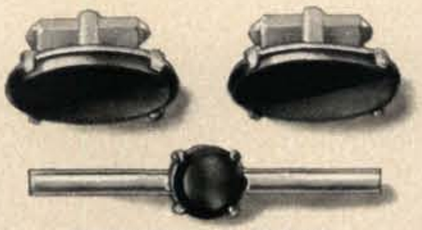

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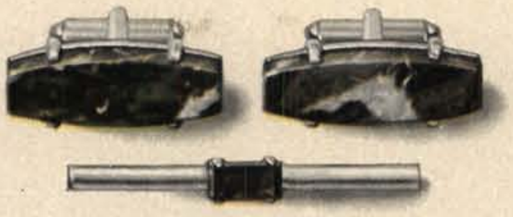

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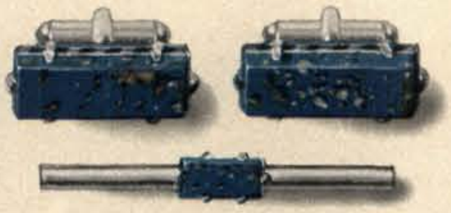

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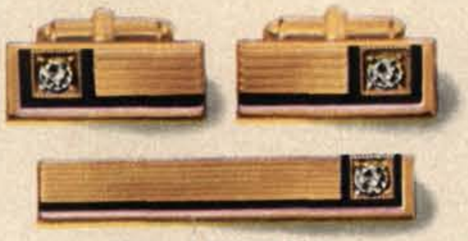

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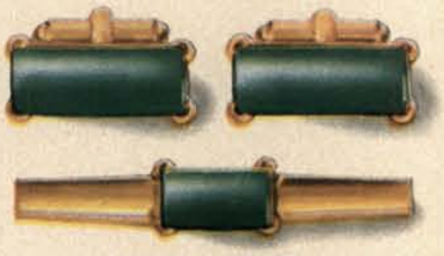

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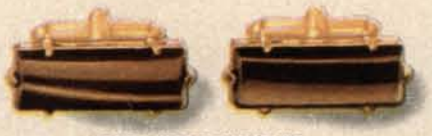

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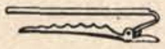

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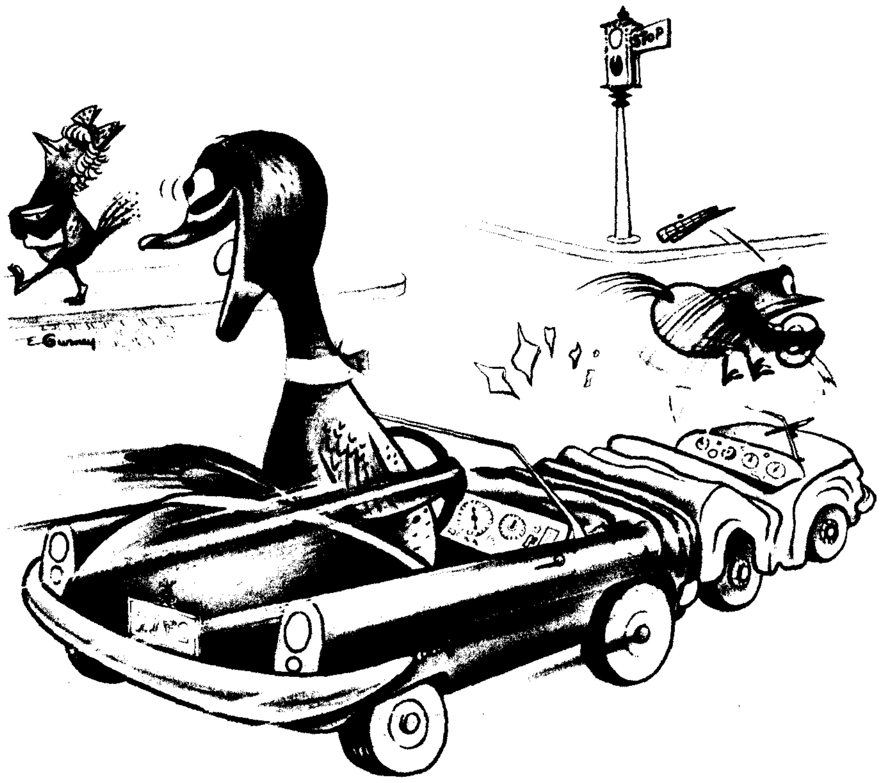
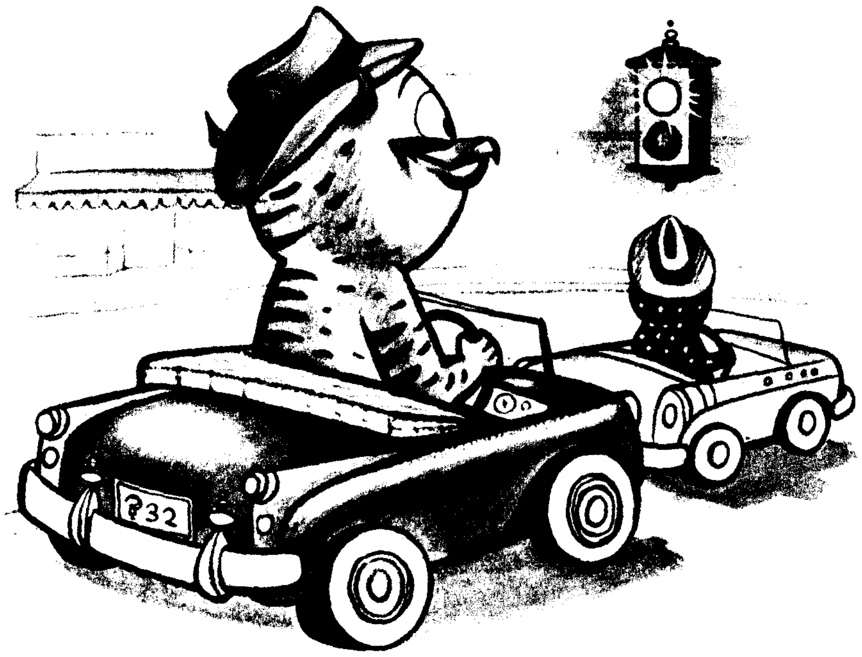
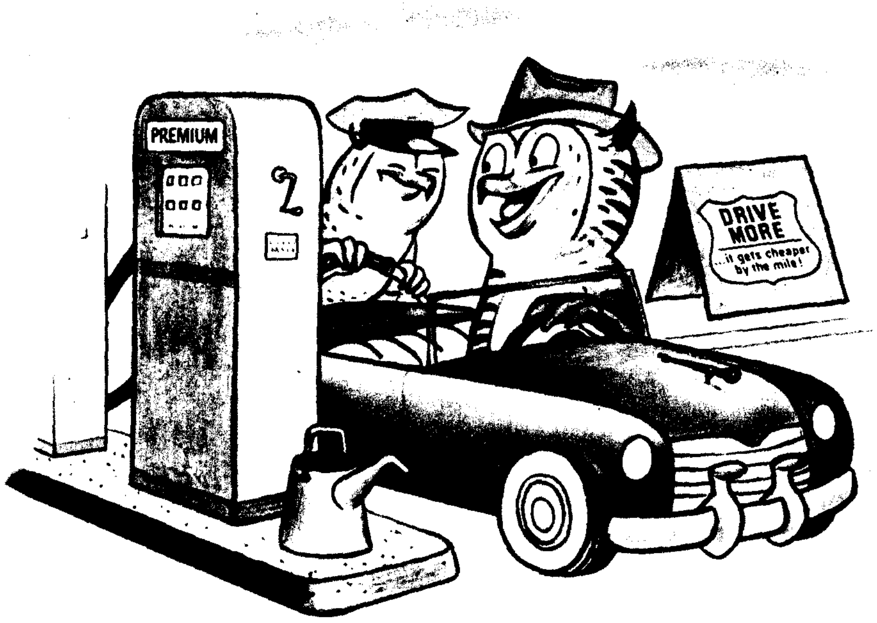


The Wide-Eyed Gander looks at the chicks on the sidewalk more than at the road ahead. Once he spots a beauty, there's no telling where his car will wind up.



The Smart Bird knows that driving calls for undivided attention. He keeps his eyes and mind on where he's going . . . is extra-careful when he's in town or heavy traffic.


PREMIUM
DRIVE MORE
...it gets cheaper by the mile!

The Smart Bird is also careful when it comes to buying gasoline. He buys premium gasoline. Premium gasoline has a higher octane rating that lets you enjoy *full power* . . . gives greater driving pleasure.

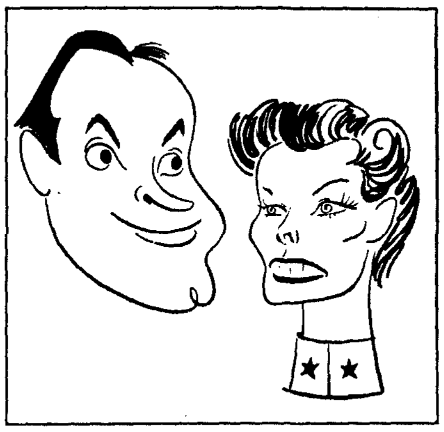
It's smart to use *premium* gasoline

ETHYL
CORPORATION
New York 17, N. Y.

Picture
OF THE MONTH

This month's choice proves that the movies will do anything for a thousand laughs. They'll even put Bob Hope and Katharine Hepburn in the same romantic comedy!

The hilarious result of this happy teaming is called "The Iron Petticoat". And it comes via M-G-M in VistaVision, Technicolor and a burst of lickety-split laughter. Bob's a fast-talking hotshot American, engaged to a fortune in London. Kate's an unkissed Russian aviatrix, wedded to Communism. And the fun starts to fly when Bob is assigned to thaw out the Cold War in Kate's capitalist-hating heart.



Things warm up fast as Kate learns about Democracy the hot way. ("Your lips have a comradely warmth I did not expect to find outside the Soviet.") Bob's pitch for Uncle Sam rapidly turns into a pitch for Nephew Bob. On a whirling tour of London's scenic spots, dress shops and night spots, Kate really learns about life, liberty and the pursuit of men.

Filmed abroad, "The Iron Petticoat" really goes places – starting with Frankfort-on-Main and carrying on in Piccadilly Circus and all around London town. We're grateful to producer Betty E. Box and director Ralph Thomas for making this Remus production such a joy to be told. Produced in association with Harry Saltzman and with such stalwarts in the cast as Noel Middleton, James Robertson-Justice and Robert Helpmann, it's a riotous film.

A word of warning, however, to funlovers everywhere. "The Iron Petticoat" isn't really iron. It's black silk. And it isn't a petticoat. It's a negligee. And it isn't a comedy. It's a riot!

For in "The Iron Petticoat" Bob and Kate are merrily together not only for the first time...

But for the *best* time in anybody's town!

Favorite Fun-scene: Kate exposed for the first time to feminine fripperies in a swank London shop. As she changes her bemedaled uniform for beribboned undies, there is a fascinating transformation in her personality from party-follower to party-girl!

December 7, 1956 COLLIER'S Vol. 138 No. 12

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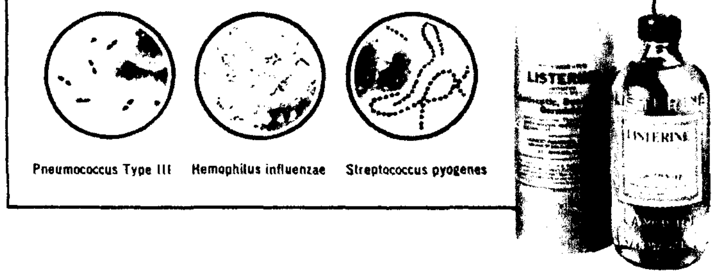
Nose drops often help relieve congestion . . . anti-histamines, aspirin, cough syrups can help. But remember . . . these non-antiseptic cold remedies don't kill germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . and germs cause much of the misery of colds and the sore throats they bring. Listerine kills germs instantly . . . by millions. No matter what else you do for a cold—use Listerine Antiseptic! Use it full-strength!

NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU DO FOR A COLD YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC to kill germs like these!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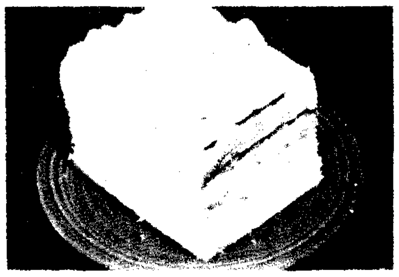
Combine 3 tbsp. Pream with ¼ tsp. salt and 1 package (1 lb.) confectioners' sugar. Add 4 tbsp. butter or margarine, the grated rind of 1 orange, and 3 to 3½ tbsp. orange juice. Blend until smooth.



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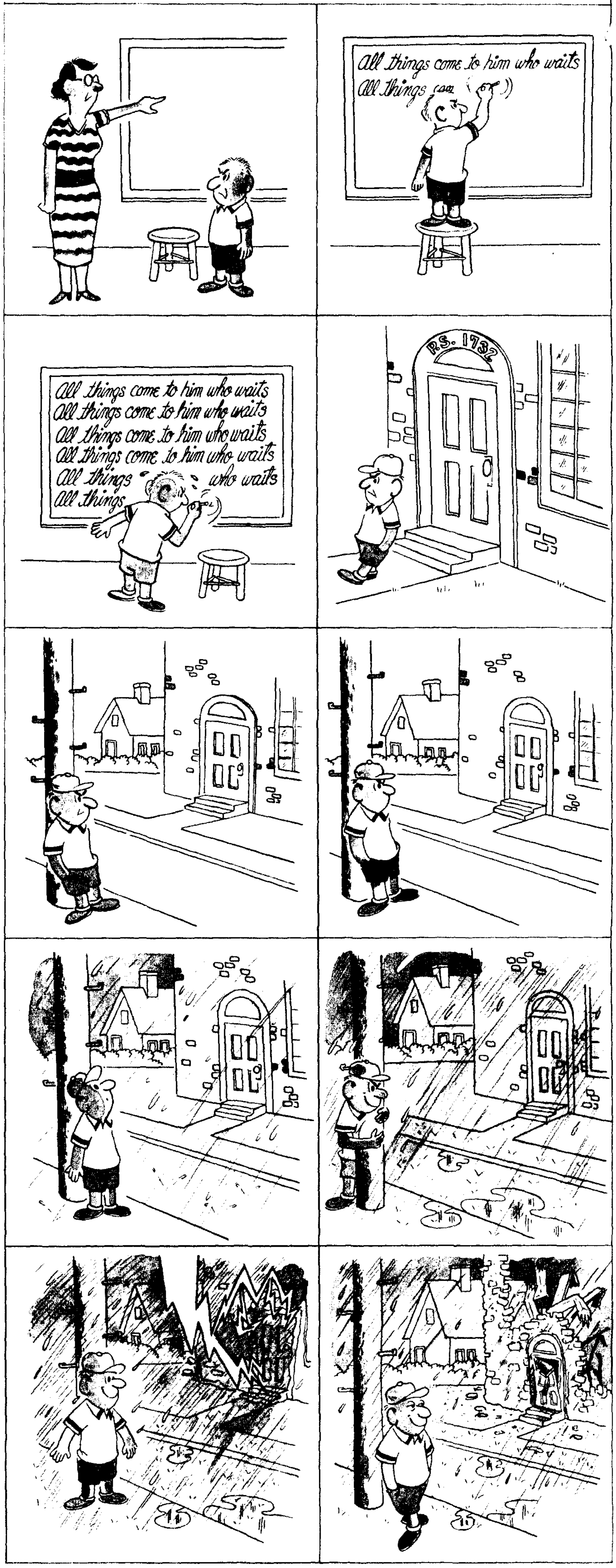
PREAM

THE PROVERB

BY JOHN BLUTO


All things come to him who waits
All things com
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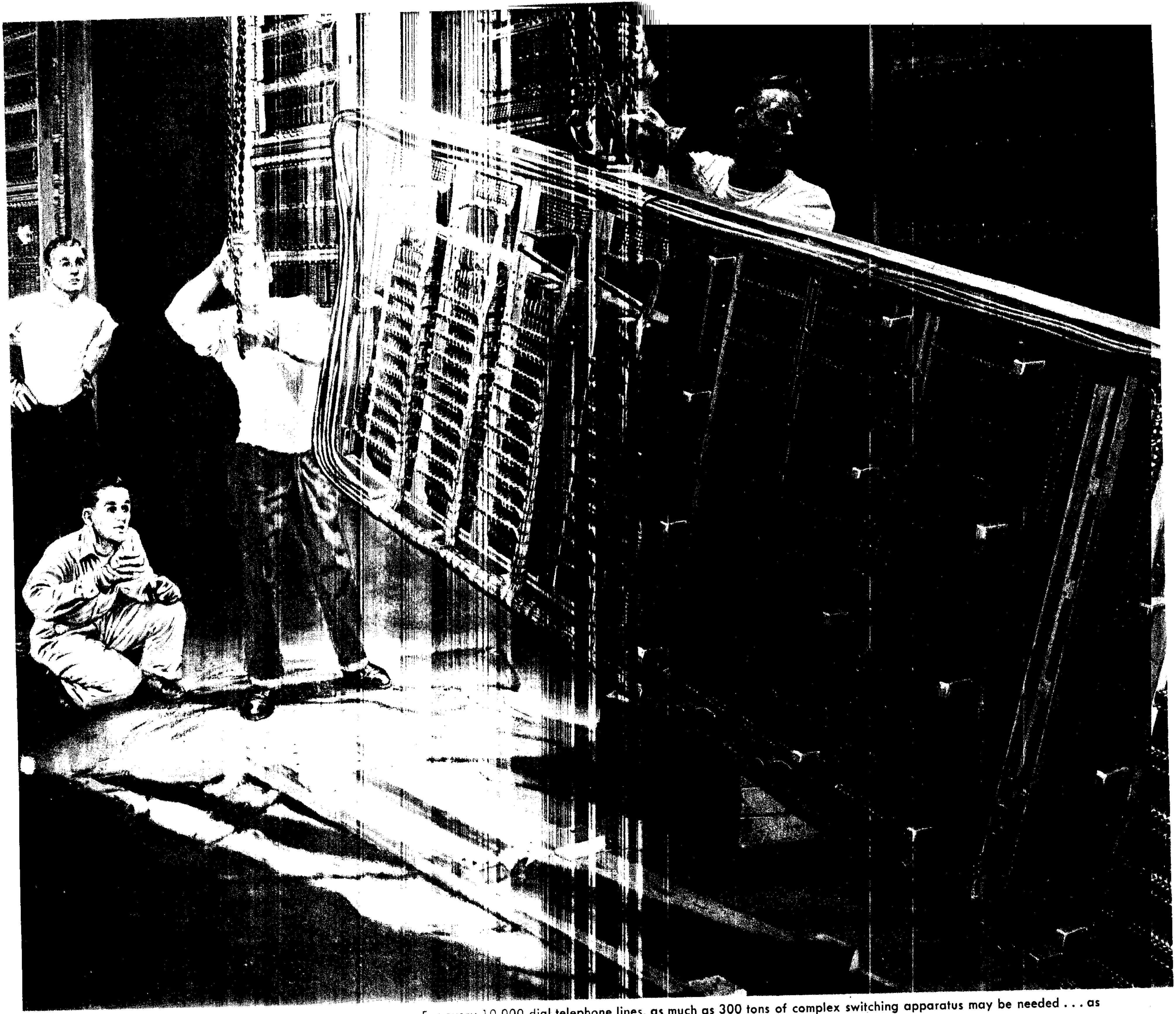
All things who waits
All things
P.S. 1732



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Ten years ago, Mr. & Mrs. America, you made 98 million Bell telephone calls a day. Today, you make over 204 million. Tomorrow? Probably millions more daily . . . and that's going to keep Western Electric installation men plenty busy helping to make it possible.

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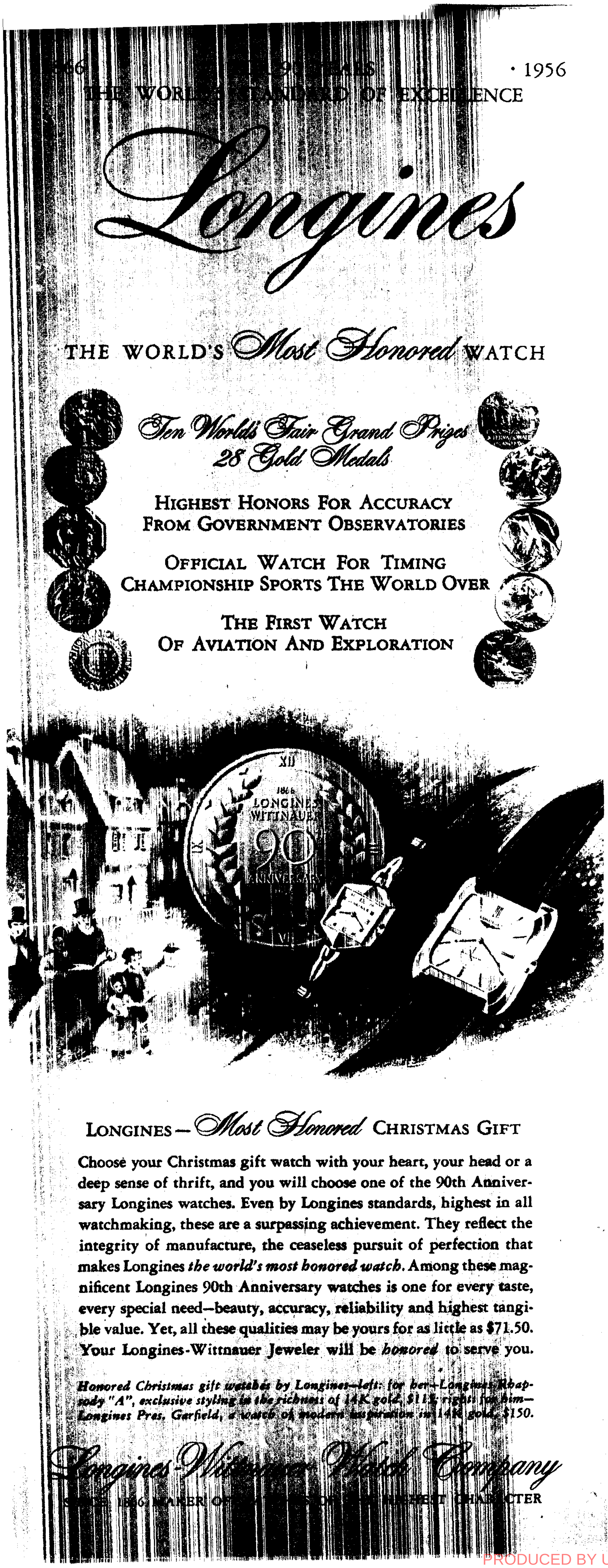
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THE FIRST WATCH
OF AVIATION AND EXPLORATION

LONGINES — *Most Honored* CHRISTMAS GIFT

Choose your Christmas gift watch with your heart, your head or a deep sense of thrift, and you will choose one of the 90th Anniversary Longines watches. Even by Longines standards, highest in all watchmaking, these are a surpassing achievement. They reflect the integrity of manufacture, the ceaseless pursuit of perfection that makes Longines *the world's most honored watch.* Among these magnificent Longines 90th Anniversary watches is one for every taste, every special need—beauty, accuracy, reliability and highest tangible value. Yet, all these qualities may be yours for as little as $71.50. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

Honored Christmas gift watches by Longines—left: for her—Longines Rhapsody "A", exclusive styling in the richness of 14K gold, $115; right: for him—Longines Pres. Garfield, a watch of modern inspiration in 14K gold, $150.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company
SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

"WHAT CAN I SAY?" Robert Marks asked, when we mentioned Deborah Kerr to him, after he'd finished the story on page 32. Then he answered his own question, as follows:

"She has a special spell which she casts over all who work with her. It enmeshed me as thoroughly as it seems to have enmeshed the whole motion-picture industry. This spell is a curious form of personal magic that must be distinguished from glamour, charm and the other staples of star personality. It is an intangible quality which makes you feel good for no other reason than that you are near her.

"A few weeks ago I was in Madrid, tired and frustrated by the chore of interviewing actresses who were Deborah's polar opposites, and I was lonely. One morning I learned that she was in Majorca—a few hours away. My immediate impulse was to rush to the airport and take the first plane to the island; being close to her, it seemed to me, would be like coming home again, or coming alive again.

"It was only the common-sense notion that Deborah had fled to Majorca to escape the plague of moon-calf writers and musing whiffenpoofs—that led me to the inaction that I shall think back on, sadly, during the few remaining years of my life."

★ ★ ★

THE FULL-LENGTH MYSTERY in this issue is one of hundreds of stories Hugh Pentecost has had published in his fifty-three years. Born in Northfield, Massachusetts, and now living in Falls Village, Connecticut, he sold his first story while he was still in college (Columbia '25).

"It's true," he reminds us, "that I had one short stretch as a sports writer on a New York newspaper and I once became part owner and editorial writer of a small-town weekly newspaper for six years. But I consider that fiction writing—specializing in mystery stories—has been my entire career."

The son of an opera-singer father and actress mother, Pentecost spent his childhood largely in Europe, where his father sang. He went to school in England, France and Switzerland, finally returning to America to attend preparatory school and Columbia.

"I also write under the name of Judson Philips," he reveals, "which happens to be my real name. Pentecost is my middle name, from my great uncle, Hugh Pentecost, a well-known socialist leader of a half century ago."

★ ★ ★

THE SECOND ARTICLE that Martin Mayer has done for us in which he doesn't use any names is How Much Debt Is Right for You?. The first was Are You Sure You Want an Honest Mayor? (Collier's, Oct. 30, 1953), which mentioned nobody because too many of the people it justly insulted are still alive and kicking.

In doing the current piece Mayer found that folks who lend money—banks and finance companies—worry about everything except whether they are going to get paid back. They *will* get paid back; they know that.

But they worry about their social position. "You know," one of them said, "down on Wall Street they still think we're in the three-ball business."

They worry about their business. Right now they are in the middle of the hottest current economic controversy: high, short-run consumer indebtedness and the danger it offers to the long-term stability of the economy.

They are concerned with their obligation to the customers, too. They must protect under the veil of secrecy all information given confidentially by borrowers.

For all these reasons, the bankers and loan officers interviewed by Mayer asked that their names be withheld, and that no information—except material already printed—be attributed to them or their organizations.

They asked another favor, too: that Mayer forget about all the times they, the lenders, have been bilked by con men masquerading as honest borrowers. True to the oaths sworn at the time, Mayer gives us no hints on how to gyp the finance company. Anyway, as one banker told him, "It's not the sort of thing that Collier's readers would want to do."

★ ★ ★

DANNY KAYE'S recent 32,000-mile tour for the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund (UNICEF), will be the subject of a special See It Now program on the CBS Television Network Sunday, December 2d, from 5:00-6:30 P.M. EST.

The comedian first told the story of this journey through Mediterranean countries, Africa and the Near East—and of two previous ones in Europe and the Far East—in the November 9th issue of Collier's. The producers of See It Now, Edward R. Murrow and Fred W. Friendly, sent a camera crew along with Kaye on his most recent seven-week jaunt. Now, in his television debut, Kaye will have one of the largest audiences ever: at the same time you are "seeing it now" in North America, the film will be televised in the European countries, Great Britain, Australia, Japan, Thailand, the Philippines, Morocco and Venezuela, and shown in movie theaters in Yugoslavia and Israel (no television there yet).

★ ★ ★

FORTUNATELY, we've got a little space left to say thanks to the following photographers for the swell pictures of the All-America football players in this issue:

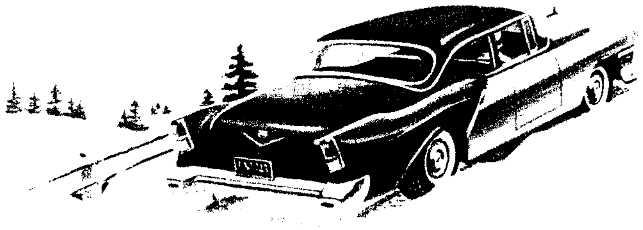
Mason Weymouth, Jack Fields, Martin Iger, Leo Choplin, Marvin Newman, Jimmy Laughead, John Mendicino, Rocco Padulo, Stan Wayman, Jay Leviton, Doug Rodewald, George Emme and Wayne Miller.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

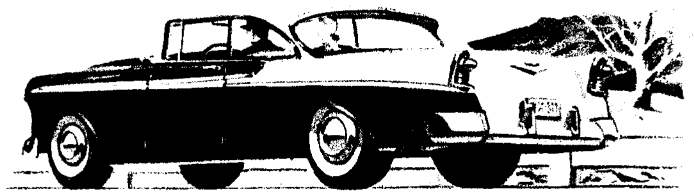
PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. SCOTT

UNICEF's "ambassador-at-large," Danny Kaye, makes some new friends in Turkey

Now! The safest, quietest Winter Driving ever possible!



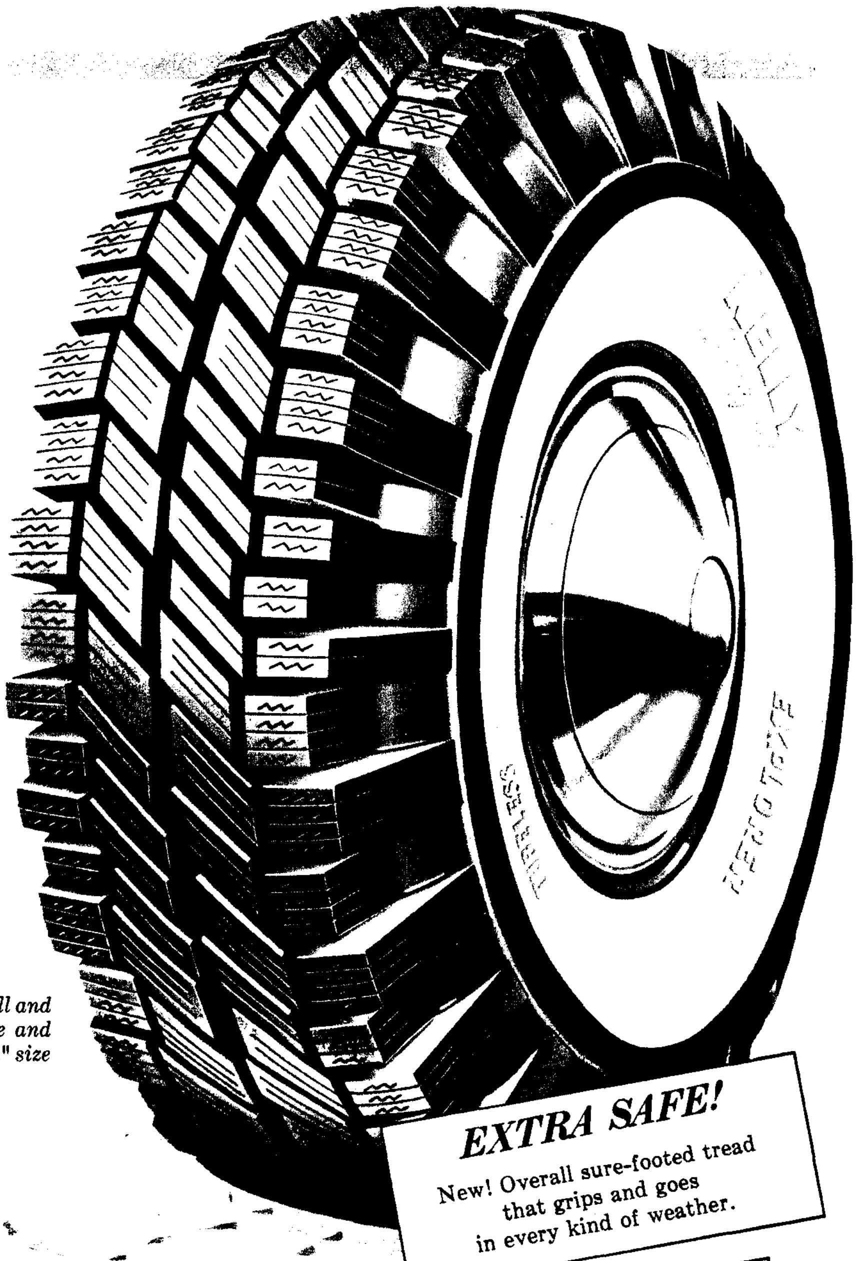
GRIPS and GOES
uphill on snow or ice!



Rides smoothly, quietly,
even on dry pavements!

Drive WORRY-FREE in all kinds of bad weather on the sensational new

KELLY *Explorer* *winter tire*



Here, at last, is a winter tire that digs in, grips and goes—like a sure-footed runner wearing spiked shoes! Every Kelly Explorer has *thousands* of sharp edges and deep-cut cross ribs with zigzag angled slots. Like penetrating spikes they give you *gripping action* that provides sensational, sure-footed traction in all kinds of weather. With Kelly Tubeless Explorers you can climb uphill or down . . . surely, quickly! Whatever the weather condition—snow, ice, rain or mud—Explorers will get you going and keep you going . . . safely!

And what's more, the Explorer tread has an amazing new exclusive "Harmonic Balance" that eliminates whine and noise as it's never been done before! Explorers ride quietly even on dry pavements! Switch to Kelly Explorers on your two rear wheels and you'll drive worry-free all winter long!

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO., CUMBERLAND, MD.

Available in Whitewall and Blackwall Tube Type and Tubeless including 14" size for 1957 models

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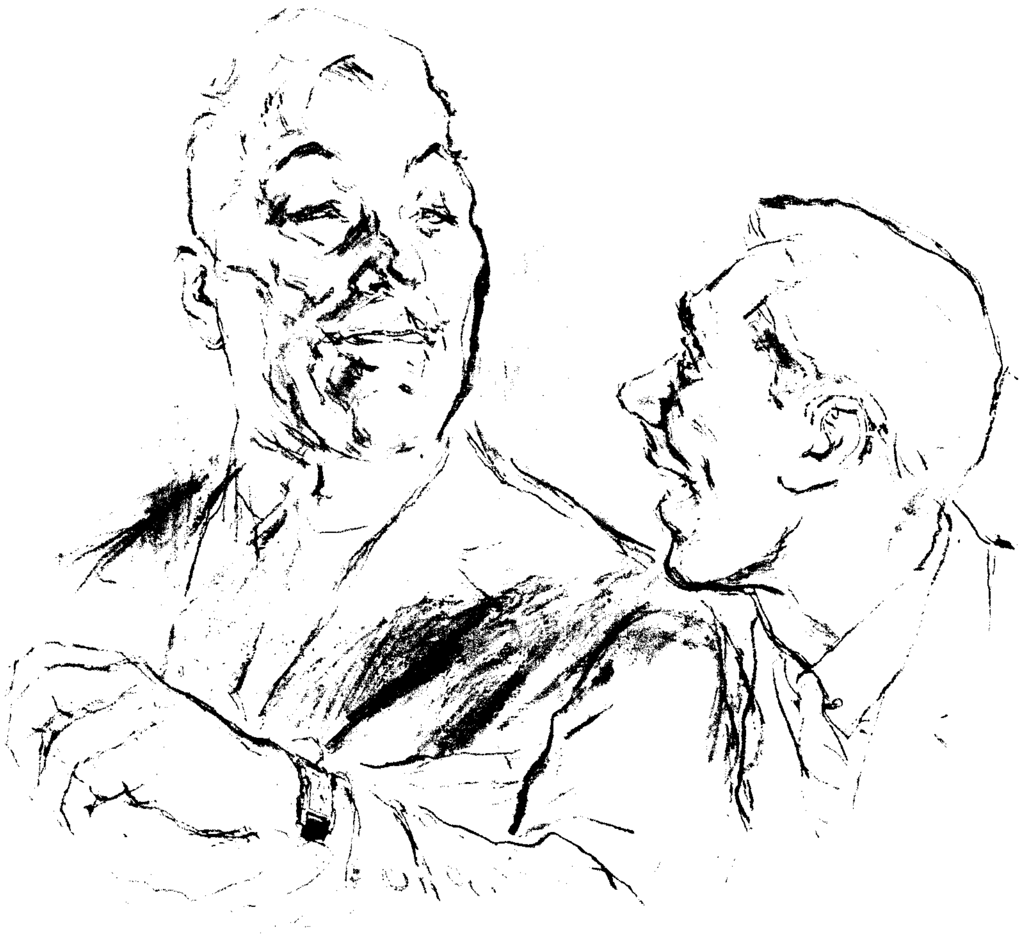
EXTRA SAFE!
New! Overall sure-footed tread that grips and goes in every kind of weather.

TRULY QUIET!
New! "Harmonic Balance" tread pattern to eliminate build-up of tire whine and noise!

Look for the Sign of Worry-free Driving



JAMES DWYER

That was it! Sam almost laughed out loud as he saw the gimmick. Jim and the boy were *trying* to lose that watch

THE 17-JEWEL BAIT

By WEYMAN JONES

SAM gazed in surprise at the wrist watch his secretary was holding out to him. "Now tell me again," he said. "Just what is this all about?"

"I told him you were very busy and you're sorry but you don't have time to talk about insurance this morning," his secretary said.

Sam snorted. "I said to tell him that I won't talk to any salesman from McGowan's agency."

"But he's such a nice young man—"

"You say that about all of them."

Sam's secretary blushed. "Well, he took his watch off and gave it to me. He said, 'Please take this in to Mr. Blackburn and tell him that if I'm not out of his office in ten minutes this watch is his.' "

For one minute by the watch, Sam sat looking at it. It looked expensive—gold, with jewels inside, according to the legend on the face. This looked like a sucker bet. It sounded like the guy who bets you that, over a baseball season, the winning team will score more runs in one inning than the losing team scores in the whole game. Jim McGowan was the man who'd made that bet. One of his company's actuaries had figured out from newspaper statistics that the bet was a three-to-one winner, and Sam was paying off just about that often.

"Leave that here, Martha," Sam said, "and go out and wait five minutes. Then show him in."

There had to be a gimmick. Sam swiveled around to look out the window, thinking hard. Obviously this bet came from Jim McGowan, and Jim wouldn't risk a dollar on the possibility of the sun's rising tomorrow without first checking the Farmer's Almanac. The only advantage Sam had was that he knew Jim McGowan. Every Saturday they went nineteen holes, arguing and abusing each other all the way.

Sam had met Jim McGowan years ago on the putting green at the club. Jim was rolling putts with his caddie for a penny a hole, and, for laughs, he'd given the kid a trick putter. When Sam saw what was going on, it made him mad and, because he was a born gambler, he offered to go a round with Jim at a dollar a hole. He lost.

They'd been betting ever since. Jim McGowan would bet you the bar bill that you can't take off your hat by yourself. When you took it off he took off his own hat at the same time. If Sam was four strokes behind on the sixteenth, they'd bet even money. Maybe once a season Sam pulled it out, and the noises Jim McGowan made when he lost a bet were music in Sam's ears.

For ten years Jim McGowan had been telling Sam that someday he was going to sell him an insurance policy. Sam said that when one of McGowan's salesmen saw the inside of his office it would be too late for insurance. And now McGowan had evidently come up with a trick club of some sort, so that he was willing to risk—how much? Sam looked at the watch again: probably cost sixty-five dollars.

The only obvious way for Jim's salesman to bring this off would be by a slam-bang, hit-'em-between-the-eyes opener, by making an appointment for a complete presentation later, and then by trying to get out in nine and a half minutes. But that was too risky. There was something phony in this proposition. Sam leaned back and waited for the five minutes to run out. He'd have to play this by ear. He wanted to win that watch. He'd save it just for Saturdays, to wear on the golf course.

When the salesman came in, Sam thought for a moment he recognized him, and then he realized that it was because he had seen a couple of hundred of this boy. They were stamped out in big corporation training programs, complete with gray suit, striped tie, white shirt, wide smile and brief case.

"Son," Sam said, "there's not a salesman in the world who can talk for ten minutes about insurance. Two minutes, yes—just long enough to get tossed out—or two hours. But not ten minutes."

The salesman helped himself to the chair. "What time is it now, Mr. Blackburn?" he said.

Sam looked at the watch on the desk in front of him. "Ten forty-two," he said.

The boy nodded and went into his pitch: "Mr. Blackburn, have you ever tried to estimate how much it would have cost the Core-Valve Company to operate without you the past ten years?"

"They'd have gone broke," Sam said. Surely, surely the pitch wasn't going to be partnership insurance.

The next question proved that it was. "How much would it cost the company to lose you now?"

"Well, of course things are different now," Sam hedged, trying to avoid the bait until he saw the hook. Partnership insurance has many angles: corporate finance, tax and inheritance law, earnings records, sales forecasts—why would Jim McGowan pick the one kind of a policy that Sam could ask enough questions about to keep this boy in his office for two weeks? As he turned the bait over in his mind, Sam was talking, spinning the phrases and slogans of management, the old board-room stall. ". . . responsibility to develop our own successors . . . no one is indispensable . . . business succeeds by organization, not persons."

Finally, when he had decided the hook was still out of sight, Sam said, "Well, I'm sure every man overrates his own value, but it wouldn't take much of a bobble for somebody breaking in on my job to cost the company fifty thousand." And then he added, "And of course I have three partners, and the same figures would apply to them."

That sent the boy into his brief case for the rate book, and Sam leaned back to listen to the boy's story. At one point he pushed his chair around to Sam's side of the desk, ostensibly so that Sam could follow the figures he was developing on a yellow pad. Sam recognized the salesmanship in this maneuver. For the first time, he began to wonder if perhaps the boy really *was* trying to sell an insurance policy.

He looked at the watch again: seven minutes gone. It couldn't have cost less than fifty dollars, that watch. Of course the commission on a two-hundred-thousand-dollar deal would buy a bucketful of watches, but it was still a big gamble. A mighty big gamble for a youngster in a slow-starting game like insurance. Sam respected a man who would gamble that big on a long shot. He was a long-shot bettor himself.

That was it! Sam almost laughed out loud as he saw the McGowan gimmick. They were *trying* to lose that watch. Jim McGowan knew that Sam would feel as if he were taking pennies from his caddie when he won the watch from this boy, and so he'd give him the business. It was a sure thing, a typical McGowan bet. Sam let the time run out.

HALF AN HOUR LATER the salesman got around to suggesting an appointment with his company doctor for Sam and his three partners.

Sam stood up. "I'm afraid not this week, son," he said. "We'll talk it over, and if we're interested we'll get in touch with you." The salesman stood up. Sam walked around the desk and said, "I believe you owe me a watch."

"That was the deal," the salesman said. "I hope you enjoy it."

"I'm sure I will," Sam said. "It really comes from Jim McGowan, doesn't it?"

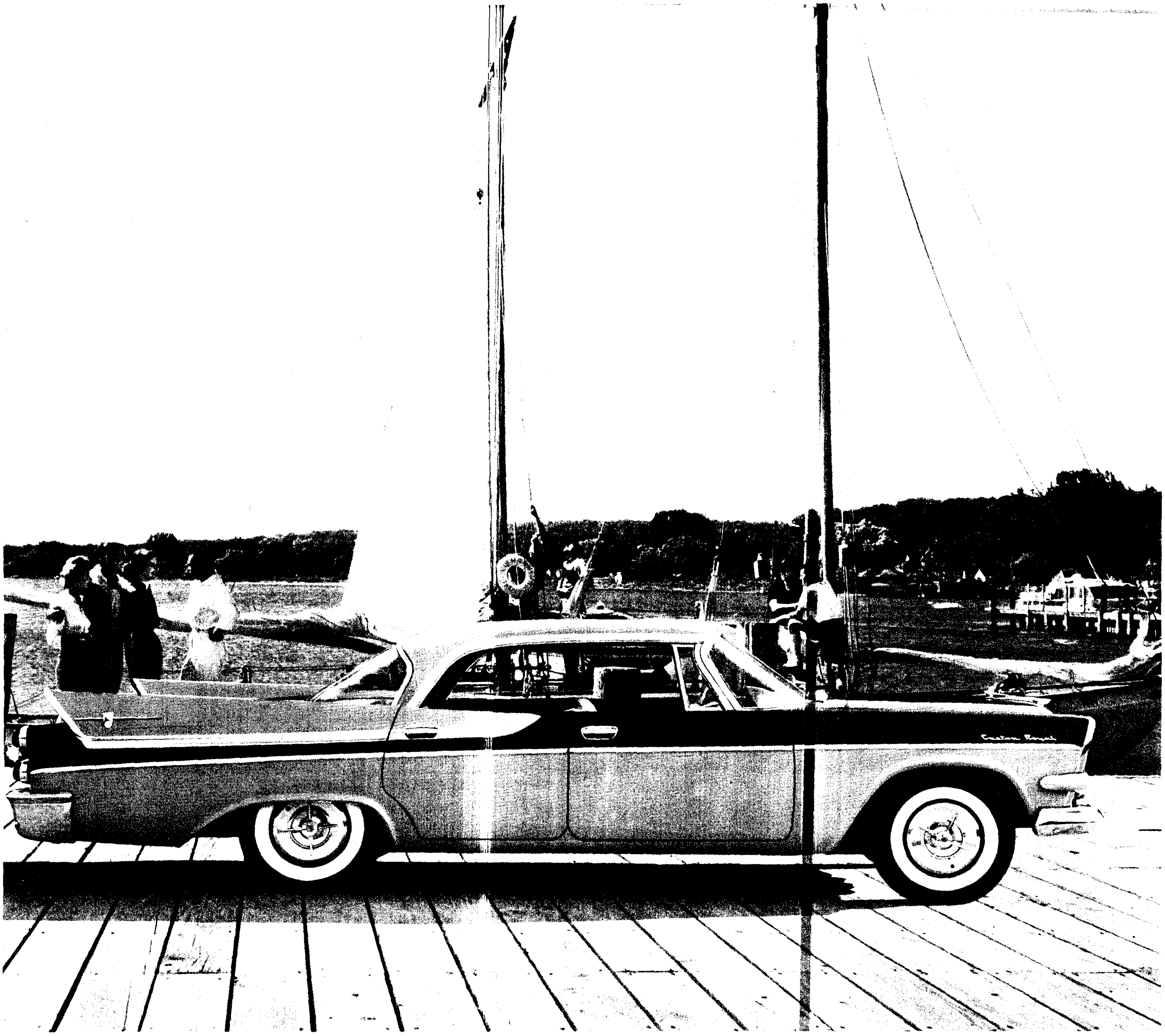
"In a way, yes it does."

Sam chuckled. "What do you mean, in a way?"

"Well, Mr. McGowan bet me a hundred dollars that I couldn't get an interview with you."

Sam walked back around his desk, sat down, put his feet up and laughed. "You have your doctor down here at nine o'clock tomorrow to examine the four of us," he said. Sam had to stop to laugh some more. "For ten years," he said, "Jim McGowan has been trying personally to sell me a policy, and now you've beat him to it. Son, how long have you been working for Jim?"

"Quite a while," the salesman said. "This is my first week of selling insurance, but when I was a kid I used to caddie for him." THE END



This Swept-Wing Dodge Custom Royal Lancer 4-Door rules the road in style and power!

Step into the wonderful world of AUTODYNAMICS

It is *Swept•Wing* mastery of motion!

You see it standing there—*lithe, low-slung, poised for action*. But wait . . . *just wait!* . . . till you put this beauty in motion! For Autodynamics has unleashed a hurricane of power . . . tamed a tornado of torque with Push-Button Torque-Flite Drive . . . silenced the sound and vibration of travel . . . mastered curves with the magic of Torsion-Aire Ride. All this is yours in a daring, swept-wing beauty that skims along just 4½ feet high. You have never seen, felt, owned anything like it.

It unleashes a hurricane of power

It tames a tornado of torque

It breaks through the vibration barrier

All kinds of wonderful things happen when a car is *completely new from road to roof*. This is Autodynamics . . . brought to you in the Swept-Wing Dodge. See and drive it today!

SWEPT•WING '57 Dodge

Now from the makers of BUFFERIN®...
A modern way
NEW
MINIT-RUB
to rub cold miseries away

Not sticky, messy—no strong smell! New Minit-Rub® relieves deep-down discomfort without burning skin

Now out of 3 years' scientific research comes a truly *modern* rub—distinctly different from the sticky, messy, bad-smelling rubs you've used before. A rub that relieves chest "tightness" and deep-down muscular misery of a cold—yet won't burn your child's skin.

Cool—Stainless! New Minit-Rub is pleasant to use—can't soil clothing. And it acts faster than greasy rubs! As you smooth it on, Minit-Rub *vanishes.* Just as fast, its 3 pain-relieving ingredients—*all prescribed by doctors*—start working to restore comfort.

Minit-Rub's penetrating, vaporizing action quickly stimulates circulation . . . reduces congestion so every breath feels easier. Relaxes sore, tight tissues too . . . and checks pain impulses even from nerves far down in the muscles.

Next time, bring relief from cold discomforts—other muscular pains—this fast, modern, greaseless way. Ask for new Minit-Rub at any drug counter.

MINIT-RUB IS ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

an **American** *feature*

Why don't they?

DIVIDE all packages of frozen food into individual servings so people living alone can use them without the task of separating a solid block of food?—*Mabel L. Wescott, East Poultney, Vt.*

USE dispensers on vinegar and salad-oil bottles like the ones on hand-lotion bottles? These dispensers can be adjusted to pour a measured amount of salad oil or vinegar each time the plunger is pressed.—*H. B. Kalt, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

PUT cough drops on lollipop sticks so children will take them as a treat?—*Mrs. Joann Donovan, Miami, Fla.*

PROVIDE barbers with hair clippers having a vacuum-bag attachment to keep hair from falling down your neck?—*Mrs. Albert Patton, Sodus, N.Y.*

INVENT a push-button device to open and close Venetian blinds?—*Nancy Brode, Tamaqua, Pa.*

HAVE clip-on suction cups for throw rugs that can easily be attached to hold the rug in place when you run a vacuum cleaner over it?—*Mrs. Jewell M. Schwarz, Macon, Ga.*

MAKE matches that only burn halfway down the matchstick to prevent burned fingers when your attention is elsewhere?—*Mrs. Ted Zawicki, Bellingham, Wash.*

MAGNETIZE one rail of a baby's crib so safety pins can be stuck there and be out of baby's reach while diapers are being changed?—*Mrs. H. A. Geisendorfer III, Fullerton, Calif.*

EQUIP city garbage trucks with strong magnets to pick up nails and other metal objects from the streets as they drive along?—*Otto A. Muecke, Chicago, Ill.*

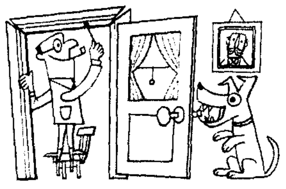
PRINT date limits on all labels of home medical supplies which become useless or dangerous with age?—*Mrs. Alice B. Winfrey, South Hamilton, Mass.*

MARKET a portable refrigerator for motorists, that can be operated from the car battery?—*Loraine De Weese, Monta Vista, Calif.*

IF YOU'VE A NEED no one seems to have filled, address a post card to Why Don't They?, Collier's, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y. We will pay $5 for each published idea. All entries shall become the property of The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company. No contributions are acknowledged. If ideas are duplicated, earliest postmarks get precedence.

Now they've done it!

First ice bucket made from "soft goods" is being introduced. Object: to prevent denting and marking of furniture. With double-thick Fiberglas insulation, plus Koroseal lining and covering, the 10-inch-by-10-inch bucket holds 160 cubes, stands rigidly, collapses for storage, springs back to shape. It weighs one pound, is scratch- and dent-proof itself; useful for keeping food or drink hot or cold.


JAMES FLORA

An adjustable doorframe fits to the door, instead of vice versa, thus eliminating sticking, binding and sagging problems. It is now available, in case you're building or remodeling your home. As the seasons dictate, you can with the turn of a screw driver make adjustments at seven points in the top, bottom and sides to loosen or tighten the frame.

Tired of wrestling with diaper pins? A new lubricant makes a pin slip easily through any diaper, even a damp one. It's packed in a jar with a perforated top which makes it simple to dunk a pin before use and provides a handy storage place for extra pins.

A remote-controlled 35-mm. slide projector with a built-in automatic slide changer has been introduced. It takes 36-slide magazines, has a 15-foot remote-operation cord. A four-inch f/3.3 lens fills a 40-inch screen from a 10-foot distance.

With new 3-in-1 crayons, youngsters can do more than produce the usual crayon drawings. Used wet, the crayons become water colors. Applied dry to wet paper, with the young artist wetting his fingers to work them, they're finger paints—easily removed from any washable surface.

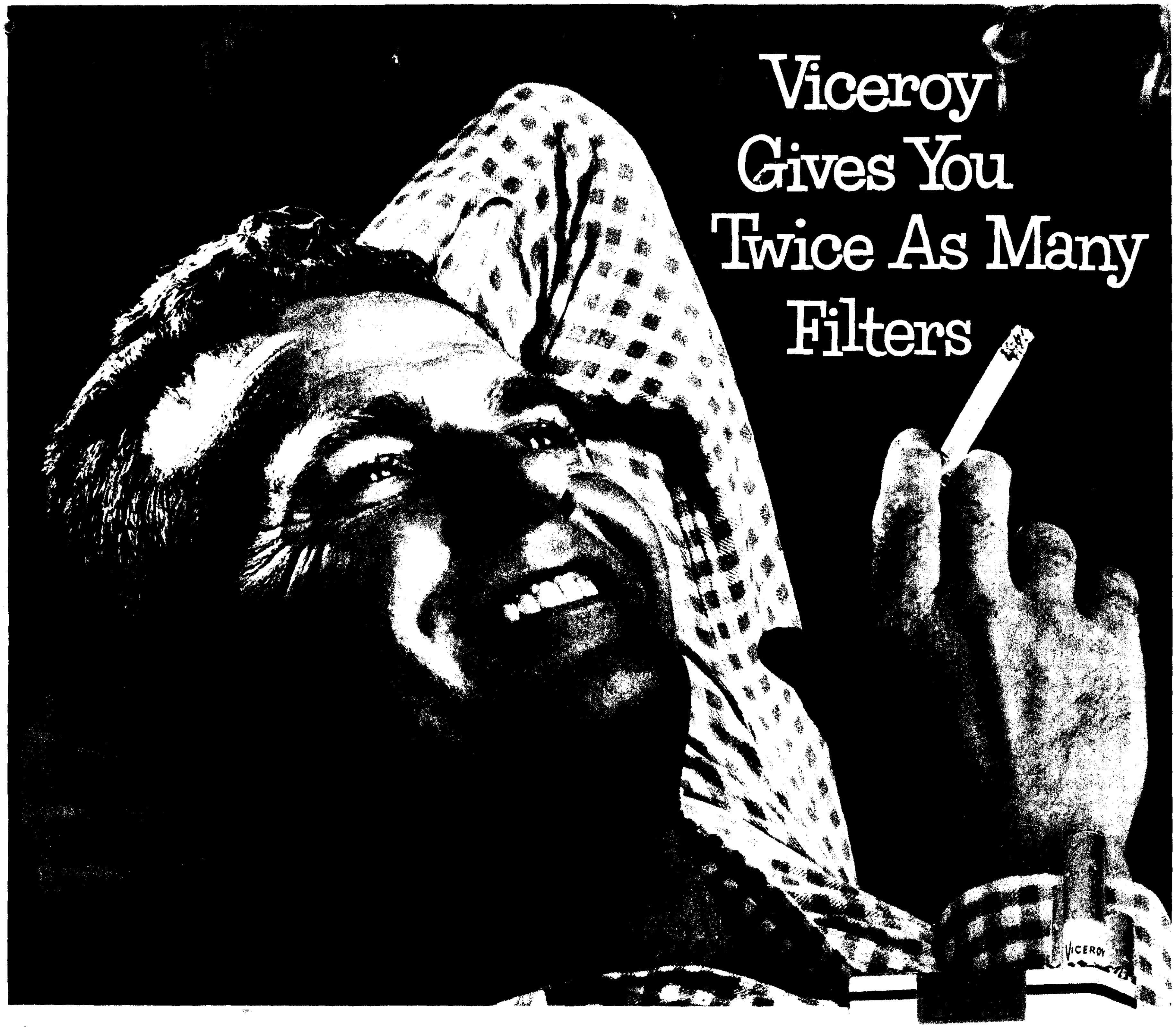
With a new little wire-bending tool you can fashion, out of coat hangers or other wire, items such as hat and towel racks, letter holders, lamp-shade frames, candlesticks, hanging mobiles, egg lifters and toys.

To light your tree, there's a new system that lets you attach the wire to the tree branches first, then fasten on lamps in any position and quantity you like. The lamps have pintype sockets, are simply connected, can be changed from day to day or hour to hour for fresh design.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

NAMES AND ADDRESSES of manufacturers or distributors of the items mentioned above will be sent to any reader who requests them. Mail your inquiry, with a self-addressed stamped envelope, to Now They've Done It!, Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

Smoother, Smoother Viceroy!


Viceroy
Viceroy Gives You Twice As Many Filters
VICEROY

For the Smoothest Taste in Smoking

20,000 FILTERS

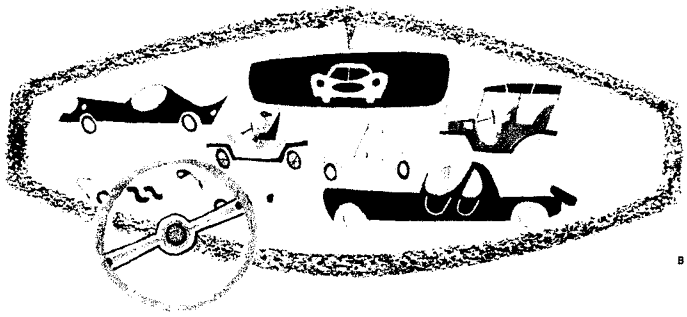
Twice as many filters
as the other two largest-selling
filter brands!

VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
KING-SIZE

Viceroy's exclusive filter is made from pure cellulose—soft, snow-white, natural!

Behind the wheel

By SILER FREEMAN



Revival of the National Automobile Show stirs up fond memories

Back in the early days of November, 1900, Americans had a lot to talk about. President William McKinley was closing his campaign for a second term, with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt as his running mate. Carry Nation was rampaging through barrooms with her little hatchet. Less than two months earlier a hurricane and tidal wave had devastated Galveston, Texas, taking nearly 6,000 lives. And Maude Adams was the toast of Broadway.

In all this excitement, the first National Automobile Show, which opened at the old Madison Square Garden in New York City on November 3d, caused only minor comment. The week-long exhibition drew a mere 48,000 spectators. Yet the horseless carriage even then was a burgeoning social and economic force, and the show was destined to become the automobile industry's most important device for the display of its wares.

For 41 years the show was held annually, uninterrupted by economic panic, depression or even World War I. It was finally halted by World War II, when auto makers, along with industry generally, had to devote all their resources to building up the arsenal of democracy; then, after the war, Detroit was too busy trying to catch up with the motoring public's pent-up demand for new cars, and besides, no single, conveniently located exhibition hall was considered large enough for a proper display of the industry's postwar offerings.

Now, however, the Automobile Manufacturers Association has found in New York's new Coliseum a setting adequate for staging the 42d National Automobile Show. At the Coliseum, from December 8th through 16th, America's five surviving auto makers will display more than two hundred 1957 models amid elaborate Broadway show trappings.

Spectacular as the new show promises to be, it will have a hard time beating some of the attractions of the first exhibition 56 years ago, when an eighth-of-a-mile wooden track was built on the floor of Madison Square Garden for demonstration rides, starting tests and obstacle races. On the roof, a 200-foot ramp rising to a height of 53 feet was constructed; the Mobile Steamer people used it to demonstrate the hill-climbing and braking ability of their car. (Among those to drive up the ramp was the celebrated beauty of the day, Lillian Russell.)

Smartly dressed spectators, including such social leaders as Colonel John Jacob Astor (later to go down on the Titanic) and railroad magnate William K. Vanderbilt, strolled among the 300 cars on display. Electric and steam-driven models predominated, with prices ranging from $280 to $4,000. Black was the prevailing auto color, and it combined with the show's pale-green *décor* to give the Garden in daytime what one reporter called a funereal look. At night, though, when the multicolored electric lights were turned on, the place became much gayer, and the music of D'Aquin's Military Band added to the festive air. Even a strong odor of naphtha (one of the principal fuels of the period) failed to dampen the spirits of the crowd; as the magazine Motor World pointed out, it was an improvement over the aroma associated with the horse shows also held in the big arena.

Despite the enthusiasm of those who attended the show, most Americans still regarded the automobile as just a toy for the wealthy. Few would have been bold enough to predict that this noisy, smelly, smoky vehicle would one day loom so large in American life. In retrospect the statistics of its growth do indeed seem almost unbelievable. From only 8,000 vehicles registered in 1900, we have leaped to 62,000,000 today; production has zoomed from 4,192 in 1900 to the high of more than 8,000,000 in 1955. Only the number of makes of automobile has shrunk. There were 40 at the turn of the century; these multiplied in a few years to 2,500, but economic pressures, mergers and failures have reduced them to 18 today—all of them the products of just five manufacturers.

Right from the start, the auto makers used the National Automobile Show as a testing ground for their new ideas. At the 1900 show, Packard introduced a steering wheel to replace the tiller. In 1903, the engine began to move from under the seat to its present position in the front of the car. As far back as 1907, an automatic transmission and a V-8 engine made their bows. Wrap-around windshields, so emphasized now in modern styling, date back to the 1913 show. Gasoline cars finally routed the last of the steam and electric models from the scene in 1924. Five years later, Auburn, now extinct, pioneered the low silhouette and 100-mile-an-hour speeds. And the 1938 show saw the first power-operated convertible top (on Plymouth).

Almost from the beginning, too, manufacturers offered special show cars. In 1907, Packard displayed a "honeymoon car," a two-seater (plus rumble seat) in bright lavender with gold striping and white upholstery. In 1913, a two-tone red Locomobile with tufted crimson silk upholstery and gold lamp fittings vied with the Premier "Killarney Colleen" cabriolet in Monihan green. In 1916, just before the U.S. entered World War I, Studebaker exhibited a gold-plated chassis worth $25,000. Cadillac made its major bid for prestige in 1930 with a "Madame X" Fleetwood body over a 16-cylinder V-engine.

Now the post-World War II automotive developments—mechanical, styling, design—will be on display in the 1957 models at the 42d national show in the New York Coliseum.

Far left: This was scene as first National Automobile Show opened Nov. 3, 1900, in Madison Square Garden

Big attraction at 1900 show was this ramp on roof of the Garden, used to display climbing and braking ability of a popular steamer of day

[redacted]

This 5-minute Quiz will not only save you money but give you priceless safety and peace of mind.

Q **How can I be sure I will get out of my car everything I've paid for?**

A By giving your car what it deserves: inspection, maintenance and lubrication on a *regular mileage basis.*

Q **In this day of high speed and heavy traffic, how can I insure maximum safety for my car?**

A By insisting, every 5,000 miles, on having brakes adjusted; wheels balanced; tires crossed; ignition and steering mechanism checked.

Q **How can I get the most economy?**

A By spending a *small* sum every month or two (for lubrication and inspection) instead of risking *large* sums for repairs and replacements.

Q **How important is motor oil?**

A More important today than ever! It must do more than *lubricate* today's high-speed, high-compression engine—it must *protect* every vital part under all driving conditions.

Q **What motor oil is best suited to today's motor?**

A Users the nation over agree it's Macmillan Ring-Free Xtra Heavy Duty Motor Oil. Produced from a special type of crude oil (found in only one area of the United States) it contains *natural* compounds and detergents that are part of the oil itself. Unlike other oils, Macmillan does not rely wholly on chemical additives—which are "used up" in routine motor operation. It relies on *basic qualities* that are in the oil.

Q **Is it true Macmillan backs this oil with the most remarkable Warranty ever offered new car buyers?**

A Yes. Macmillan Petroleum Corporation believes so thoroughly in this program of regular servicing that it now offers every new car buyer in America a 3-Year Warranty. This Warranty protects your car for 3 years or 30,000 miles (over the regular Factory Warranty) against repair and replacement of over 400 lubricated parts.

Q **Where do I go for this Macmillan 3-Year Warranty?**

A To the car dealer from whom you're buying your new car. If he has not arranged for this Macmillan Warranty Service, write us direct, giving the name of your dealer: Macmillan Petroleum Corporation, 530 West 6th St., Los Angeles 14.

MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
OIL

AT CAR DEALERS AND
INDEPENDENT SERVICE STATIONS

How engineers design modern concrete roads to save lives and money

Highway engineers design these four important features into the main roads they are building today to give highway users the utmost in safety, comfort and service.

Limited access provides safe entry or exit from the road at periodic intervals while allowing continuous speed for through traffic.

No grade crossings and no stop lights! On modern highways all traffic on intersecting roads goes over or under the highway.

Wide median strips separate opposing streams of traffic. Result: no blinding lights, no danger of a head-on collision.

Wide traffic lanes allow you more room. And maximum safety results when the lanes are paved with concrete. Concrete is skid-resistant, wet or dry. Its light color provides the best night visibility. Concrete lasts longer, costs less to maintain, gives *low-annual-cost* service.

This 41,000-mile National System of Interstate and Defense Highways will be built in the next 13 years. When finished it will provide safer, faster, more comfortable travel for everyone between all sections of the country.

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LETTERS

Signora Rossellini

EDITOR: Four loud cheers for your Bergman article ("I Am Not Doing Penance for Anything," by Ingrid Bergman, Oct. 26th) and the lovely cover picture. Ingrid Bergman is one of the relatively few . . . idealistic . . . women of the screen world.
WILLIAM E. MONAGHAN,
Ridgefield, N.J.

. . . Thanks . . . Personally, I am in no position to cast a stone and 99 per cent of my fellow Americans are in the same position.
HARRY GLIDDEN, Auburn, Me.

. . . If she had been just a plain housewife like me, there wouldn't have been such a fuss. . . .
MRS. VICKI TAYLOR,
Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . The point is not whether we forgive Bergman, but whether she forgives us for being so quick to point at a human mistake. . . .
JACQUES R. TENNILE,
159th Engineer Group,
Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

. . . Great numbers of teen-agers are curious to see someone who defied all morality. Their reaction will be: "If Bergman gets away with it, why can't I?" For a popular movie star to plead that she was timid and lonesome is absurd.
ALLAN ROY EVANS, Vancouver, B.C.

. . . Surely your glorification of the immoralities of Miss Bergman might have been put on the back pages so that it could be torn off and burned. Then the rest of the magazine could safely be left around the house for the children to read.
ROBERT B. ROBERTSON,
Cleveland, N.Y.

. . . Your publicity of her brazen effrontery is shameful. . . .
HAROLD L. CREAGER,
Columbia, S.C.

Actress Bergman again faces American cameras after seven-year absence

. . . Of course, she isn't doing penance. Penance means contrition. . . .
ANNA SHEPARD,
Alba, Mich.

Hiroshima Maidens

EDITOR: Your article on the Hiroshima Maidens (Love Helped to Heal 'The Devil's Claw Marks,' by Gloria and Peter Kalischer, Oct. 26th) was handled with good taste, impressive research and total understanding.
NORMAN COUSINS, Editor
The Saturday Review

Heat from the Sun

EDITOR: Thank you for your nice description of our Thermoheliodon (Designing Your House to Fit the Climate, by Christopher Carter, Oct. 26th). We have already received many calls and had many visitors. The general reaction has been very pleasant.
VICTOR OLGYAY, School of
Architecture, Princeton University

. . . As a practicing architect I raise my voice in anguish to the insinuation that a house is just a machine to be heated and cooled economically.

I can't help but think that the time and money spent in developing the Thermoheliodon could have been better used in developing a machine which would tell architects how to design and orient houses that will bring the most happiness to their occupants.
AVERY W. WOOD, JR.,
Greenville, S.C.

Suspense!

EDITOR: My highest compliments to Jack Finney for his short story Contents of the Dead Man's Pocket (Oct. 26th). As a writer myself, let me praise his pace and simplicity; as a reader let me thank him for one of the best suspense experiences I've had . . . pleasurable torture. . . .
LEE CHENNAULT, Rockford, Ill.

. . . Whew! I'm still shaking . . . I've never read a story packed with such tension and suspense. And wow! What a writer. . . .
MRS. K. C. KADING, La Grange, Ill.

Secret SLS

EDITOR: As author of The Complete Mercedes Story, let me say that I enjoyed immensely the spectacular photographs of the Mercedes-Benz 300 SLS by David Douglas Duncan (The Secret SLS, Oct. 12th). This car is capable of truly magnificent performance. . . .
W. ROBERT NITSKE,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

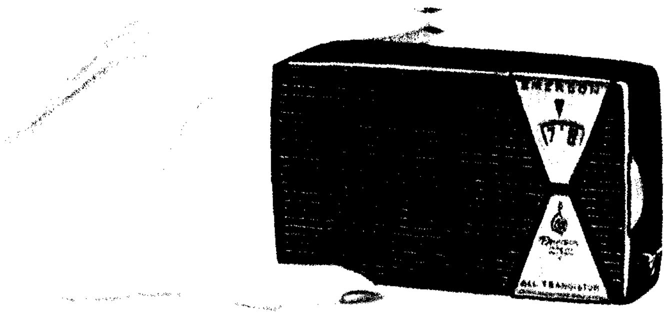
Questions in Asia

EDITOR: I have just seen your article The Negro Voter—Can He Elect a President? (by Theodore H. White, Aug. 17th). During my extensive travels throughout the Far East, I have been asked about the American Negro in every country I visited. I wish that your article could be printed in all the major periodicals of the Orient. It would answer a lot of these questions.
ALPHONSE PETERSON, Captain,
USAF, Anderson AFB, Guam

Pat 'n' Elvis

EDITOR: The teen-age set in Philadelphia just laughed at your article Rock 'n' Roll Battle: Pat Boone vs. Elvis Presley (by Thomas C. Ryan, Oct. 26th). There isn't any battle at all . . .

Give an
EMERSON
tubeless portable
with lifetime
transistors



Pocket Radio (Model 849) **with 6 Lifetime transistors** . . . fits in the palm of your hand. Clear "big set" tone. Guaranteed "Nevabreak" cabinet in a variety of colors. Year 'round pleasure without changing battery. **$58.**

E M E R S O N
ALL-TRANSISTOR

No more "fade away" areas. Portable radio (Model 847) has Miracle-Wand antenna in rotating handle. 6 transistors. Plays 1500 hours on same batteries. Guaranteed "Nevabreak" cabinet in a variety of colors. **$68.**

ALFRED WERTHEIMER

Elvis is best. . . . ALICE MEYER and LESLEY HOPWOOD, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Every time I hear Elvis he sends me. Love Me Tender proves he can sing slow dreamy songs too. . . .
JEANETTE RECKER, Alton, Iowa

. . . You weren't fair. You should have written that Elvis Aron Presley bought his parents a beautiful home and swimming pool. . . .
CAROL CRONE, Oakland, Cal.

. . . Pat Boone is a wishy-washy goody-goody. I'll take Elvis. At least he's a man. . . .
MARGIE MALLOY, St. Paul, Minn.

. . . You say that Boone's recording of Thee I Love sold 250,000 copies in its first week. Well, Elvis's Love Me Tender sold 1,000,000 copies before it was even released.
MRS. SIDNEY L. THOMAS, Dayton, Ohio

. . . Pat will be around much longer than Elvis because Pat can sing any type of song. He is truly a fine artist. . . .
REGINA GREGORY, Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . Anyone who sees anything remotely exciting about Presley ought to see a psychiatrist. . . .
MRS. N. G. SCHMIDT, Robbinsdale, Minn.

. . . Listen to the background on Presley's records. The men who supply the rhythm are fabulous. Without them Elvis would be nothing. . . .
ELAINE NASELLA, Rochester, N.Y.

. . . The *real* Top Singer in rock 'n' roll is Fats Domino . . . Just ask anyone who really digs these cool sounds.
LANNY R. MIDDINGS, Dallas, Texas

. . . What's the difference if teen-agers wear their hair like Elvis? It's their hair, isn't it?
MARY MEEK, Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . Recently, a Houston disc jockey asked 10 girls whether they would rather go steady with Pat or Elvis. They were all Presley fans, but nine said "Pat." They couldn't explain why; they said they just didn't know. The one that picked Elvis said she did so because he was more up to date.

I am a high-school sophomore and I think I know why the majority picked Pat. He has everything a girl dreams of when she thinks of her One and Only. Not just good looks, but charm, poise and common sense; in short he's the stable "boy-next-door" type. When a girl hears Pat Boone sing something like Thee I Love she doesn't get the urge to jump up and down and yell and scream. But Elvis—all he offers a girl is sex appeal and with nothing more than that he won't last. Pat will be on top long after Elvis is gone.
ANNE MCLEOD, Houston, Texas

It Ain't Necessarily So!

EDITOR: You missed the humorous and almost final saying which Boss Ket (Listen to 'Boss' Kettering, by Leonard Gross, Oct. 26th) used in his celebrated lectures at the Dayton Engineers Club: "We know a hell of a lot of things that ain't so!"
J. W. SIEGFRIED, Santa Monica, Cal.

. . . Was Kettering misquoted when he says, "There are three laws of thermodynamics . . . the second one . . . simply says that you can't push on something that's going faster than you are"? That doesn't sound like the Second Law . . . to me.
JOHN W. MATTOX, Miamisburg, Ohio

Scientifically put, the Second Law of thermodynamics says that heat will not of itself flow from a body to another body at a higher temperature. Boss Ket simply rephrased the law to urge today's youth to move faster, lest the world outrun them.

The Cover

Bill Stapleton

The player in the foreground is Oklahoma's tremendous center Jerry Tubbs. He joined such other Sooner line stars as guard Bill Krisher (middle) and tackle Byron Searcy (left) in powering his school to one of the highlights of the season—a new modern college winning streak surpassing Pittsburgh's old mark of 33 straight set in 1919. The gridiron year comes to an exciting climax in this issue with the announcement of the 67th All-America team. You will find the coaches' reasons for each selection as well as game-action photographs of the honored players in full color. It all starts on page 85

...plus more exciting EMERSONS ...preferred by those with a gift for giving!

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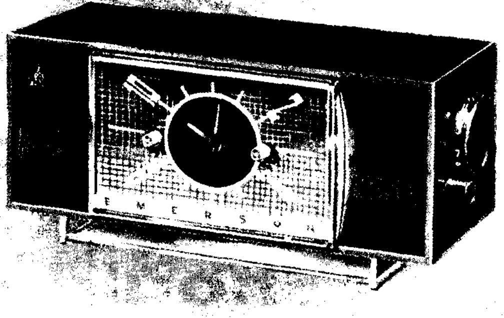

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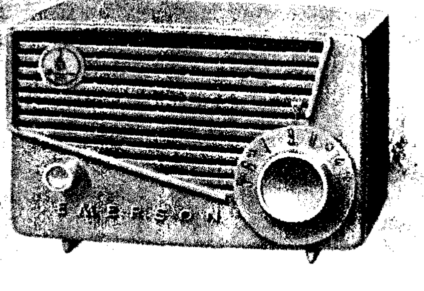
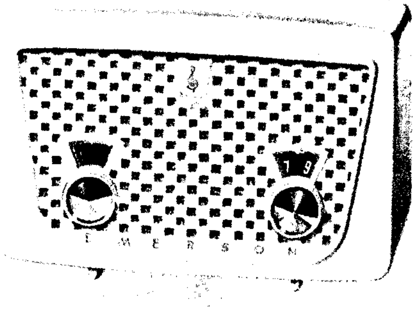


Big, easy-to-read dial on a wonderful compact radio. (Model 851) Fits in with any decor. Miracle modular engineering. In a variety of colors. **$20.**



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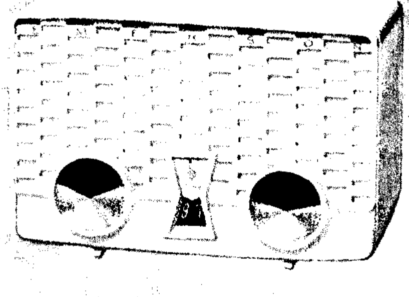

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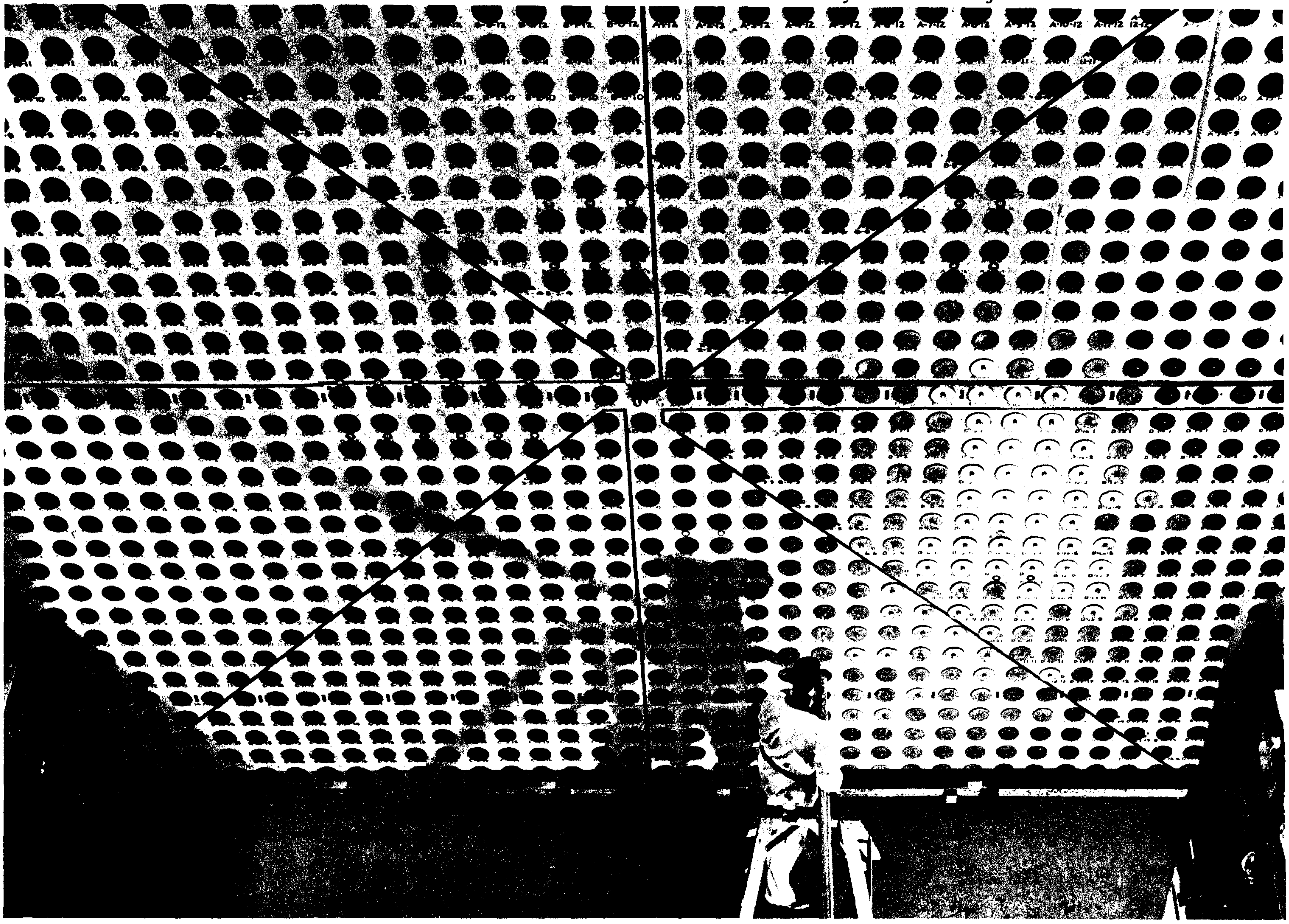


Spectacular devices aid the atomic scientist in his quest for knowledge. Here a uranium fuel element is loaded into the Research Reactor at Brookhaven National Laboratory. The reactor provides neutrons and radioactive isotopes for hundreds of experiments, both at Brookhaven and at other research laboratories in universities, hospitals and industry.

Should your child be an Atomic Scientist?

by LAWRENCE R. HAFSTAD

Vice President in charge of the Research Staff, General Motors Corporation
(As told to DONALD ROBINSON)

AT THE SPEARHEAD of human knowledge is atomic science. Since 1939 it has raised from zero an industry we now reckon in billions of dollars, an industry based on something no one ever will see, the neutron, a little part of the atom.

This unseen portion of matter is a monument to man's intellect—something that materialized out of creative, disciplined imagination. Once pure theory, today it is an immense reality, a tremendous force for good.

What atomic science will do for tomorrow's world I would hesitate to predict, although much of my lifetime as a physicist has been spent helping to find both military and civilian uses for this new form of power. But I can say this emphatically. Its future is unlimited.

Already we have a nuclear-powered submarine. It has cruised more than 50,000 miles without refueling.

With casual assurance, scientists and engineers are discussing the idea of nuclear-powered ships.

They are talking also about "package" atomic reactors for developing power in the world's wastelands. This would be one of mankind's greatest boons.

A distinguished diplomat put it succinctly. "Can you imagine what atomic energy will mean to the peasants of Afghanistan?" he said. "For the first time in their lives, they will have electric light."

Here at home, scientists even visualize an era in the foreseeable future when atomic energy may begin to supplant the power we extract from coal and petroleum, should our reserves of them commence to dwindle.

There is no reason for any feeling of mystery about this. It is just another physical phenomenon.

Accept the fact that such a thing as a neutron exists, exactly as you accept the fact of electricity each time you switch on a light. Accept the fact, too, that if this neutron collides with the uranium 235 nucleus, a peculiar process called "fission" occurs. Two fission fragments fly apart at high velocity and let loose large amounts of energy.

Then consider that from one pound of fissionable uranium you get as much energy as from 2,600,000 pounds of coal. Now, you'll understand why enthusiasts grow so excited about atomic energy.

But power isn't the sole miracle in atomic energy.

The by-products of atom-splitting are equally challenging. Gamma rays that are released in the fission process can be utilized for food sterilization. And in other chemical reactions. Many plastics, for example, can be stabilized against temperature changes by treatment with gamma rays.

Radioactive isotopes that come out of the split atom are still more valuable. Every day, they are turning up new clues in the endless war against disease. Medical researchers are employing them right now to track down brain tumors.

In agriculture, plant biologists and agronomists are using isotopes to enrich the soil and improve farm crops. By means of isotopes, they recently brought forth new species of rust-resistant oats that stand to save American farmers $100,000,000 a year.

Isotopes are even being utilized today to make chickens lay more eggs.

And that's not all their uses, by far. We need to know more, for instance, about the wearing qualities of metal. Just why do certain machine parts wear out?

Isotopes are telling us.

We need a better understanding of the manner in which one part of an alloying element in 10,000 parts of base metal produces such striking improvements.

Isotopes may shed new light on it.

It is actually impossible to enumerate the packets of new knowledge that isotopes and other radioactive materials are revealing to us. We scientists are like kids turned loose in a toy department; there are so many things beckoning for our attention, we hardly know where to start.

So, you see, the boys and girls who select nuclear science for a livelihood will have the privilege of working on the frontiers of knowledge.

Deep intellectual and spiritual satisfactions await them. I never knew a true scientific explorer who was bored by his work.

"Are there any openings for newcomers in atomic science?" you ask.

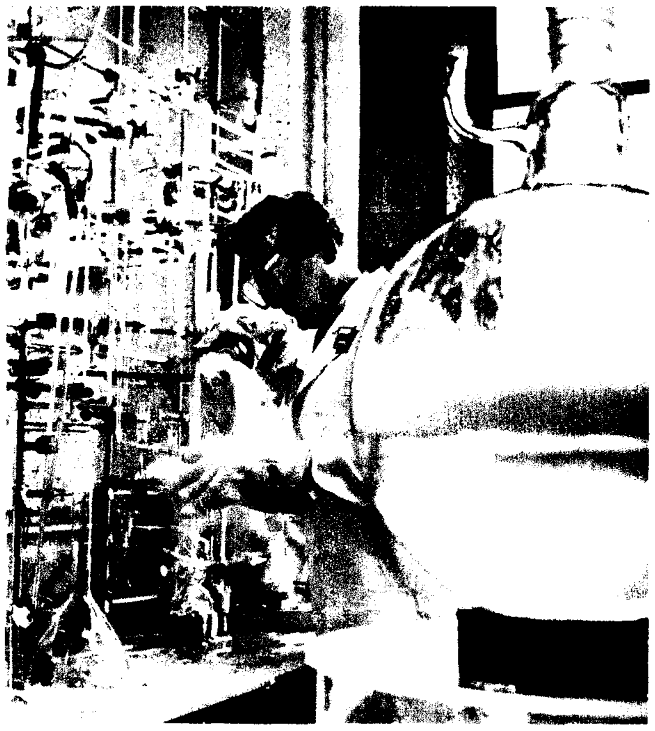
I can honestly answer that the opportunities are infinite—for boys and girls both. The need for new blood in this line is vast. It is one of the fastest-growing categories in science, and its demands for trained manpower have seriously outstripped the supply.

A few years ago, merely a handful of scientists were dealing with the atom. This year, 15,000 scientific people are engaged in atomic activities for the government and private industry. Tens of thousands more are wanted.

The Atomic Energy Commission has officially estimated that 40,000 more scientists and engineers will be required within the next several years to work on applications of nuclear power. This is just one phase of atomic science. There are scores of others.

The salutary fact is that the *idea* of research no longer has to be "sold" to industry, the government, or the public.

Industrial firms now realize that their survival depends upon scientific alertness in the laboratories. The government is continually enlarging its technical horizons. Colleges and universities, traditional incubators of scientific thought, are broadening the scope of their research programs. And there are burgeoning scientific foundations, privately operated and financed, which are setting up hundreds of specialized research projects for government and industry.



In medicine, the atom has opened vast new horizons. Above, a scientist at Sloan-Kettering Institute uses radioactively-tagged compounds to study the difference between normal cells and cancer cells in the search for cancer-controlling chemicals.

With all of these organizations, expansion in the atomic field is checked only by the scarcity of trained personnel.

What types of scientists and engineers are welcome in atomic science?

Almost every kind. Physicists are needed to do basic research on the underlying facts of nature; we have nearly exhausted our present store of basic research. Mathematicians are necessary to predict neutron behavior. Chemists must search out better methods for processing fission products. Metallurgists must determine materials that can withstand the incredible heat and stress involved in atom-splitting. Medical men and biochemists must ascertain the effects the atom can have on health. Biologists and agronomists must seek methods by which the atom can improve crops. Engineers of every variety—mechanical, civil, electrical, metallurgical, mining, to mention a few—are equally essential. They must translate the broad findings of the scientists into practical usage.

No matter what aspect of science a person is interested in, he is likely to find an outlet in the atomic arena.

What does atomic science demand of the boy or the girl who wants to make a profession of it?

First, in my opinion, he (or she) must have imagination. Second comes intellectual curiosity, a deep-rooted desire to understand how and why things behave as they do. Third, the young scientist must have patience. Often he will reach dead-ends in research. He must be willing to keep on trying.

As one of my very good scientist friends declared, "The only time you don't want to fail is the last time you try."

A fourth and especially urgent requirement is a mathematical bent. And the boy who aspires to go far in atomic science must have a true mathematical talent. Math is the language of "the trade."

A fifth characteristic is the ability to collect data, organize facts and analyze them. A sixth requirement is that a boy enjoy hard work, for the problems are everlasting.

And, seventh, the good scientist-to-be should be a non-conformist. He must be willing to get off well-traveled mental highways and strike out for himself. The brief history of atomic science is the story of men and women who had the intellectual courage of their convictions. Too much cannot be said for this.

The financial rewards?

Latest government studies indicate that a college graduate with a Bachelor of Science or an engineering degree can easily get a job paying $400 a month. Within not too many years, he should be up to $750 a month. Men who reach the higher levels of management will, of course, earn considerably more. In industry, salaries of $25,000 and $35,000 are not unusual.

"Show me a man of ability and experience, and I'll meet his price, whatever it is," the head of a large company in the atomic field recently remarked.

The possibilities for advancement are splendid. Visit any atomic laboratory and one of your first impressions is that the staff is made up of young people. The working conditions are excellent, too. In this connection, let me stress that it is not a dangerous business. Its accident rate is so low that the National Safety Council rates it as one of the two safest industries in the country.

As in any profession, disadvantages can be cited. The hours are long. The work is arduous. For scientists, the risk of lack of success is great. In research, many failures must be expected for every success.

One can certainly select an easier way of making a living.

If your child does settle on atomic science for his lifework, he must have a thorough education. Were I the parent of a youngster with a scientific gleam in his eye, I would do my best to impress him with the truth that his future is starting in his classroom today. Nuclear science is only an extension of the basic fundamentals he learns in his early science courses.

I would tell him, "Steep yourself in fundamentals. Make them part of your consciousness. The rest of what you learn will come naturally."

A Bachelor's degree in science or engineering is the least a boy should have, and a Master's degree is better.

Anyone thinking of basic research in physics or chemistry should go on to get a Ph.D. It's a virtual necessity for landing a good job in government, industry, or the academic world. Besides, it brings a better salary.

Just recently, a study was made to compute how much more money a scientist with a Ph.D. was likely to earn during the course of his life than one with a Bachelor's degree.

It came to $100,000.

I might point out that opportunities to acquire graduate degrees have improved greatly. More than thirty universities are giving graduate courses in nuclear engineering and other atomic sciences. A number of industries encourage their young laboratory employees, financially as well as otherwise, to continue their graduate education in special courses or night classes while they hold down their regular jobs.

I believe it is also worth emphasizing that atomic science, because of its stringent requirements, is not a calling for the average student. It insists upon a high level of mental refinement, and I think it is important for us to try to train our youth up to it.

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Atomic Science is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work *and* Retailing. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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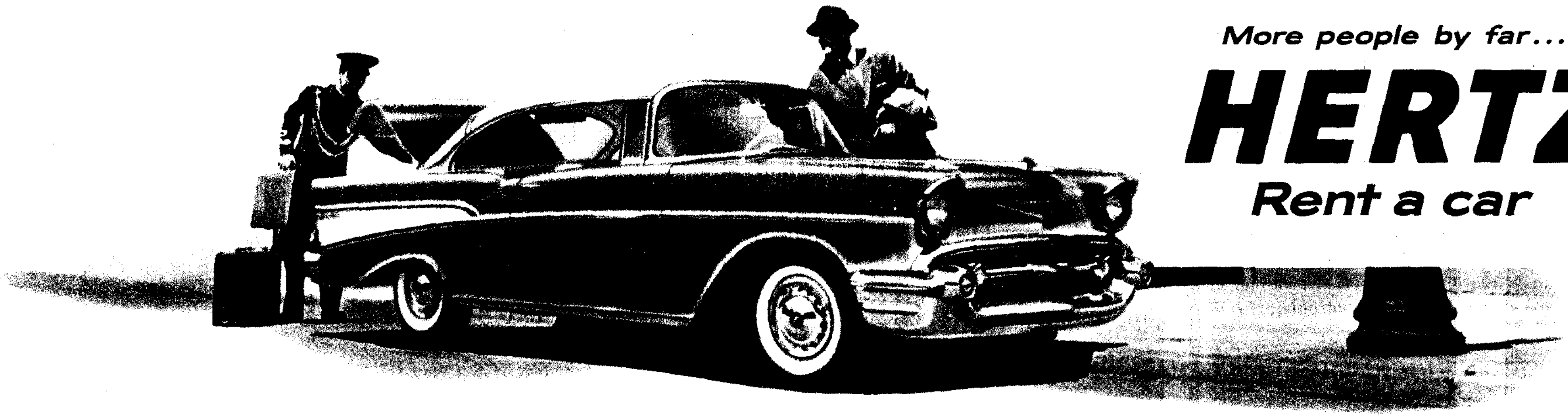


Hertz has new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Airs (or other fine cars)—just like your own!

Cyril Hankinson, Debrett's editor, studies coat of arms. Behind him is Queen Elizabeth's cipher—Tudor rose with initials ER (Elizabeth Regina)

ORMUND GIGLI

By ROBERT MUSEL

The Aristocrat's Best Friend

London

A BRITISH peer who shall be nameless, if not blameless, slipped down to the state opening of Parliament on the subway with his ermine and crimson robe in a parcel tucked under his arm. Nothing in the rule book keeps the nobility from using the subway or even a bus to any ceremony, but the news fell like a chord from Götterdämmerung on the ear of Cyril Hankinson in his office overlooking the Covent Garden fruit and vegetable market.

Hankinson is the editor of Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage, Britain's "social register." Enshrined in its 2,127 pages are the pedigrees that prove all men are not created equal, but Hankinson has to keep reminding his customers of this fact because from time to time they contract serious cases of democracy.

One has to be realistic these chancy times, and Hankinson knows a peer might ride the subway to a state function simply because he can no longer scrape together enough to hire the limousine he used to own, and might even have had to rent the ermine and crimson robe. But it makes him a bit sad, for he considers such pageantry one of the few graces left in a graceless world.

This feeling led Hankinson to an odd decision for a solid member of the solid middle class. It was time, he felt, that someone assured the aristocracy there was still a place for it, even in a partly Socialist Britain. "Don't get me wrong," he cautioned. "I'm no fan of snobbery or privilege." But his job has given him an appreciation of the steadying value of tradition, and the conviction that, while it is still with us, the nobility ought boldly to live up to whatever rights and powers remain to it. He fired the opening gun of his campaign in the foreword to the 1955 edition of Debrett's, in which he urged the display of coats of arms for "artistic merit," if for no other consideration. This was a shrewd stratagem, for the sight of a coat of arms, originally used as identification on medieval battle shields and standards, still kindles pride of family in the 250,000 Britons who are "armigerous"—entitled to bear crests.

From crumbling castles in the northernmost shires to London hall bedrooms came the response—coats of arms blossomed on pillowcases, doormats, cuff links, letterheads, automobiles.

At the same time Hankinson stepped up his program of lectures on genealogy and these have been so well attended as to surprise even him. "People seem pleased to learn that the blood of a famous warrior or a king or a statesman flows in their veins," he said, then added, peering down genially through horn-rimmed glasses from his lean six feet, two inches, "this is a good thing even in these democratic days, don't you think?"

The renewed interest in genealogy has, to Hankinson's satisfaction, spread across the Atlantic, and he is kept fairly busy answering queries from hopeful Americans who fancy a king or a baron or a duke in their pedigrees. He is happy to help in their search for ancestors, but he needs the full Christian name, date and place of birth of a British ancestor no further back than great-grandfather.

"It isn't much help," he said, "to get a letter as I did the other day from an American lady who wrote: 'My father might have had a distinguished ancestry. He was 6 feet 2, had a reddish beard and was a very handy man around the house when sober.' "

Hankinson says he conceives it his duty to protect the pedigreed rights of those who have them, and to reject impostors. But in this latter activity he is hampered by the lamentable fact that under British law it is no crime to adopt a title and invent a coat of arms if one wishes. In olden days there might have been a death penalty for doing so, and Hankinson sounded unconvincing when he said he thought that penalty a bit too severe.

In his time the keeper of pedigrees has run into countless impostors. One fellow, who had telephoned a London hotel for a room under his real name and been turned down, then made another call as "Lord Kimincarney." The hotel said it could certainly make room for milord. He got a table in a crowded restaurant the same way, then tickets to a hit show and was enjoying life as he never had in the middle class when one restaurateur mentioned him to Hankinson.

"He isn't in Debrett's," said the maître d'hôtel.

"Then he is a phony," declared Hankinson with the righteous virtue that only supreme authority can command.

Oddly, among the stanchest supporters of privilege are Socialists who get peerages for public service.

"It's a new aristocracy," said Hankinson. "These Socialists send their sons to public schools from which they enter the professions. Soon the family is indistinguishable from any other in the peerage. All the things they had to say when they stood on a soapbox on the corner seem to disappear. Taking a coat of arms is not compulsory, for example, but the Socialist peers nearly always do so."

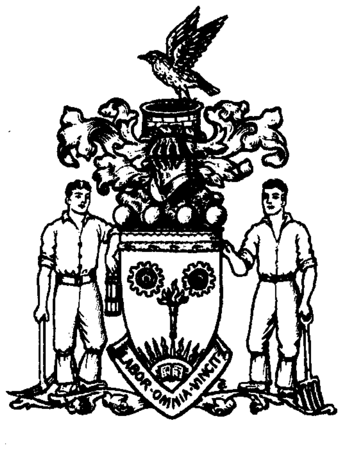
Some of the Socialists have not kept secret their humble origins from Debrett's. There is Baron Adams who was John Jackson Adams, an official of the Northern Gas Board, ennobled in 1949. This elevation to a barony gave Adams the right to a coat of arms. He chose as his motto: "Labor Conquers All Things." And the heraldic design consists not of couchant lions and broadswords but of cog wheels, a miner holding a lamp and pickax and a farm worker with a pitchfork. (See art below.)

Hankinson, who became editor of Debrett's in 1935, occasionally has to cope with such irate nobility as lady peers who threaten him for publishing their ages. To one he wrote acidly, after receiving a new birth date: "Madam. Debrett does not wish to anticipate the normal processes of nature and I find that we published your name several years before you were born."

THIS CONFIDENCE in repelling attacks is due to a vast file of irreplaceable information compiled since the book's first appearance in 1802 (current price per copy: ten guineas, or $29.40). The records, Hankinson said, contain "accounts of bogus marriages, of bigamies, of childless peeresses who tried to impose fictitious children to preserve a title or keep the succession to a title, of illegitimate children foisted on unsuspecting peers."

These are dark secrets and Hankinson appreciates that in another era he might sleep less soundly. "I might be going about in fear of violence," he said with some satisfaction. "On my way home in my sedan chair, say one hundred fifty years ago, I might be set upon by assassins."

He seemed to find the thought romantic rather than unpleasant.



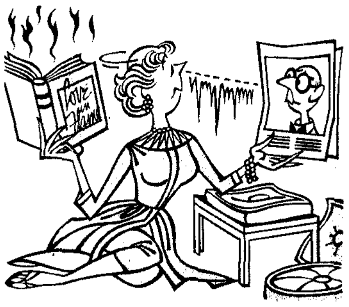
A Socialist baron's coat of arms

48 states of mind

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Mr. Kerwin Hoover advises this department of Collier's that Miss Nell Bruggemeyer, of the Monterey Park (California) Progress, has come out against publication of authors' pictures. Lady readers became dangerously overheated by what one fellow wrote, until they saw what he looks like. "A tired, scared-looking little man ambushed behind big glasses," said Miss Bruggemeyer. "And I'm sure his pants bagged at the knees." So the girls shudder, the book loses lure and literature takes another on the chin. We asked a publisher friend about starting an authors' pictorial stand-in movement. "In your case, yes," he said.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

In the quaint fastness of the Arkansas Ozarks, in Eureka Springs to be exact, is Mr. Otto Ernest Rayburn, editor of the Ozark Guide. For the benefit of cityfolk battling against the rising costs of baby sitting he reports that in his part of the world Ma goes about her chores having planted heavy bedposts on each kid's shirttail. We asked Mr. Rayburn how about the brats shedding their shirts. "Not if the child is properly sewn in," he replied.

★ ★ ★

We had a nice destructive talk with a Connecticut politician about party platforms. Dangerous things, he called them. Naturally we asked why. "Because," he said, "there's always the danger that you'll get a sufficient amount of voting support in Congress to be compelled to do something about the things you promised."

★ ★ ★

It is recorded in the ever reliable Mosinee (Wisconsin) Times that a local young man was awakened at 3:00 A.M. by a long-distance phone call. It was his mother reminding him that the day was his birthday. But, he wanted to know, was it necessary to remind him of that at three in the morning. "Well," she replied, "you got me out of bed at the same time twenty-seven years ago." Aside from that there isn't much news from Mosinee this week.

★ ★ ★

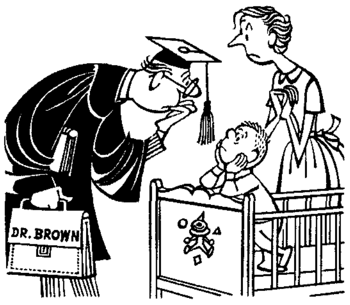
Word has just arrived at this battered roll-top that an urgent call for 10 rocking chairs has gone out from the United Air Lines stewardess alumnae in Boise, Idaho. Members tired of going places in a hurry have decided to go nowhere slowly. Or something.

★ ★ ★

Having given his brain a good washing, Mr. Sam Brave, Chicago slaughterhouse worker, gives you the result. He asks you to join him in demanding "new news" in your newspapers. Good or bad, Mr. Brave doesn't care just so it's new. He's tired of "Kremlin capers, French follies, British bulls and political punks from all over." The only difference, he says, between last week's paper and today's is the date line. Asks all to join him in demanding that all journalists "get off your tails and onto your toes." That hits old 48 where he hurts most—his feet.

★ ★ ★

Why not be content with good, old-fashioned unreliable news, as always? For example, that thing about the woman who called up a college president's house asking whether the doctor was there. If so, she wanted him to come at once because her baby was sick. The maid said he wasn't in and, anyway, he wasn't that kind of a doctor. What kind was he? Maid didn't exactly know, but "he wasn't the kind of doctor that did you any good."



★ ★ ★

And now, children, let's all get together and try to do better next time.

there's something for each member of the family

when you give them Niagara for Christmas

THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES USE NIAGARA'S REVOLUTIONARY DISCOVERY—CYCLOID ACTION®
TO INCREASE CIRCULATION, HELP RELIEVE TENSION, FATIGUE, SORE MUSCLES, MANY TYPES OF PAIN

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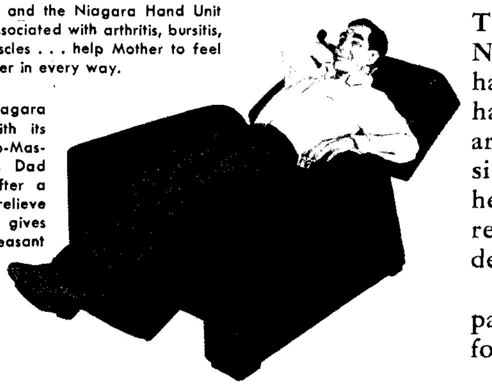

Those families and individuals who use Niagara for great benefit to themselves once had common problems such as you may have . . . the pain often associated with arthritis, bursitis, rheumatism; nervous tension; sore muscles; undue fatigue. Now they help ease their pains and help themselves rest and relax with one of Niagara's wonderful Cyclo-Massage units.

Niagara has had its products, with their patented *cycloid* action, under clinical test for nearly three years in many outstanding teaching hospitals and medical schools. Happily, these studies are confirming the value of Niagara, particularly its usefulness in the home. Great magazines like *Coronet, Look* and *Sign* have reported on the clinical use of Niagara equipment . . . as has a major television network.

Niagara may help you and every member of your family . . . it's worth a try. You can get descriptive literature and full details simply by sending in the coupon. Do it TODAY!

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SISTER The Niagara Beauty Kit contains a special Niagara Unit, and authoritative fashion, beauty and diet guides to help every girl and woman to keep complexion, hair and figure attractively feminine.

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GROWS UP WITH YOUR CHILD
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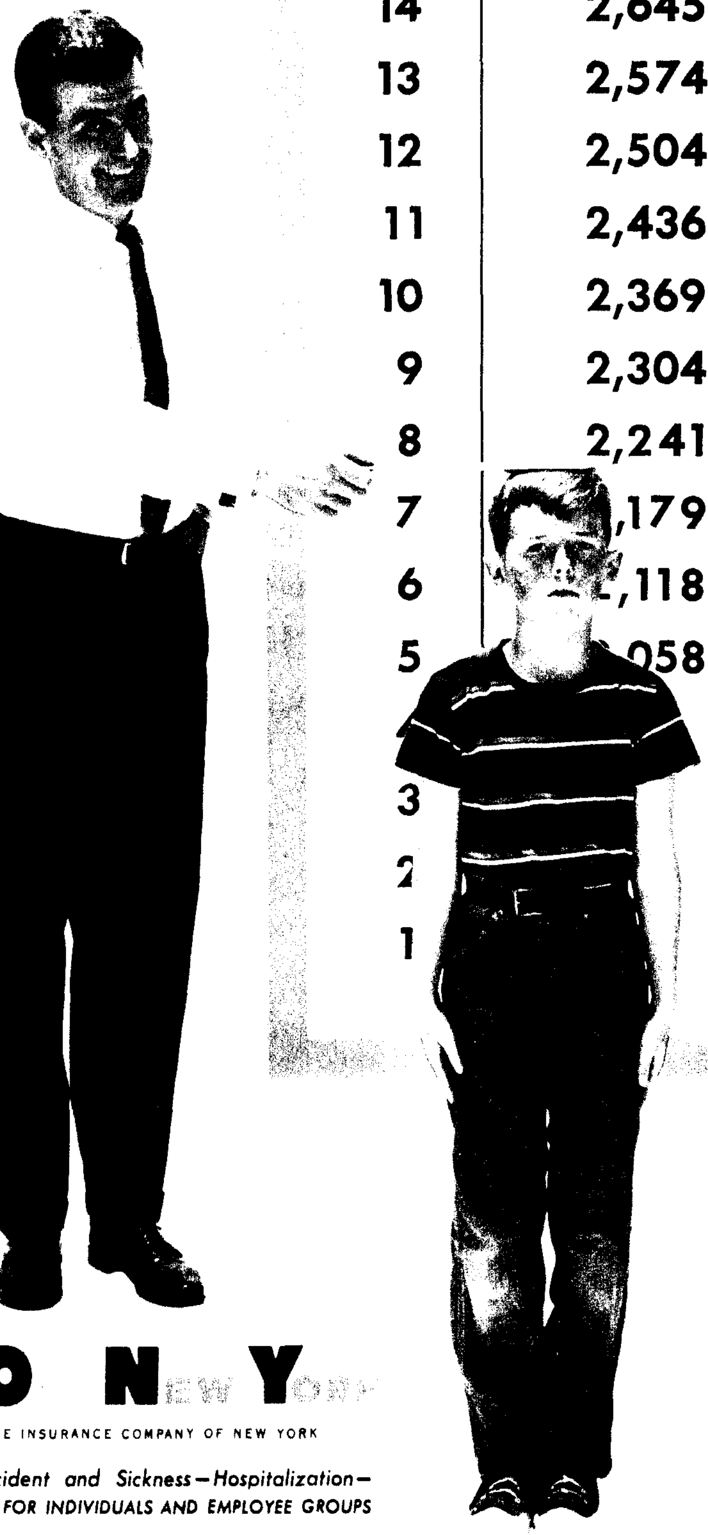

BIRTHDAY	AMOUNT OF INSURANCE On policy anniversary nearest indicated birthday.
21 AND OVER	$5,000
20	3,106
19	3,025
18	2,945
17	2,868
16	2,792
15	2,717
14	2,645
13	2,574
12	2,504
11	2,436
10	2,369
9	2,304
8	2,241
7	,179
6	,118
5	058
3	
2	
1	

A lifelong gift for your child that guarantees a low rate all his life!

This new MONY Expander Policy makes it possible for your child—or grandchild—to have *permanent* life insurance that "grows up" with him . . . yet always remains "child-size" in cost!

The chart shows you, in actual figures, how one unit of this policy, bought when the child was 5 years old, grows bigger year by year. The amount of insurance shown will vary, depending upon the child's age when the policy was issued. In any case, the amount of insurance protection expands to its ultimate face value of $5,000 per unit on the policy anniversary nearest his 21st birthday.

At age 5 the annual premium is only $56.92—and it never increases. Further, at the end of the second year, dividends are expected to begin. As they're declared, they may be used to *reduce* the already modest premium.

Years later, after you have turned the policy over to him, the premium he will pay will be the same as it was the day you took out the policy.

The Expander Policy builds high cash values, too—important if money is needed later for education, business opportunities or emergencies. It's available in one or more units, for children from birth to age 14. Look into it *now*—because the sooner you start, the lower the premiums.

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Chart shows benefits at issue age 5. If you desire information as to the benefits for a child of a different issue age, MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

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Here is world-famous 100 proof bottled in bond Old Taylor, in its truly beautiful Presentation Decanter, specially designed for the 1956 holiday gift season. You pay no premium, and get the same full measure of the same Old Taylor bourbon as in standard bottles. Here, fine bourbon flavor and perfect decanter design go hand in hand.

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JUST IMAGINE A GIFT LIKE THIS!

Both the Old Taylor Presentation Decanter and the regular bottle are also available in Gift Cases of one dozen, with beautiful holiday cartons of matching design. What a splendid gift a full case will make for the V.I.P.'s on your list!

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THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
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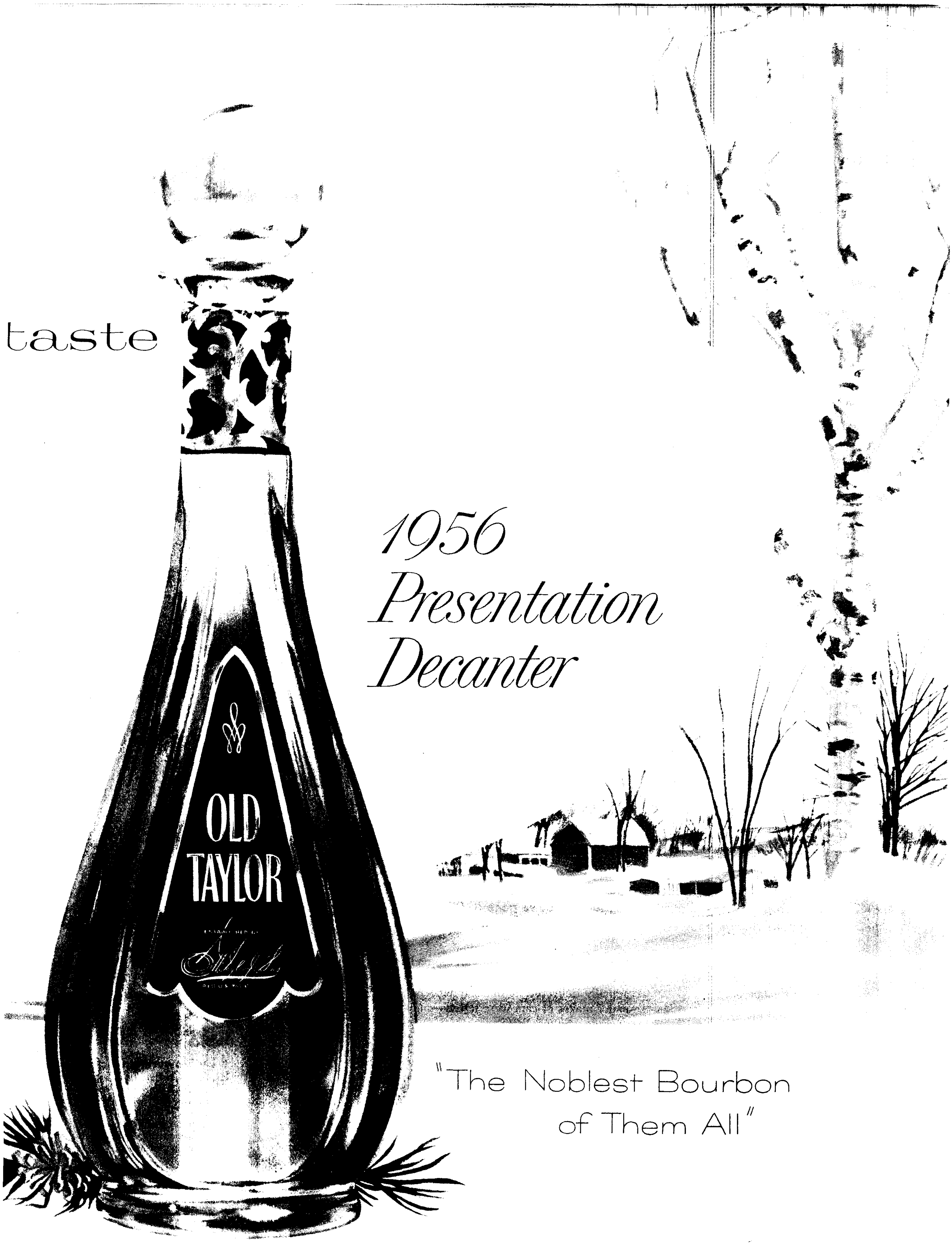
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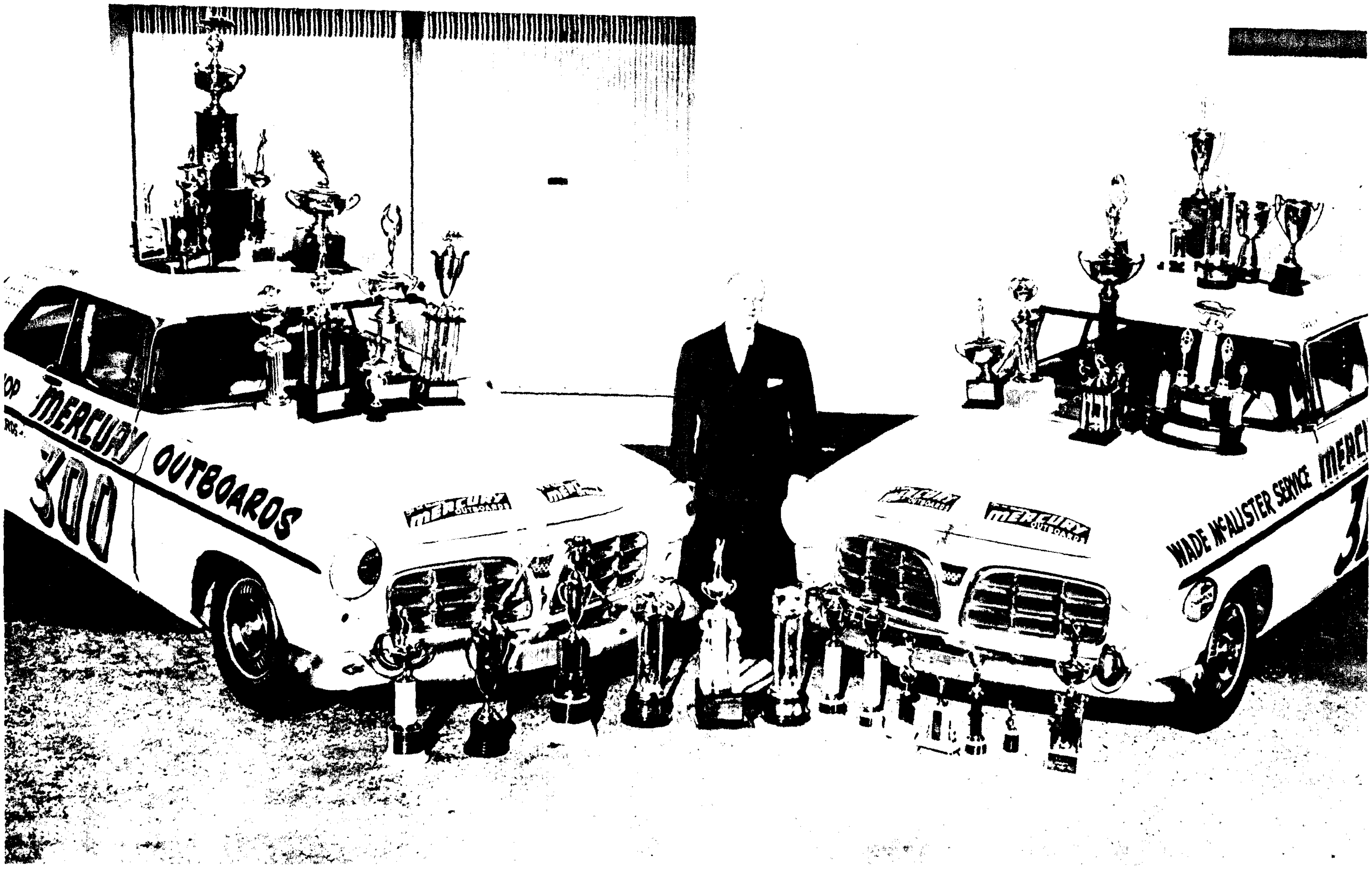


Carl Kiekhaefer gets more power from his Chrysler-built cars with 5-rib Champion spark plugs. He's shown here with two of his big winners and part of his remarkable trophy collection

Big winner in stock car racing uses Champion spark plugs!

And Champions can give your car more power, too! If you've gone 10,000 miles without a spark plug change, they can increase your road horsepower by 24%!

Whether you drive for prizes or pleasure, Champion spark plugs can give you *more road horsepower!*

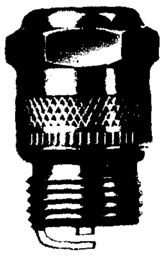
Carl Kiekhaefer and his drivers—one of the winningest teams in stock car racing history—know this well. That's why they use Champions in all their record-smashing Chrysler-built cars. (What's more, Mr. Kiekhaefer uses Champions in every single one of his famous Mercury Outboard Motors—which are built by his company, the Kiekhaefer Corp.)

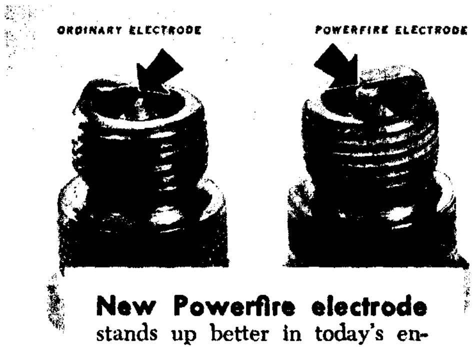
And here's an important tip for you! Tests show that if you've gone about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change, new Champions can give you an immediate gain in road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels. All major makes of cars were tested—*and the average gain was 24%!*

There just never has been a spark plug to match these great 5-rib Champions with their Powerfire electrodes. Replace your old plugs with Champions today—and you'll feel the difference *at once!*

CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS





New Powerfire electrode stands up better in today's engines. Photo shows how ordinary electrode (left) burns away. Champion's Powerfire electrode (right), after identical use, is still good for many miles of powerful, full-firing performance.

COLLIER'S
DECEMBER 7, 1956

USS Arizona burns and dies at Pearl Harbor

Where Are the Heroes of World War II?

On this 15th anniversary of the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, Collier's looks across the land to report what has happened to a few of America's World War II bravest since they came home

Produced by J. ROBERT MOSKIN with MADELIN ALK

Honor at Pearl Harbor

Samuel Glenn Fuqua (below) won the Congressional Medal of Honor on the flaming hulk of the dying USS Arizona at Pearl Harbor. Knocked out when the quarterdeck was hit, Lieutenant Commander Fuqua regained consciousness, led the fire fighting and directed the evacuation of the wounded. As the bombing and strafing continued, the Arizona was enveloped in flames, and Fuqua, her surviving senior officer, ordered the battleship abandoned. Of her company, 1,102 men died; Fuqua was the last to leave. In 1953 he retired as a rear admiral and now lives in Palo Alto, California. Annapolis graduate Fuqua, a grandfather at fifty-seven, has now gone back to school, studying political science at Stanford University, and plans to teach.

MASON WEYMOUTH

Bravery over Germany

Forrest Vosler (right) never leaves the war far behind him; he works at the Veterans Administration Hospital, Syracuse, New York. As a sergeant radio-gunner on a Flying Fortress, Vosler won the Congressional Medal of Honor on a raid, December 20, 1943, over Germany. He fired his guns even after antiaircraft fire wounded and almost completely blinded him. He repaired his radio entirely by touch and, when the plane was ditched in the North Sea, he held the even more seriously hurt tail gunner on the wing until they could be put onto a raft. Vosler, now thirty-three, has vision in only one eye, studies nights at Syracuse University and hopes his four children will have what he could never dream of before the war—a chance to go to college.

GEORGE BURNS

They called him "Commando"

Charles E. Kelly won the nickname "Commando" and the Congressional Medal of Honor in two embattled days with the 36th Division near Salerno on September 13 and 14, 1943. Volunteering for one hazardous mission after another, he wiped out German machine-gun nests, crawled and walked a battle-front mile, burned out four automatic rifles and pitched mortar shells like hand grenades defending an ammunition storehouse, and covered a unit's withdrawal by firing an abandoned rocket launcher. Since the war, Kelly has known disaster and heartbreak. In 1951 his first wife died of cancer; his second wife, Betty, has been seriously ill, and Kelly himself barely survived a ruptured appendix last summer. When his gas station failed, he lost much of the $40,000 he had received for his life story. Recently while Betty was hospitalized in Louisville, Kelly, unemployed and still ailing, took care of their six children. Like so many medal winners, he is the kind of man whose neighbors did not know of his "Commando" exploits. When the newspapers uncovered his distress, Kelly reports, "the governor of Kentucky wanted to give me a job, but that's a political job—four years and you're out." Now Kelly has accepted a position with a St. Louis scrap-iron firm and prays his luck has changed.

ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

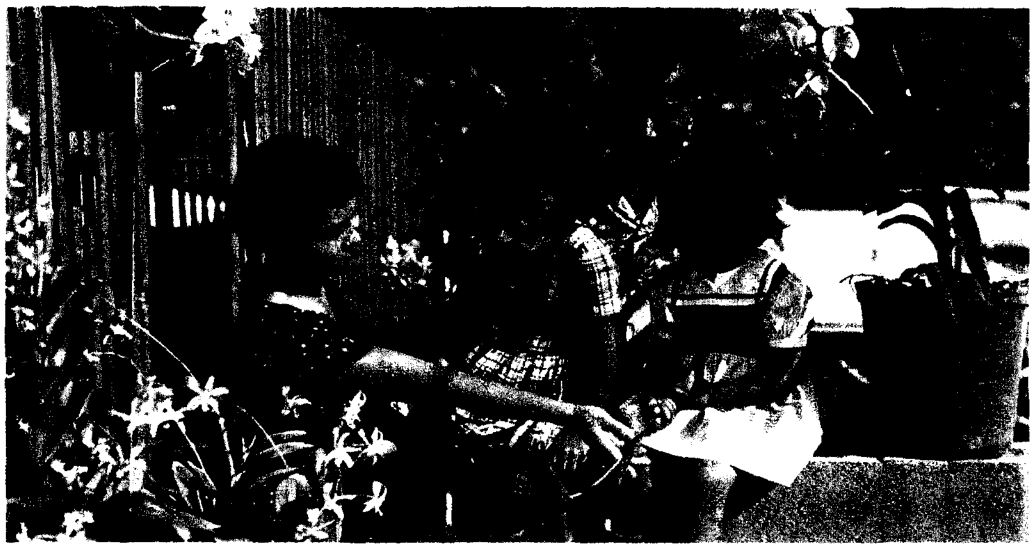
Army nurse at Anzio

Elaine Roe Pieper, of Whitewater, Wisconsin, was an Army nurse at Anzio. Women's heroism in wartime usually is the kind they don't get medals for, but Lieutenant Roe received the Silver Star under fire. Enemy artillery shelled the 33d Field Hospital, killing three nurses. With great courage and coolness, Lieutenant Roe and another nurse worked by flashlight to quiet patients and help move out 42 of them during the bombardment. After the war Lieutenant Roe worked as a civilian nurse until last March, when she married Morris Pieper. She now lives on their cattle-feeding farm at Mount Morris, Illinois, and takes care of the chickens and the garden. Mrs. Pieper remembers that she always wanted to be a nurse, but, she says, "I was so shy and so afraid to meet people that, when I think back on it now, I think the bravest thing about my Army career was that I joined the Army at all."

CARL PERUTZ

Chaplain on the Franklin

Joseph T. O'Callahan is the only chaplain in our history to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. He won it when the aircraft carrier Franklin was bombed on March 19, 1945, by enemy planes off Japan. In a hell of fire and explosion, he comforted the wounded and dying and led men into the flaming interior of the ship to jettison shells and wet down ammunition. The crew saved the crippled Franklin. In 1949, Father O'Callahan suffered a stroke and is still invalided. Now fifty-one, he lives in a Jesuit community at Holy Cross College in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he taught before the war. Of the men on the Franklin he says in his new book: "When I die, I hope to go to Heaven and I expect to meet those boys."



WERNER STOY

Hawaiian hero

Takeichi Miyashiro won one of the 24 Distinguished Service Crosses awarded to men of the "most decorated" unit in World War II: the 100th Battalion made up of Americans of Japanese descent. Miyashiro led his squad to wipe out a machine-gun nest in an Italian house near Castellina. Enemy artillery fire forced him to order his men to withdraw but he stayed and, with the aid of a machine gunner, broke the German counterattack. Miyashiro was wounded three times and spent five months in a prisoner-of-war camp. Today, he and his wife and their two young daughters live in Honolulu where Miyashiro works for the Standard Oil Company of California refueling freighters. In his back yard he grows orchids.

CAL BERNSTEIN

The "One-Man Army"

Arthur W. Wermuth, the "One-Man Army of Bataan," figures he killed 116 Japanese in one week during the second month of the war. As a Philippine Scout leader, he lone-wolfed it, carrying two revolvers, a submachine gun and a string of grenades. He then spent three years as a Japanese prisoner. Since the war Captain Wermuth has been a Kansas marshal and an oil engineer in Venezuela. Today he, his wife and young son raise horses and cattle near Conifer, Colorado. He doesn't like to talk of his Distinguished Service Cross and three Purple Hearts, saying, "I don't care what guy wins a medal, it took a hundred guys to put him there."

CAL BERNSTEIN

Fast-moving Marine

Joseph J. Foss, now the forty-one-year-old governor of South Dakota, won the Congressional Medal of Honor as a Marine flier in the Pacific. He shot down 26 Japanese planes, equaling Eddie Rickenbacker's World War I record. Over Guadalcanal in the fall of 1942, Foss shot down 23 enemy planes in six weeks. He came home to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and opened his own charter flying service, which was later destroyed by fire. Becoming active in Republican politics, Foss served in the state legislature and in 1954 was elected governor. He has taken a special interest in handicapped children; the oldest of his three youngsters has cerebral palsy.

ROCKWALL

The high price of valor

Maurice Britt won the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star, Bronze Star and four Purple Hearts in five months of continuous fighting with the 3d Division in Italy. The price: loss of his right arm (he was right-handed) and two toes, and 55 shrapnel scars on his back. He received the Medal of Honor in a fire fight near Mignano, Italy, on the morning of November 10, 1943. With a bullet in his side, his face and hands lacerated with grenade wounds, Lieutenant Britt led a handful of men to throw back 100 Germans. He personally killed five. Before the war Britt played end on the University of Arkansas and the Detroit Lions football teams. Today in Fort Smith, Arkansas, where he lives with his wife, Nancy, and their three children, he works as sales manager for a manufacturer of furniture springs. He operates a motorboat, water-skis and fishes ardently with special equipment he has designed for amputees.

J. LEVITON

Top ace alive

John C. Meyer, top surviving ace of World War II, shot down 37½ German planes over Europe and received three Distinguished Service Crosses. He won his first D.S.C. for tackling 20 fighters alone; his second for destroying eight planes in two days; and his third (on the last of his 193 missions) for leading his group of 12 planes to destroy 23 of 50 attacking German craft. Colonel Meyer has stayed in service. "I had become a pro," he says. He, his wife, Mary, and their five children live at Maxwell Air Force Base, Montgomery, Alabama, where he teaches strategic subjects at the Air War College. He would rather be out commanding a fighter wing.

ROSS MADDEN

Young corpsman

Robert E. Bush was just nineteen when he won the Congressional Medal of Honor as a medical corpsman—the youngest Navy man ever to receive it. He was silhouetted atop an Okinawa ridge giving plasma to a Marine officer when the Japanese counterattacked. With one hand he held up the plasma bottle and with the other fired at the enemy. He hit six and lost his own right eye. After his discharge, Bush finished high school in his home town, South Bend, Washington, and, in 1945, he and his bride, Wanda, went to Washington, D.C., on their honeymoon to receive his Medal of Honor. Bush and a partner now run two retail lumberyards.

". . .The unforgotten"

Many of the bravest did not come home. Private Rodger W. Young was killed on July 31, 1943, in the Solomons, diverting the fire of a Japanese machine gunner to save his pinned-down platoon. His mother received his Congressional Medal of Honor from President Roosevelt and a popular song was written about him. His parents still live in Tiffin, Ohio, and operate a gas station where his brother's son, Rodger W. Young—Private Young's namesake—likes to play.

GORDON TENNEY

. . . And what of the heroes who did not return? . . .

ACQUAINTANCE WITH DEATH, SIR

By CARL SANDBURG

Acquaintance with death, sir,
comes by ice and is slow, sir,
comes by fire and is fast, sir,
comes by the creep of clock-hands,
comes by the crash of split-seconds.

The dignity of man may be kept, sir,
where a man dies slow with witnesses
and loved ones gathered at clean sheets
with time to take note of the last words:
and the dignity of man may be kept, sir,
where a boy dies unseen in the frozen mud,
dies with his dogtag in Iwo Jima sulphur ash
at the sping of a split-second doom
and days later is recorded as "missing"
and days still later officially, irrevocably
named on the books as forever "killed in action."

So here are two kinds of the dignity of man,
one far easier to look at than the other,
one far easier to forget and leave forgotten:
always a silence and content
of evening bronze shadows
and blue fog beyond fathoming
goes with the unforgotten.

MR. SANDBURG'S POEM IS PUBLISHED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME; IT WAS WRITTEN DURING WORLD WAR II

The woman all women want to be

DEBORAH KERR

GENE COOK

By ROBERT W. MARKS

A new type of woman may be emerging as the American ideal. Psychologists maintain that she is the kind of woman men seek once they have worn thin their first-flash fixations on calendar girls and other symbols for what is exotic and unreal. She is also the kind of woman other women would like to be—if they had the courage to be other than what they believe themselves expected to be. Outwardly a lady in the grand tradition, she nurses hidden flames of passion and revolt. She is a compound of desire, poise and quick understanding, and thus her ardor stems more from giving than yielding.

These subtleties are verified in large measure by movie audiences' sudden rediscovery and reappraisal of Deborah Kerr. After a long trial as the screen's most professionally proper lady, Miss Kerr has kicked off her emotional pantaloons and stepped forth, unabashed, as a radiant, flesh-and-bone woman. This "new" Deborah Kerr, following a decade of prim unimportance in British and American pictures, is now a top box-office attraction. Pothooking the psychic enthusiasm of men and women alike, she has starred in three big Hollywood productions within the past six months.

In The Proud and Profane, Deborah gives a Marine officer extracurricular love and acquires an extramarital pregnancy; in The King and I, now among the top ten money-makers of all time, she exhibits love and understanding beyond the call of duty for a well-bred young woman in an Oriental court; and in Tea and Sympathy, a picture many believed would not pass the Production Code but now mentioned as a possibility for an Oscar, she gives a tortured young boy the sympathy denied by tradition and the token of love forbidden by convention. The three roles make Deborah the hottest star of 1956.

Not since the days of Carole Lombard have the romantic, the prosaic and the cynical voices of the movie industry combined to heap such immense praise on a single actress. Youngsters describing her choke up a bit. Older men become sad and abstracted when they refer to her, and they look away from you, while talking, as if to preserve some personal image from the violating eyes of a stranger. Every man who has worked with her seems in some special way to be in love with her, although you have the feeling that what each man loves is not the flesh-and-blood Deborah, but an old dream which she causes him to redream.

MANY THEORIES have been advanced to account for Deborah's extraordinary popularity, for her value as box office, and for the sudden recognition of her skill as an actress. There are those who maintain that Deborah's special appeal at this time hinges on the public's perverse weakness for the idea of a great lady suddenly transformed into a symbol of sex (remember Lady Godiva?). They point to the fact that Deborah for many years was kept distinctly under wraps, publicized as a perennial, homespun Mrs. Miniver; then came the swift unveiling and she was abruptly presented as a woman with fleshly yens and a throbbing spirit.

The transformation was hinted at a few years ago in a conversation after Deborah appeared as guest panelist on the TV program, What's My Line? A severe woman in a stern serge suit came up to her.

"Miss Kerr," said the woman, "I have always admired you so."

"Thank you very much," Deborah answered, graciously.

"And I'll tell you why. I'm the censor for Kansas. And I have never had to cut a foot from one of your pictures."

"How dull!" Deborah protested.

"It's kind of incredible to me—the values that censorship maintains," she said later, after attending a screening of The Revolt of Mamie Stover. "In this picture you see a whole line of men outside a building—and you know they are not there for dancing. And yet they say you can't do Tea and Sympathy—a tender play—the way it was written."

And by a token no different Deborah is puzzled by the code's prohibition of an openmouthed kiss. "With anatomy fashioned the way it is," she asks, "how else can you kiss?"

"The revolt of Deborah Kerr" is by now an accomplished fact. But Deborah has been not so much changed as unwrapped.

"I've always had sex," Deborah maintains. "Hollywood just didn't notice it—until lately—and I don't know why. They just thought of me as a high-necked dress stuffed with sawdust. To be sexy I don't think you have to be a bosomy wench in a tight dress—with a leer, a wiggle and a wet mouth. All you have to be is warm and alive—and human."

Today Deborah is as effervescent as a fresh-popped bottle of champagne, though the sparkle is of recent release.

"In England, no matter what happens," Deborah admits, "one just does not show emotion in front of others. Until I came to America it used to embarrass me to cry while watching a play. I find I can cry more easily in theaters here. Now isn't that a dreadful thing to say?"

Deborah accepts her glamour build-up as part of the business of being a star. During the filming of Tea and Sympathy, the subtle-secret-of-sex issue was an item for much kidding on the lot. On the morning the shooting wound up, the wardrobe girls presented her with three pairs of transparent panties on which were embroidered, respectively, the legends: *"Oui, oui, oui"*; "The Play's the Thing, Act II, Scene 2"; and "For Outstanding Achievement in the Entertainment Field."

The new motif in Deborah's roles has also had its effect on her fan mail. She is now regarded as a kind of latter-day Dorothy Dix. Hundreds of love-starved admirers write her pleading for advice or prescriptions in matters romantic.

This is rather a far cry from the day when Deborah was first "discovered," at seventeen, by the late Hungarian director and entrepreneur, Gabriel Pascal. Pascal came across her in a London restaurant in 1939, where she was lunching with a woman talent scout. Pascal walked over to the table.

"Who is this sweet little virgin?" he asked, making a gesture like a seigneurial lord.

"My name is Deborah Kerr," Deborah answered.

"Are you an actress?"

"I am."

"You should take your hair down. You look like a tart." Having delivered himself of this dictum, Pascal walked away.

Deborah was intimidated; she quickly undid her bun while still sitting at the table. Her flaming red hair tumbled down on her shoulders.

The following day she had a call from Pascal, who, in the interim, had talked with the talent scout. "Come immediately to the Mayfair. I am waiting."

Deborah arrived at the hotel to find Pascal, surrounded by courtiers, ensconced in a regal suite.

Said Pascal, "Can you not do something for me?" Deborah looked nervously at the wolf eyes of the camp followers who littered Pascal's suite, then she launched into a scene from The Cradle Song, which she had played with a repertory company.

No sooner had Deborah warmed to her line than Pascal raised his hand with dictatorial authority. "Stop!" he barked. "Now say the Lord's Prayer."

She began, softly.

"Stop. You are too tall. Take off your shoes."

Deborah tried again, extended this time only to her natural height of five feet seven. Lowered an inch, she was more interesting to the great director. Pascal was pleased, and it is by such small pleasures that stars are made. He signed her at once to play a Salvation Army lass in his historic film version of Shaw's Major Barbara.

THE CONTRACT ALSO ENTITLED Pascal to half of Deborah's earnings, in anything she might do, for the next seven years. And since Pascal was regularly short of funds, instead of giving her career-building parts he saw to it that she was hired out for handsome sums. She played in a series of dull British pictures which still pop up during the after-midnight hours on TV.

One of these eventually came to the attention of the panjandrums at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They found the picture, it is said, something of a bore, and Deborah, as usual, professionally mousy. Some claim that the high brass nevertheless detected in her a second Greer Garson, or, more to the point, a hedge to protect the studio's investment in Greer Garson. According to the Hollywood legend, the studio policy makers reasoned that if they bought Deborah, they could always use her as a threat against Greer, should Greer try to kick over the traces. Official biographies, however, merely report that Louis B. Mayer, after viewing Deborah, said, "That girl's a star. Get her." And thus, in 1947, the flame-haired Scottish beauty came to these shores.

What followed, according to Deborah, were the Years of Captivity. She was properly introduced all over the M-G-M lot: "Miss Deborah Kerr—it rhymes with 'car,' " a phrase immediately revised by Louis B. Mayer, thinking big, to "Miss Deborah Kerr—it rhymes with 'star.' " She was told to remember protocol when speaking of or to Louella Parsons, Hedda Hopper and Sheila Graham. Columnists were soon happy inventing a rivalry and exchanges of words between Deborah and Greer Garson.

Deborah's American debut was as Kay, the heroine, co-starring with Clark Gable in The Hucksters. "Kay," she recalls, "was most definitely a 'lady.' She wore a halo of decorum and was as exciting as an oyster." At the same time the studio started a build-up calculated to present her as a cross between Queen Victoria and Florence Nightingale. Her necklines were made to resemble chokers, her hairdos were copies from old tintypes. "There were definitely no cheesecake shots," she claims. "The studio didn't think I had any cheesecake. I was considered merely genteel and anemic."

THEN, ONE DAY, the gentle worm began if not to turn at least to roll protestingly from side to side. A picture called The Red Danube was about to go into production, and Deborah was asked to play a sixty-year-old nun. Deborah tracked Louis B. Mayer to his office. She strode into the room where everything was white; the walls were white, the furniture was white, L. B. was white.

"I don't think I'm right for the part," said Deborah with her characteristic tact. "And it's not just because she's sixty . . ."

Mayer smiled benignly. "I remember a little lady sitting just where you are sitting." He paused. "Do you know who that was?"

Deborah shook her flame-colored head in natural innocence.

"It was Greer Garson." There was a heavy silence. Then L. B. continued: "She told me she didn't want to play a part we wanted her to play. The part was Mrs. Miniver."

Under normal circumstances, the conversation would have been closed, the matter settled. But Deborah by now had taken a stand; her Scottish blood, slow to heat, was simmering. At the risk of appearing ungrateful, she declined the part.

When Doré Schary replaced L. B. Mayer as head of Metro production, Deborah approached him with a project of her own, C. S. Forester's The African Queen. "Here's a part I'd like to play," she said. "Rose—the high-minded missionary jaunting through Africa with the disreputable captain of a broken-down river boat."

Schary smiled, not perhaps the final, dictatorial smile of L. B. Mayer, but a smile which implied satisfaction that a star should be so passionately, even if mistakenly, concerned with properties and production.

"Could M-G-M please make the picture with me?"

"If you want to make a picture in Africa," said Schary, "we have the story right here for you." He reached across the desk and handed Deborah a copy of Rider Haggard's old blood-and-diamonds thriller, King Solomon's Mines.

Deborah attempted vainly to indicate that she had no special geographic interest in the continent of Africa, that what she wanted was the part of Rose. But Schary was as adamant as Solomon's diamonds. Katharine Hepburn was cast for the role in The African Queen and Deborah was shipped off to Africa to make a picture memorable for the fact that in it, Deborah, after falling into a river, emerges with her hair set as immaculately as if she were fresh from the glamour parlors of Max Factor. At the time, it seems, there was an inviolable studio edict: glamour stars are always to be seen in bandbox perfection—regardless of reality and script.

Over a period of five years she was cast into a series of quiescent parts in routine pictures. Other

As Kay (left) in M-G-M's The Hucksters, Deborah made her U.S. debut in 1947, then was cast in a succession of "lady" roles. Turning point in her career came after she landed the part of Karen in From Here to Eternity (Columbia). It featured sexy scenes (below) with Burt Lancaster and won Deborah an Oscar nomination. At right is climactic moment in her latest film, Tea and Sympathy, when as a mature woman she restores to a schoolboy (John Kerr) confidence in his own manhood

Now a leading contender for this year's Oscar, Deborah says: "I don't think anybody knew I could

actresses won awards, Deborah was called on to be gracious. One bitter night, after accepting an award for Jennifer Jones, she said to the audience, "You might not know this, but I am Jennifer Jones's sister."

"I would like to do a comedy," she told the studio. "I'm always in blouses and skirts . . . and suffering so." No comedy was forthcoming. "I longed to do a comedy," Deborah maintains, "not a funny, funny comedy—but one of wit and feeling and sadness. And I begged them for a comedy. I said, one day, 'For God's sake, give me just one funny line to say.' "

The last straw: Deborah was tapped for a picture called Young Bess, and was cast as Jean Simmons's stepmother.

It was then that Deborah felt all the anger of a Scot. "I can be driven just so far," she said. "Then I stick both heels in and refuse to budge. And this was too much!"

By a happy chance she had a call that day from Bert Allenberg, a talent agent well known in Hollywood. "Deborah," he said, "for years, now, you've been playing the insipid English virgin. I think I can get you the roles you ought to have—and I'd like to represent you."

Deborah did not quibble. "As of Monday morning," she said, "my representative will be your office."

Three weeks later Allenberg, who learned Columbia Pictures had bought the best seller From Here to Eternity, had a brain storm. He called Deborah. "How about playing the captain's wife in Eternity?"

"You're crazy," said Deborah. "You're mad."

But Deborah took out the book, plunged into it, and found herself excited. She saw herself, with bleached hair, whipping up torrents of unabashed lust. But when Allenberg called again, her Scottish caution had a hammer lock on her enthusiasm. "Bert," she said, "it can't work out."

Allenberg spat into the phone. "This defeatist attitude must go."

Within an hour Allenberg was facing Columbia's Harry Cohn. "Look," he said, "here is a totally fresh approach to sex in a movie heroine. For the captain's wife, you don't want a typical tail wiggler. It's better if she looks like a lady but acts like a harlot. And the quality this role needs, Deborah's got."

One night, two weeks later, at 2:00 A.M., Cohn called Allenberg. "Okay," he said, "she's got the part—what will it cost me?"

Allenberg immediately called Deborah, waking her. "Columbia wants to know how much they can get you for."

"For one farthing," said Deborah.

The chips—all blue—were down; and now Deborah's hidden fears took over. Years on the treadmill had weakened her confidence. "What have I done?" she asked herself. "I can't deliver. My figure isn't good enough. And I'll never be able to speak with an American accent!"

But Deborah's performance in Eternity won her a nomination for an Oscar. And with that success came the hubbub from columnists and the fan magazines: "Deborah has discovered sex."

"I don't think anybody knew I could act," said Deborah, "until I put on a bathing suit."

DEBORAH'S EMERGENCE from high-necked respectability raised a new problem for her in her private life. Deborah and Tony Bartley, a British wartime fighter pilot, were married just before she came over to Hollywood. Tony courted her in a quiet public-school way as befits the son of a British knight and a man who bagged 15 German planes in the Battle of Britain. "He had asked the usual things," said Deborah, "such as 'Do you know so-and-so?' And I had said, 'Yes' and 'Do you hunt?' It was a very reticent thing, really, and madly British." As Mrs. Anthony Charles Bartley, Deborah is a doting "mummy" of two rambunctious daughters, Melanie, now eight, and Francesca, five.

Thus Deborah has never forgiven eager columnists for inventing an "affair" with Frank Sinatra while they were on location in Hawaii making Eternity. "If I were unattached," she said, "I wouldn't care what anybody wrote about me—what would it matter? But this was a slander on my husband—and that's quite a different thing."

Actually, her husband read the items with bland amusement. "Now," he said to Deborah, "you *have* arrived."

After Eternity, Deborah was a valuable studio property, a "name." But she had not yet satisfied either of two drives which were at the center of her emotional life: to demonstrate the fine edge of her dramatic skill, and to express, as an actress, the tenderness and warmth she believed to be at the root of meaningful love. The chance to do both presented itself unexpectedly.

"In 1948," explains Deborah, "I had gone to New York and done a play for radio's Theatre Guild of the Air. It was Remember the Day, a script by Bob Anderson. I remember his saying, after the show was over, it would be marvelous if I did a play. I told him it was impossible because I had just signed with Metro—and I knew they wouldn't let me do a Broadway show. I said, 'Try again in five years.'

"And so, five years later, in 1953, I was in New York for more radio. I had a dreadful, ghastly flu and I was just leaving the hotel when the bellhop came up with an envelope. I threw the envelope in the suitcase and forgot about it. Next morning, getting into Chicago, Tony handed me a script. Clipped on to it was a note: 'I wonder if you remember me. I spoke to you about appearing in a play five years ago. You said then, "In five years time, perhaps." Five years have passed. Here is the play. Bob Anderson.'

"The play was Tea and Sympathy.

"I read it and did think it wonderful. But I was in such complete rebellion! My first reaction was, 'My God, how can they do it?' All I could think of in relation to Laura was that this was another good woman—and that, if I played Laura, there I would be back again, in cashmere sweaters, being good and noble, and supremely sacrificing. The fact that she gave herself to this seventeen-year-old boy escaped me altogether. I wrote Bob that I didn't want to play another good woman and wear out one more cashmere sweater.

"An agonized letter came back from Bob. His sensitivity is amazing. He realized I must have been a little bit off. 'Kazan will be out in May,' he wrote. 'Perhaps you will talk to him.'

"Everybody will give his right arm to work with Kazan. I had never met him. And Kazan was suspicious of me. He had expected me to be rather

GENE COOK

act until I put on a bathing suit"

stuffy and British—and a bit of a movie star in the bargain. At any rate he took me to Don the Beachcomber's—and it must have been those dreadful rum drinks. But *that* night I said to myself: 'You are now going to prove to the world that you are an actress and not just a movie star.' "

Doing the play meant canceling the final year of her contract with Metro and giving up a sure $3,000 a week for 52 weeks. It also meant gambling with her whole future in the movie industry.

"Success had come to me, and it had been wonderful," Deborah says now, looking back. "Money had come, and it was wonderful. But I never really cared." To Deborah art and living are inseparable. And to play roles which were emotionally empty was to live without integrity—and this to her was the ultimate sin.

The record should show that Deborah's revolt did not go unrewarded. The sacrifice of a year's Metro salary to play Tea and Sympathy on Broadway and on the road netted her some $125,000 in 12 months. Now, an independent, she draws a flat sum of $150,000 per picture.

"I have suffered all my life from too much respect for the boss," Deborah realizes now. "I took it for granted that the heads of studios, with all their experience, knew instinctively what was best for me. It took me six years to find out that perhaps they didn't."

IN THE EYES OF MANY today there is a reconstructed Deborah, a girl who after a secluded life with Pollyanna and the Bobbsey Twins has at last discovered the secrets of a three-letter word. But Deborah is aware of no change; only of the freedom to play characters rather than puppets. That this freedom has its dangers as well as privileges is signaled by the fact that Paramount's The Proud and Profane, the first of the movies in which Deborah appeared in her free-lance status, matured into a goulash of bathos which was greeted by critics as one of the most unsavory romances to hit the screen in years. At the box office, however, the response was positive.

Of more substantial emotional stuff, however, are 20th Century-Fox's The King and I and M-G-M's Tea and Sympathy, both literary properties, both proven successes, both molded to Deborah's stature.

Other actresses tend to regard the screen as a means of intensifying their obvious personalities, of projecting their image of themselves enlarged to VistaVision proportions. Deborah reverses the formula. "I don't like myself," she once said, bluntly. "I have always wanted to be other people—not any single other, but many others. I don't care if nobody recognizes me on magazine covers."

Most of her life is lived inwardly; and in the depths there is much sadness and loneliness. "When I was small," Deborah maintains, "I was known as 'farthing face.' At eight I was packed off to boarding school. All I remember of my childhood was being terribly, terribly cold and having to take malt because I was so thin. I was so solemn I still can hear my dramatic teacher screaming, 'For Heaven's sake, Deborah, don't stand in the corner and sulk.' " And Deborah concedes that even today she is "abysmally shy" at everything not connected with working. People, parties, situations, they are all terrifying to her. Her intense striving to articulate the feeling of tenderness and sentiment in her screen roles is an expression of these inner emotions.

Describing the climactic episode in Tea and Sympathy, in which Deborah, playing the wife of the housemaster at a boys' school, seeks to comfort John Kerr, a sensitive boy accused of unmanliness by his schoolmates, she says:

"On the stage the audience was touched and moved because there hasn't been a person who hasn't wanted that delicate sort of relationship. In motion pictures there hasn't been a sense of love—and I mean *love*—given and received. I think that when one is young, one thinks of love as something tender. And when one is older this tenderness becomes lost—even in marriage. I do hope that this picture will be a success—not just to make money but to bring that stab of recognition of what has gone out of our lives. Maybe it will touch people and make them remember a way of loving, and a tenderness of love, which is at the heart of every human being—and which we are afraid to let out."

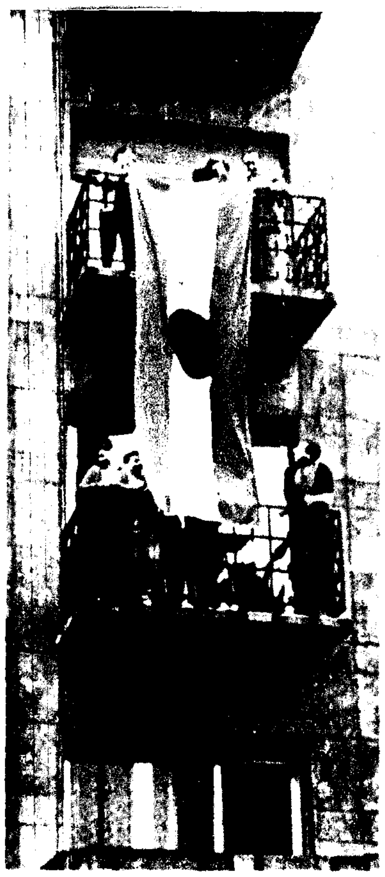
And this is the new Deborah—this is what she has communicated to a public long accustomed to counterfeit feeling and foil-wrapped love. Perhaps it is because she has demonstrated so clearly that only the heart can speak to the heart, and has had the courage to let her own heart speak warmly, that she has come so close to all who have suffered from the chilling loneliness of our packaged life.

Perhaps the ultimate tribute to this special side of Deborah Kerr is the wistful fan letter from an obscure boy who had seen the stage production of Tea and Sympathy.

"I only wish I had had someone like you," he wrote. "And now it is too late." THE END

Deborah's elder daughter, Melanie, 8, loves to adopt a variety of fanciful roles. She recently decided she was a "moth hawk" and here, on the lawn of the Kerr home in Pacific Palisades, Calif., her mother asks how she is feeling. "Not very well," replies Melanie. "It's quite sad. You see, I broke my wing earlier this morning"

Right: Hole in Hungarian national flag shows where youthful rioters ripped out hated Communist red star. Below: After overpowering tank crew, Budapest rebels drive off in triumph to rejoin comrades


UNITED PRESS

The spark that set off the satellites

UNITED PRESS

Warsaw, Poland

On the night of Friday, October 19th, as Red Army tanks closed in on Poland from east and west, 5,000 students of Warsaw's Polytechnic High School gathered defiantly on the school grounds to protest Soviet domination of their homeland. Within three days, the whole nation had taken up their cry: "Out with the Russians! Long live free Poland!" Communist leaders, taking heed, kicked Soviet Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky off their Politburo and proclaimed Poland's independence of Moscow.

On Monday, October 22d, students from all branches of Hungary's University of Budapest began clamoring at mass meetings for the withdrawal of Russian troops from Hungary—and next day as the shouting youths marched through the capital 300,000 people fell in behind them. Within 24 hours, an anti-Russian, anti-Communist revolution had engulfed Hungary.

All through the Kremlin's erstwhile realm of Eastern Europe anti-Soviet sentiment is rising. Where it has not yet burst into flame, it is smoldering beneath the surface, explosive, unpredictable. And everywhere youth is in the lead—dramatic confirmation of a truth that, perhaps more than any other single factor, is shattering Russia's dream of a Moscow-bossed empire. That truth is: although Communism has wielded total power in rearing Eastern Europe's new generation, the Reds have failed to capture the youth.

The rebellious students of Warsaw and Budapest, the furious young workers who rioted for bread and freedom in Poznań last June, the restless youth of Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Romania, Yugoslavia—all of them have been raised under Communism. They have known nothing but war, occupation and a Red hierarchy determined to win them to its banners. There has been no one to interfere with the Communist indoctrination of a generation Soviet Premier Bulganin has called "our future."

In a 6,000-mile survey through five Communist countries of Eastern Europe, I have talked candidly with many of these young men and women who hold Europe's future in their hands. And I have talked with their Communist masters. *It did not take the daring demonstra-*

tions of Warsaw, Budapest and Poznań to reveal the facts. The evidence was everywhere. The Communist indoctrination campaign has failed—and even before the events of October the Red leaders admitted it.

In Poland, in Hungary, in Czechoslovakia, in Romania, aging hardcore Communists told me in almost identical words: "The trouble is that our youth does not appreciate what we have done. They don't remember how bad things were; all they can say is how bad things are now." Even in Yugoslavia, where Communism had undergone some softening touches, Marshal Tito bluntly announced to his Communist comrades: "We have lost the youth."

As the anti-Red tide rises, the young people are making known their dissatisfaction and disillusionment in different ways—sometimes, as in Poland and Hungary, openly, ardently and audaciously; at other times and in other places, softly behind a muffling hand to the mouth, or obliquely with a sharp-edged taunt. But in one form or another, the voices of frustrated, bitter youth can be heard throughout Eastern Europe.

IN POLAND, the youth not only touched off the anti-Russian fire, but fanned the flames to keep them from dying out. At the height of the crisis, hundreds of tight-faced students could be seen clustered around the campus bulletin boards in the courtyard of Warsaw University. They were not talking much, for as fast as their pens could scratch they were copying down posted news bulletins and anti-Soviet resolutions. As soon as each finished, he hurried away to spread the news—an errand that could have meant imprisonment or even death.

On the outskirts of Warsaw, in the sprawling Zeran automobile and machine works, one such young messenger stopped breathlessly to blurt out his feelings. His round, youthful face was lined with the fatigue of 72 hours without sleep. "Who wants to sleep?" he gasped. "At last we may be getting something worth growing up for—our own Poland!"

In Hungary, what had started out a peaceful street demonstration that Tuesday, October 23d, became a rebellion after jittery Communist security police fired on a crowd of students outside the Budapest radio station. The students were demanding the release of a delegation that had been arrested for asking the station to broadcast their plea for withdrawal of Soviet troops from Hungary. Inflamed by the shooting, the students stormed the building—and the revolt was on. Next day, with the arrival of Soviet troops and tanks, the rebellion seemed over—until Soviet tank crews and Hungarian security police suddenly opened fire on a peaceful crowd of several hundred students and workers outside the Hungarian parliament building. Word of the massacre spread quickly through the capital and fighting was resumed at a new pitch. Boys as young as twelve years old manned the barricades in Budapest. Not even the sight of Russian soldiers and tanks dismayed them. "Let them come," the youngsters told one Western reporter. "This is war."

As this is written, anti-Soviet sentiment has not flared into open rebellion or mass demonstrations in other countries of Eastern Europe, but the youth of these lands are as bitter at their lot as those of Poland and Hungary. In my travels through the former iron curtain nations, I listened to scores of disenchanted students and youthful workers, speaking out for themselves and for their friends, until the testimony forced me to the conclusion that the dissatisfied were in the great majority.

When I arrived at the University of Cluj, an old and honored institution in Romania, students pounced on me and recklessly poured out their woes. "You don't know what it means to us to see Americans here," they said. "It is like an electric shock."

"Look," said a stubby student of engineering as he shook his empty cigarette lighter. "Here we are in a country that has oceans of petroleum and we can't get enough fuel to fill a lighter."

A darkly handsome doctor, last year's graduate, nodded gravely at what was supposed to have been a wry joke about Russia's grab of Romania's resources. It held too much truth to be funny. "You see," he explained, "Romania is really a rich country. We have great quantities of oil and there are gold, minerals and generous black soil, but we are poor. I live in one small room with my wife, her mother and our baby. Compared to workers who get 300 or 400 lei a month, my pay is good. I get 1,000 lei. But it costs me 400 lei for a pair of shoes and 450 for a sweater. Besides, there's nothing worth buying. We go to a café almost every night and drink. That's what this system means to us."

Then there was the student from the University of Bratislava, in Czechoslovakia, who was hitchhiking home for the holidays and happened to stop my car. "The only Communist students in my classes," he said, "are the ones from bourgeois families who couldn't get into the university unless they joined the party. The rest of us don't even make much pretense about believing in Communism."

He told me about resolutions that were drawn up in all the universities of Czechoslovakia last April and May to let the government know the students' real feelings about their way of life. The resolutions protested against student things—too many hours of compulsory lectures, too much Marxism-Leninism, too bad food and too poor lodgings—but they also protested against conditions that matter to all Czechs. They asked for an honest press, a real parliament, justice for political prisoners, freedom to travel and an end to banned books. In only slightly milder form, these protests were publicly aired in mockery and gibes during the traditional May carnival parade of Charles University students in Prague.

"We would welcome foreign students, especially French girls," read one poster. Marching students shouted boldly: "Enjoy yourselves today, informers, because you'll be working hard writing up reports on us tomorrow."

Distressed, the Red regime tried to wriggle away from the implications of the students' demands with the explanation that only a few "reactionaries and foreign agents" were responsible for the protests.

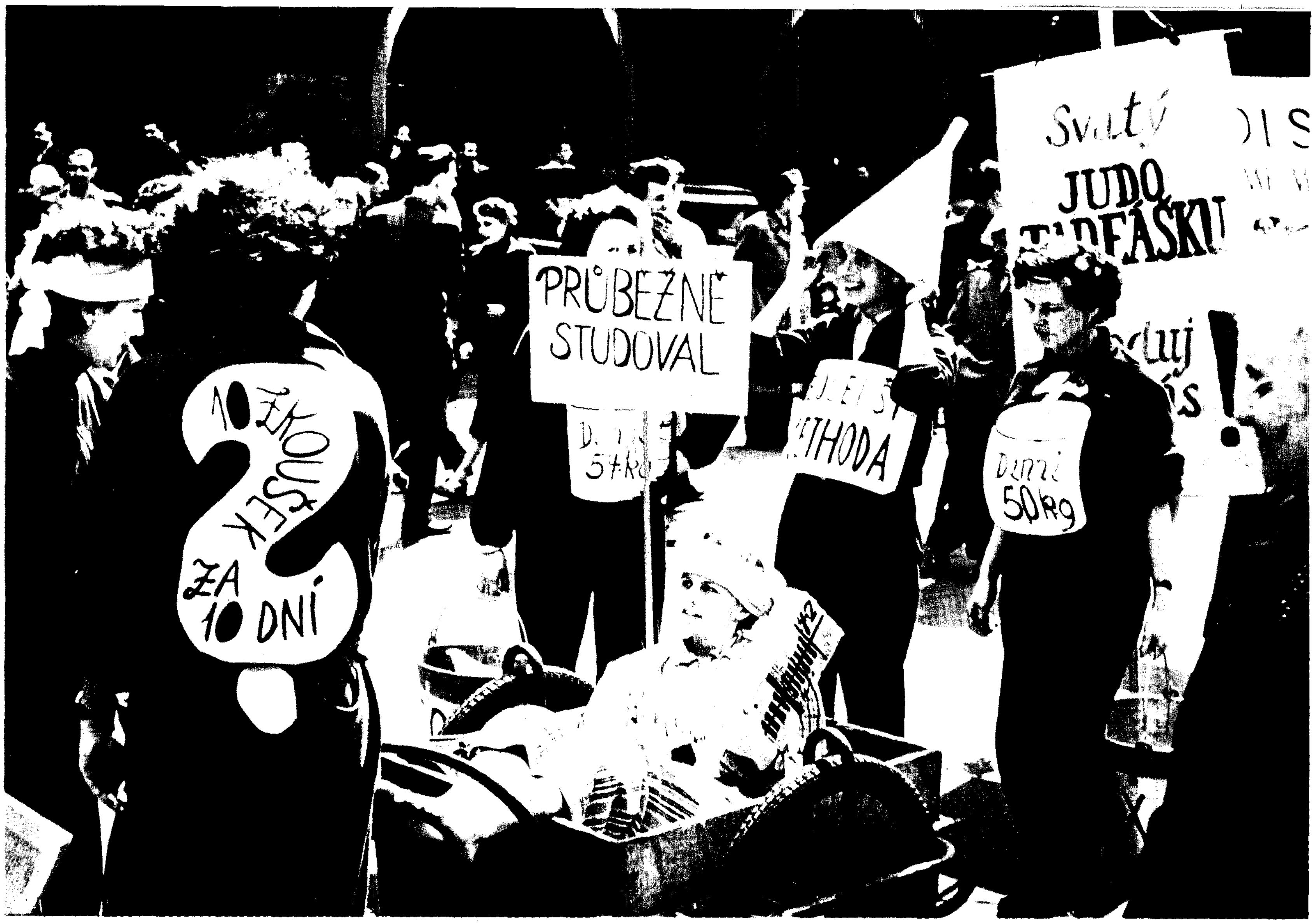
"What nonsense!" said the boy from Bratislava. "That was another lie. We all signed the resolutions, every one of us, and we meant them, too." And then he went on, "All those dreary lectures on Marxism-Leninism! We can see with our own eyes that there's no truth in them. We resent the waste of time."

Actually, most of the young people of Eastern Europe never were Communists; although they grew up knowing no other way of life, they did not accept what they were told. Others for a time were ardent followers of the teachings of Lenin and Stalin, but have done a complete about-face. Still others—in fact, probably a majority of those still members of the Communist party—remain captivated by Red theory, but share many of the disillusionments and discontents of those who never were wholly taken in. If these Red malcontents were given their way, Communism would turn out much like the more moderate British and French democratic Socialism.

I HAVE HEARD many stories of the bewilderment and slow awakening that is going on in young Communists. One came from a girl who is twenty-nine now and attractive, although she looks older. She was one of the handful of people who escaped the German annihilation of Warsaw's ghetto in World War II, and she plunged into the Communist party as a miserable child plunges into a releasing passion. She felt safe and secure until a few months ago, the raw wounds of her memory comfortingly dressed with blind faith. Then, one day at her cell meeting, the leader got up to read the speech denouncing Stalin that Russia's Nikita Khrushchev delivered secretly in Moscow last February. She believed Khrushchev's searing words about Stalin because she had always believed "the voice of the party," as she put it. And yet it was almost too much to believe.

"I had a terrible crisis of conscience," she told me later. "I thought and thought as I had never thought before. And I saw that it had been a faith, that I had just believed instead of thinking. I can't believe people just because they have positions of authority any more. I realize that I made some terrible mistakes. But we won't allow all that to happen again."

Most young Communists have not yet gone beyond this stage, the dawn of enlightenment. They are angry, perplexed, wary of their lead-



Grim portent for Czechoslovakia? These Prague students protested Red oppression in fun-making parade. Bandaged student shows what happens to critics of Red methods

WIDE WORLD

Months before the Warsaw demonstrations, Red Polish government used tanks to put down an uprising in Poznań. Young workers there staged a riot for "bread and freedom"

INTERNATIONAL

In the Hungarian town of Kecskemét, crowd cheers as anti-Communists tear the red star from building housing the Security Administration. The revolt was nationwide

Even the satellite youth who profess loyalty to Communism are disillusioned and discontent. They, too, clamor for a change in Red rule

ers and critical of the way things are going, but still think that somehow the Communist ideal can be made to work.

Among the few who had the courage to renounce publicly the whole system of beliefs that gripped them is eighteen-year-old Michael Bruk, a Warsaw high-school student. Weeks before the Warsaw uprising, he wrote down his travail and sent it to the Communist newspapers, which published it. He said: "I am ashamed of all of you and above all of myself for my stupidity and credulity. . . . I have no foundations now for believing in anything. I have no reason to trust you. I wish you all success but please do not be surprised at us young people. It is not egotism and a desire for success that lead us to reject your ideology. We eighteen- and twenty-year-olds, although growing up in new conditions, are not happy because we are distressed when we perceive that this newness is very old and that it is such a contradiction to our dreams."

The reasons why the Communists have failed to hold the youth, of course, go far beyond the confusion caused by the tortured twistings and turnings of the Communist line. But, in essence, they are simple: young people have eyes and minds and can't help using them. From their life under Communism have stemmed a profound disrespect for authority, frustration at the lack of opportunity to ease a hard life, boredom and, above all, a nagging sense of injustice and futility.

A Yugoslav law student put in words for me the bleak hopelessness with which he and his friends looked at their personal futures. The student was tall and sturdy, twenty-four years old, from a village where his father was a veterinarian. When he was seventeen, during World

War II, he ran away to join the anti-Nazi Partisans, and he shared the Communist orientation of Marshal Tito's underground army. But when the war ended and he saw his comrades-in-arms shooting and terrorizing and jailing their own people, he quit them in revulsion.

"I was disgusted," he told me. "And what does Communism offer me now? The civil service or a factory or a state farm, but whatever I do, I won't make enough to live on. If I should manage to scrimp and save a little money, what can I do with it but blow it on a girl or a drink? There is no chance to do anything or be anything here. My only ambition is to get out. I want a visa for the United States or Canada and a chance to work there and make something of myself."

Although most of Eastern Europe's youth don't think in terms of fleeing west, their minds have already fled beyond the reach of their rulers. An engineering student I know in Hungary received several prizes for being first in his classes on Marxism-Leninism. He was a pampered pupil and enjoyed the advantage distributed to those considered most likely to succeed as Communists. But it was all a sham, a tragicomic joke that he told (very privately, of course) with gusto. The boy happened to have such an agile mind that he could play his role convincingly. He was an exception, though. For most, pretense is a thin shield, usually of no more than silence, that is dropped whenever an opportunity appears—such as a chance to talk in private with a Westerner.

EVEN YOUNGER BOYS AND GIRLS have shown a surprising ability to think for themselves. A family in Prague, Czechoslovakia, told me recently about the embarrassment caused them by their ten-year-old son. The parents despise the Communists, but like most parents in Eastern Europe they had taken great pains not to speak their true feelings in front of the boy for fear their remarks might be repeated and retribution would follow. But they needn't have worried; their son had reached his own conclusions about the Communist regime, and was most circumspect in making them known.

When his class was asked to write compositions, the boy turned in a eulogy of Stalin, entitled, Stalin, Our Father and Benefactor. The teacher, caught in the reversal of the party line that followed the dictator's death, gave him a low grade. The child complained that last year such compositions always got top marks. Pressing relentlessly for a full explanation, he was handed from one red-faced school authority to another until finally the principal told him to write a letter to the Ministry of Education.

The boy came home and, with convulsive laughter, told his parents what had happened. "I really had them that time," he added. "You should have seen them flap. And they can't do a thing to me."

Another reason for the Communist failure has been the Reds' own propaganda technique. The slogans have been dull (Youth Joins Hands in the March to Socialism), pompous (Long Live Our Glorious Party), sometimes insulting (The Soviet Union—Our Teacher and Model), and sometimes inane (Long Live Motherhood). They have been repeated *ad nauseam*, along with many hours of soporific lectures droned out by teachers who dared not inject a little liveliness for fear of straying from the precise directive of the moment.

A device used in all Communist countries, theoretically "to instill a Socialist love of work and service to the nation," is the Youth Brigade. The members ostensibly are teen-age volunteers taken out to spend their holidays building roads and dams and railroads. But it does not take them long to see that despite the patriotic slogans and emotional appeals, "we are just doing hard work without pay," as a Czech polytechnic student put it.

Then there are Youth Unions, about as voluntary as the brigades and supposed to take the place of fraternities and church socials and clubs. Directed by the Communist party in each country, the National Youth Union is primarily responsible for the task of indoctrination from the usual school-leaving age of fourteen to twenty-five. Speakers at a nationwide Congress of the Polish Youth Union early this year ticked off some of the mistakes that the unions have made: "Too many meetings and practically no entertainment . . . deadly speeches on dull subjects . . . not enough concern for youth's real interests." The Czechoslovak Ministry of Education issued a directive ordering its youth organizations to spruce up. "We have taught the children to lie," the directive added, referring to the flimsy excuses youngsters give for refusing to wear the red scarves of the Pioneers, the Communist substitute for Boy and Girl Scouts.

The youngsters long have known that they were missing something. They would hear the ear-splitting burps of the jamming on the Western radio broadcasts and see the locked rooms where supposedly dangerous Western and prewar books were kept in the libraries. The ban only sharpened their hungers.

Those who have not nursed their thoughts in secret have given vent to them in fads. Chewing gum, gaudy neckties, jazz, all once officially denounced as "slavish imitations of American decadence," have become wildly popular. When the relaxing Communist regime in Poland permitted the country's first jazz festival to be held in Sopot, a Baltic resort, last summer, thousands of young people deserted their jobs, abandoned state-provided holiday hostels, even went AWOL from the army to make their way to the scene. Unable to press inside the jammed theater, hundreds clambered on the roof, and in the excitement some crashed through a skylight.

Officials also admit that juvenile delinquency has become a grave and urgent problem, but there are no statistics and the details have been meticulously hushed. Even among youngsters who have committed no crimes, the frustrations of their harassed, circumscribed lives have led to an apathy and indifference that has become the despair of the Communist leaders.

Most young people have tried to ignore the regimes under which they live and seek solace in drinking, love affairs and dancing in cafés and bleak neighborhood saloons. But the more sensitive and more determined have found other outlets. Some who are painters, actors, novelists or poets have concentrated on their works, struggling to keep pace with the modern stream of Western art that Communism had prohibited.

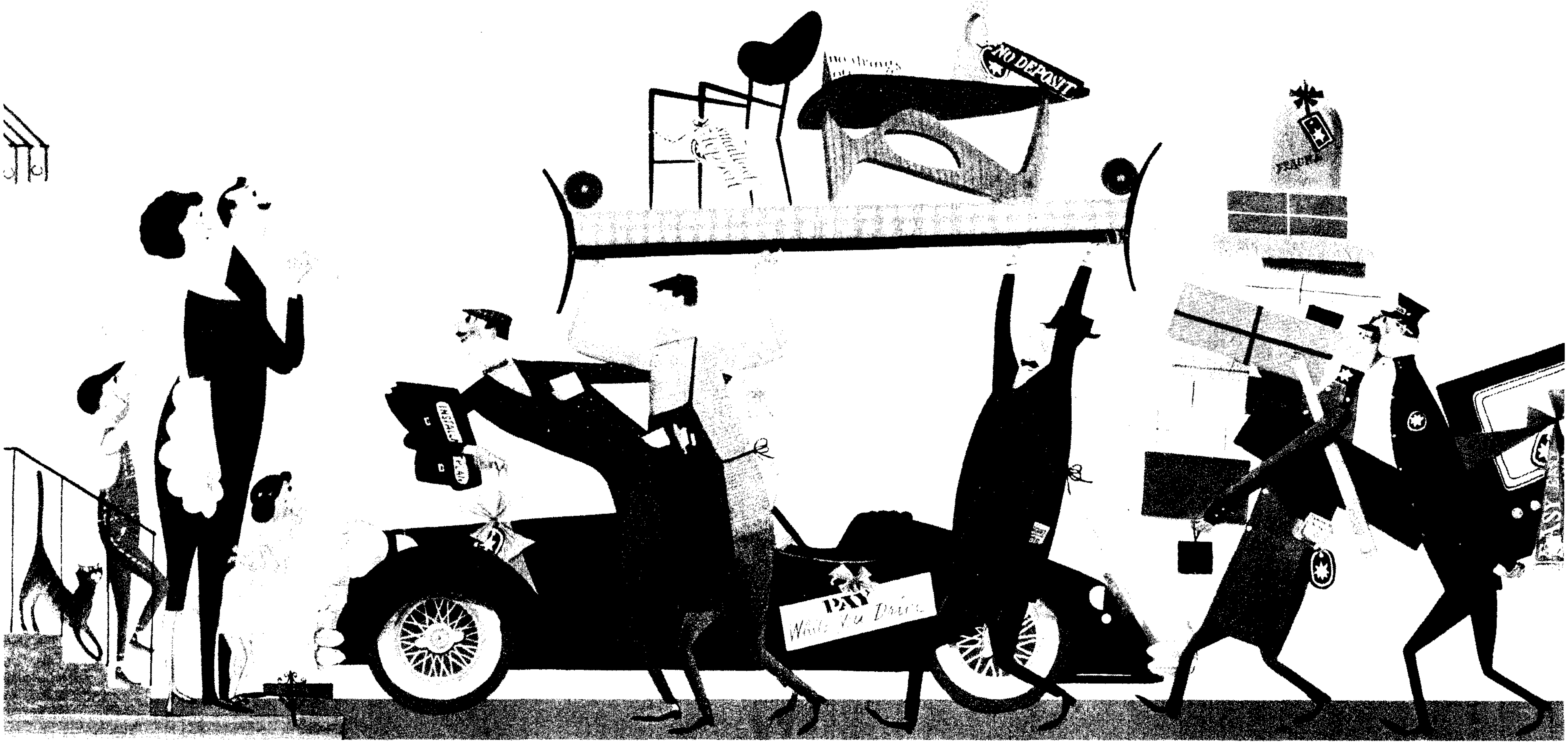
Now that these strictures are being relaxed, an unveiling that the Poles call "opening the drawers and the closets" has begun. It shows that through all the years of cultural strait-jacketing, artists and writers were creating works true to their own inspiration and ignoring the dictates of officialdom.

Then there has been the church. The power of its spiritual role has grown, not diminished, and Communists now admit this. Young people who were drifting away from religion in Eastern Europe, as in the West, during prewar days have been turning back to it for the warmth and the hope that has been drained from their daily lives. I have seen them kneeling on church steps because there was no room to hear the Mass inside.

A REVEALING ARTICLE by a young Pole, Michael Lewtak, published in the Warsaw student newspaper Po Prostu, painted an almost ludicrous picture of how much atheism many young Communists had absorbed. The title was Atheism Required by Official Appointment—that is to say, to get a good job a person had to proclaim himself an atheist. These "atheists," when they married, Lewtak said, waited for "a dark, gloomy, rainy and foggy night. For the ceremony to be performed, churches located in remote villages and lonely places are needed. The people have to devise the most fantastic excuses for their departure, such as illness, or sickness in the family, an epidemic in their native village, distant meetings and the like. These undaunted people, with marriage veils hidden in their suitcases, alight in places unmarked on the map in order to fulfill their aim in unknown churches, in the presence of unknown witnesses and priest . . ."

All these young people, the ones concerned with politics and the ones who have turned away, are the real arsenal of freedom in the Communist states, the source of power that can be Communism's undoing. Without strongly indoctrinated young Red leaders to take over, the movement and its dogma may die out with the aging generation. THE END

How much debt is right



Not counting the mortgages on their homes, American families today owe more than one tenth their annual income (after taxes) in installment payments on everything

By MARTIN MAYER

They used to tell the story about the visitor to a small Vermont town who found the people friendly, but who was baffled by the way they shunned one of their own citizens, a man well-dressed and seemingly well-mannered. Over the stove at the general store one day, the newcomer asked whether, perhaps, the man had committed some crime.

"Aiyep. You might say that."

"Well, what did he do?"

There was a grunt of distaste around the stove, but the visitor persisted. "Did he kill somebody?"

"Nope."

"Beat his wife?"

"Nope."

"Vote Democratic?"

"Nope."

"What is it, then?"

The storekeeper himself undertook to answer. "That man," he said, lowering his voice, *"that man ate into his capital!"*

Today, if you're an average American, this story, once thought funny, must strike you as an antique—as much a curiosity as the high-backed rocker. Grandparents, political orators, an occasional preacher may extol the virtues of thrift; but they get scant attention from a nation which now finances fully one eighth of its purchases by borrowing.

Not counting their mortgages, American families today owe an installment debt of $30,600,000,000—more than one tenth their annual income after taxes—in payments on everything from motorboats to fur coats, dishwashers to airplane trips. The total averages out to more than $600 for every household in the United States.

"Consumer debt," as the economists call it, follows many of us from cradle to grave. The hospital bills when we're born, the catering bills when we're married (and the travel bills for the honeymoon), the undertaker's bills when we're buried—all will be paid on the installment plan. Millions of us use our credit to buy the beds in which we sleep, the refrigerators which store our food, the washing machines which keep our clothes clean—and often the clothes themselves, through department-store "revolving credit" plans. Nearly two thirds of us buy our automobiles "on time." And few of us ever buy a house without a mortgage.

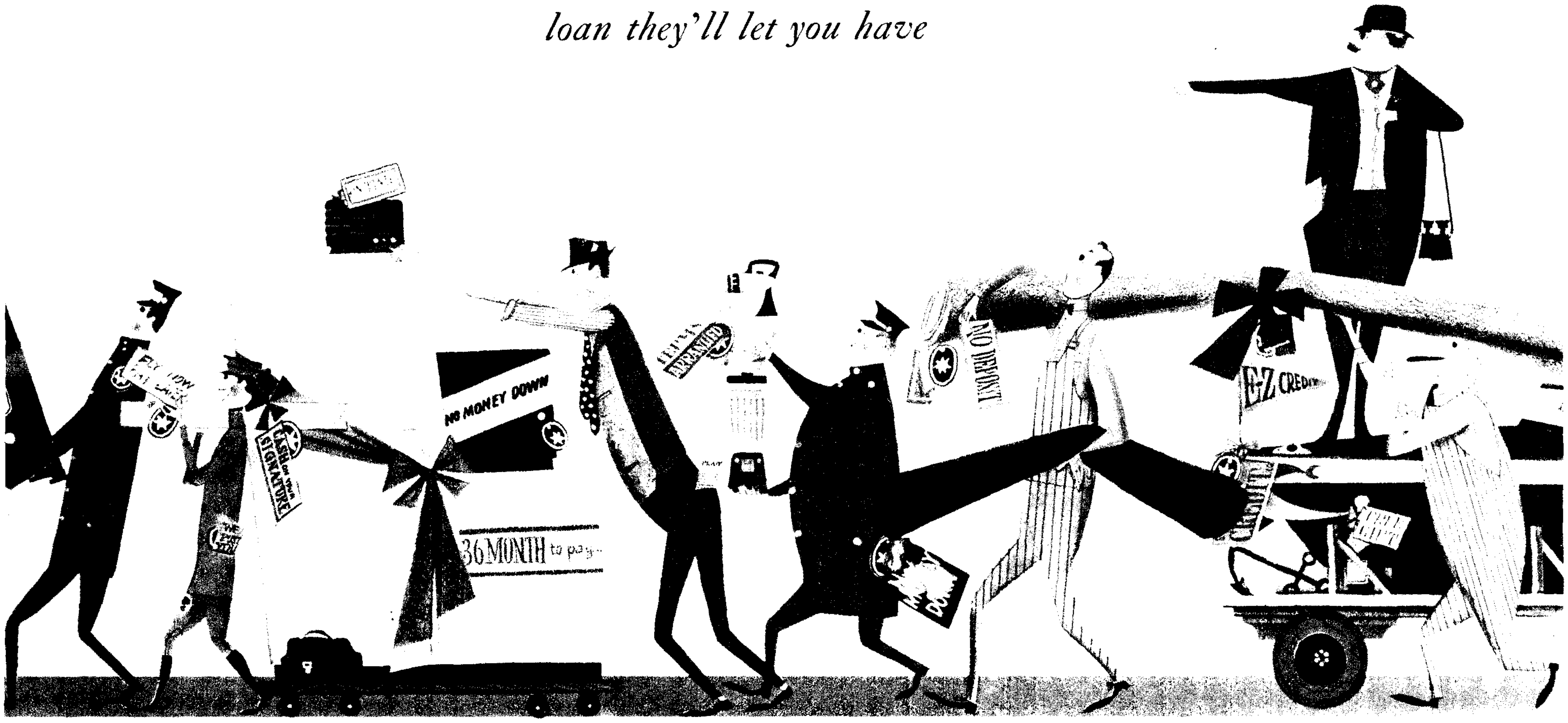
In the past 11 years alone installment debt has surged from $2,500,000,000 to $30,600,000,000. Why? Two facts can be cited by way of explanation. Economically, we have more money to spend than ever before, and can afford to pledge part of our future salaries to pay for luxuries. Psychologically, we have begun to feel that every American is literally *entitled* to all the good things and gimmicks of life, not in some distant future but right here and now.

Today, according to the most recent survey made for the Federal Reserve System, 54 out of every 100 American families owe personal debt. Among families with young children, the proportion is even higher: 85 out of 100 are in debt. And all the figures—the total debt, the number who owe it and the average debt per household—are on the steady rise.

This change from a thrift-conscious society to one in which most people owe money still puzzles the economists and bankers. Nobody is "against

for you?

Of every hundred families in the U.S., 54 owe money (altogether some $30,600,000,000). Here's how banks and finance companies decide how big a loan they'll let you have



JAN BALET

from furniture to furs, autos to airplane trips. Moreover, the total—now averaging out to more than $600 for every household in the United States—is still growing

it," because installment buying and easy mortgage money created the head of steam which set our wheels rolling faster than wheels ever rolled before, and we could not have known today's prosperity without consumer credit. Rather, the bewilderment revolves around the question of how much steam the boiler can take before it explodes, and on the correct answer to this question honest men honestly—and violently—disagree.

For most people the "easy payments" really *are* easy. Indeed, the regular rhythm of monthly payments makes many of them feel more secure than if they didn't owe any money at all. Some bankers even claim that installment buying helps keep savings accounts intact, because if people dipped into their savings to buy they somehow wouldn't put the money back in the bankbook.

But there are also millions of families to whom installment buying has been a very mixed blessing. They *don't* find the payments easy. Yet they stand in the auto showroom and, in the words of a sympathetic bank collections officer, "They want that new car so bad they can taste it." Behind the pleasant taste, though, they feel a nagging question to which they can find no answer in the old, Vermont-style copybooks: How much debt is right for you?

ECONOMICS, SAYS A CLASSIC DEFINITION, is the study of the allocation of scarce means to alternative uses. A kid with a nickel stands in front of the candy counter, debating between two bars of candy; he wants both but he has only a nickel. According to the definition, he would buy one or the other, thus making a key economic decision. But according to modern business practice, he could take both, enabling himself to eat a dime's worth of candy on the spot by paying a nickel down and agreeing to pay a penny a week for six or seven weeks (counting interest).

The new arrangement has advantages for both storekeeper and boy. The store sells two items from its candy inventory instead of one; and the boy has the immediate enjoyment of the candy. But eventually he could mortgage his whole allowance this way, and would either have to do without candy for a while or skip town. The situation could work if the boy's budget contains a penny or two of slack which he has been using for pony rides but can transfer to candy.

At first sight, there is no slack in the ordinary family budget: everybody is struggling to make ends meet, whatever his salary. Yet, somehow, when the installment payments come due, month after month, the family finds there is still some cash in its collective pocket. This extra money is one of the twin foundations of the installment-plan business. The other is the fact that, in the words of a credit-checking agency, "people are honest." Banks and finance companies find that borrowers default on little more than one per cent of the money borrowed.

But the fact that people somehow pay their debts does not inevitably mean that they borrow only what they can reasonably carry. "I remember," a banker said, "back in the depression, women used to come to me and beg me to repossess their husbands' cars, so they could have the installment money to put some food on the table for their kids."

Nobody knows just how many people are giving up relative necessities to meet payments on relative luxuries; just how many go through considerable anguish every month digging up the money to meet installments. But there are a few clues. About 5,000,000 loans a year are made for purposes of "debt consolidation." While some of these loans are routine, men in the business figure that about 3,000,000 of the people who go through the added nuisance and expense of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul do so because they have trouble meeting debts already contracted.

THERE IS FURTHER EVIDENCE to back up the 3,000,000 figure. Banks and finance companies estimate that 80 to 85 per cent of their borrowers pay back their loans promptly. Another two or three per cent must be pursued by the collection department. The remaining 12 to 18 per cent are well-intentioned people who mean to pay on the due date. Of these, some are the sort who are always late. But the others—and the estimate on the basis of these percentages is about 3,000,000—are in financial trouble, even though they may not know it.

Most economists think that of these 3,000,000 about one third are financially pressed simply because they come from the bottom fourth of the nation's wage earners, those whose family income is less than $3,000 a year. Generally speaking, families in this bracket know they cannot afford to borrow; only one third of them owe any installment debt; only one tenth owe money on an automobile. But those who try to squeeze a better life out of a poorer income swiftly come to grief: more than half a million American families in the under-$3,000 bracket must turn over to the banks and finance companies more than two fifths of their monthly income, after taxes.

The poor, by definition, have always been strapped. What is new in the picture is the great number of Americans who are middle class or "comfortably off" but who find it hard to live with their debts. The blight is worst among those who have moved up—the skilled workers and young executives—and who want to celebrate their first year at $7,000 per annum by living as though they had been making $7,000 all their lives. They take an apartment or a house in a new neighborhood where rents or mortgages are higher. Moving itself costs money, and atop the higher rent comes a need for furniture and appliances to match the dignity of the new establishment. Then, naturally, they want another baby; especially now that we can afford it. . . .

It has been estimated that one quarter of all families in the $3,000-$7,500 income bracket must devote *more than half* their disposable income to meeting fixed payments—which includes the rent or mortgage, the telephone, the gas and electricity and the health insurance as well as the monthly installments on debt. That doesn't leave much.

There is no theory of consumer finance which says that a family can safely carry fixed payments amounting to half its disposable income. But, then, there's *no* theory which holds water in consumer credit. "I've been in this business since 1922," one banker told me, "and if there's one thing in this world I don't understand, it's how people pay for their automobiles."

A loan collector's lot is not an easy one

A loan collector says: "You see a lot of strange things in this business.

"Like the women who buy cars for their boy friends, and then the affair busts up. The woman won't pay on the car any more, the boy friend has left town in the car and she doesn't know where he is. She doesn't *want* to know.

"Or the woman who bought a dishwasher, paying off 24 monthly installments. It was one of these no-installation jobs—you just took it out of the packing case and plugged it in. Well, she paid 23 installments, then wouldn't pay the 24th. We called her; she said, 'I won't pay another dime until you send somebody to take this thing out of the crate and get it *working* for me.'

"Then there was the girl who works as a file clerk for the power-and-light company, and makes $2,400 a year. An airline sold her a round-the-world trip, 59 days for $1,890.65, to be paid back over 20 months, and she asked us to finance it. We wouldn't, of course—but one of these little loan companies did. With luck in refinancing, she ought to have it paid off by 1970.

"And the man who wouldn't pay on his television set and wouldn't tell us why, so we sent a collector up to take it away. When the collector came the man pointed at the set and said, 'It's got no knobs. How can you expect me to pay installments on a television set that's got no knobs?'

"But the best of them was a little old man who bought a hearing aid on time, and there were all sorts of complications and the store took it back—but he thought he'd already paid for it. They asked me to explain to him over the phone, but he couldn't get a word I was saying. I shouted until somebody at the store took the phone, and I said, 'For God's sake give the old guy back his hearing aid so I can tell him he owes us money . . .' "

For many years, the experts have tried to set up a fixed rule which would tell individuals how much they could safely borrow, and banks how much they could safely lend. But there are too many variables in the equation. Take two men earning $5,000 a year. One has no children and pays $65 a month rent; the other has three children and pays $130 to meet the mortgage and real-estate taxes. Though they have the same income, the first can safely borrow twice as much as the second—supposedly. But the childless husband may have a frivolous wife and may be unhandy around the house himself, while the paterfamilias builds his own furniture and is blessed with a helpmate who is a magnificent manager. You never can tell.

The ability to carry debt is like the ability to diet; some people can knock off 10 pounds in no time, while others struggle and backslide. Just as each individual's body chemistry helps or hinders him in dieting, so each individual's psychological balance may bow him down under a few small debts or enable him to strut under a burden of fixed payments running to 65 per cent of his monthly income.

"There are a lot of people," said a loan processor, "who really *can* count chickens before they're hatched; you might call them sensible optimists. Then you find plenty of optimists with no sense at all." The only person who can really know whether it is safe to add the dishwasher to the color TV set and the convertible that he is buying on time is the man eying the dishwasher.

At the same time, however, there *are* certain guide lines which can help you gauge the extent to which you should go into debt.

BANKS AND FINANCE COMPANIES have developed certain rules of thumb by which they decide whether or not they will lend you money. They are in business to lend, and the only factor that makes them reluctant is a doubt that the loan will be repaid. Since no normal man wants to borrow money he can't repay, it is worth while asking yourself the questions the banks and finance companies ask themselves when you apply for a loan.

How many other debts must you repay during the course of this loan? Managers of personal loan departments at banks are under instructions not to lend if the new loan, together with your other loans, will obligate you to pay off, over the course of the next year, more than a certain percentage of your income. This limit ranges from one twelfth of your income at very conservative banks to one fifth at very venturesome banks; but no commercial bank believes you should contract to pay installments totaling more than 20 per cent of your annual income. There is no rule which says you *can't* carry installment payments totaling higher than one fifth your income, and finance companies make such loans all the time. But the banks feel that 20 per cent is the water's edge, and if you walk beyond it you had better be sure you know how to swim.

In figuring this percentage limit, the lenders do not count mortgage payments, which equate fairly reasonably to rent. But they count everything else: your revolving credit at the department store, your personal loan indebtedness and your installment payments due the local jeweler or the furniture store, as well as your debts to the automobile dealer, the sales finance company or another bank. Nothing is too small or too special to count in the totals.

How old are you, and how many dependents do you have? Generally speaking, lenders feel that a man under forty-five, with a wife and not too many children, is the best borrower. If a young man has underestimated his expenses, there's a chance he'll get a raise or a promotion to pull him clear; if something goes wrong with his health or his job, he is more likely to be resilient enough to bounce back into financial shape. A man over forty-five is a less attractive risk to a lender, because his circumstances are more likely to worsen than improve. A young man can reasonably ask for a loan to expand his horizons; middle-aged people ought to be thinking of settling down.

How long have you been on your present job? The longer the better. This indication of your personal stability is the most important consideration weighed by the lender. "A $5,000-a-year-man comes in and wants to borrow $1,500 for a car," a banker explained. "You check up and find he's been with the same company for 18 years. So, even though $1,500 is more than we'd like to see him borrow, we'll lend it to him, because he's 'safe.' " The biggest single cause of installment-loan delinquency is loss of job.

What kind of work do you do? Whatever your job, stability is still the overriding factor. But if lenders have to be pinned down on their preferences, they say they'd more readily lend money to a man with a government job (local, state or national) or to someone who works for a big company with a personnel department to check on the people it hires. They regard as the most dubious credit risks people whose earnings fluctuate or who often change jobs, such as cabdrivers, restaurant workers, farm laborers and construction workers.

Do you intend to repay your debt from your regular salary? Often a

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loan processor finds that a borrower plans to repay from an additional source of income—overtime, a second job or his wife's job. To a banker loans on this basis seem the riskiest of all, because the extra income has a way of disappearing or not materializing. One auto worker in Detroit, with a wife and four children, was making $135 a week, including overtime throughout 1955. His mortgage payments and real-estate taxes came to $140 a month, because he needed a big house. His installment payments on his car, a California vacation and a large dentist's bill, as well as his department-store revolving credit (mostly for children's clothes and furniture), ran to almost $80 a month. Then a salesman sold his wife a new kitchen for $900, partly because it would "improve the value of the house." On a two-year basis, the kitchen was to cost him a little more than $40 a month—bringing his installment payments to $120.

"Well," said a bank credit officer, "you know what happened to the automobile business this year. First thing this man knew, he was down to a three-day week, making $70 a week, and his mortgage plus his installment payments ate up every dime he made. Luckily, he had enough equity in the house so we could give him a little more money on his mortgage (though I must say the new kitchen didn't have anything to do with *that*), and for the rest we cut down his payments to $20 a month, just to keep him on the books until things turned up. Which they did. But that man *could* have been in awful trouble."

Do you own your own house? Most loan processors feel that you're a better risk if you do—but some experts disagree. The vice-president of a large bank cited the case of a policeman in a New York suburb who had bought a house on a GI mortgage shortly after the Korean war. He had furnished the house "on time," but carefully, keeping his furniture and appliance debt under $850 against a monthly income of $450. Then he decided he needed a car. "And," said the vice-president, "he really did. The two kids were of nursery-school age, and the bus picked them up, but his house was a pretty long haul from public transportation, and in a suburb like that one a policeman could be subject to emergency call. He bought a used car for $800, put down $200. Presto, less than two weeks later, the plumbing went bad in his house. It cost him nearly $1,500 to get his house back in livable shape, and he was so broke we couldn't help him. He lost the car, the washing machine, the TV set, some of the furniture—we took it back from him as much to cut his expenses as anything else. He's got his job, he'll be all right, but it's been rough on him and his family."

FINALLY, THE LENDER tries to look deep into your soul, and the impression gained by this personal study may often override all purely economic considerations. If your reputation is good and you seem to know what you're doing, if the purpose of the loan is serious and not frivolous, any loan processor will be inclined to okay the application. "An intelligent man who borrows only to buy things he really badly wants," commented a bank employee who handles thousands of applications a year, "is the best credit risk in the world."

A loan collector pinned it down this way: "The man you want to have owing you money is the man who is paying off the cost of a new pair of glasses that really fit him. The guy you don't want is the one who lives in a bad reception area and gets sold a new TV set which doesn't work any better than the old one."

Banks investigate more than finance companies do, and many borrowers resent the banks' questions as snooping. *"I'm* borrowing the money, and *I'll* pay it back; how much I want the car, or what I did last year, or what else I owe—that's my business, not theirs." But the questions the bank asks are merely those a man should ask himself before committing large pieces of his future salary—and the bank has the advantage of being unemotional.

Partly for this reason, you would be well advised to go see a bank if you are about to make a personal loan or a major purchase on the installment plan. Banks will also charge lower interest rates—about 8 per cent. (They advertise 4 per cent, but actually the interest rate is higher because you continue to make the same interest payments even though your debt decreases as you pay it back on a monthly basis.)

Banks are always too conservative—they are lending their depositors' money, not their own, which is one reason they can charge lower interest rates than other lenders—and if you are turned down by a bank you need not despair. You can probably make the necessary arrangements at the local finance company, anyway. During the last few years, with the excellent nationwide repayment records, finance companies have become more and more lenient.

But rejection by a bank ought to make a prospective borrower think twice—which is always a good idea in money matters.

Even if everyone who bought on time or took a personal loan knew exactly what he was doing, the nation as a whole might be carrying more installment debt than was good for it. Over this question, as consumer debt merrily mounts, a major debate now rages.

On the one hand some economists—and bankers—see danger in the mounting totals of installment credit. First, they feel, we are inviting inflation, because by adding to our debt we simply add extra money to the economy, money not earned by the production of extra goods. Second, they foresee added peril in any recession, because if consumer demand should fall off, the effect of past installment loans would make the economic slide that much steeper. Third, they believe that our banking system is in danger of distortion; right now, installment loan business is the banks' most profitable activity, and as one investment banker recently conceded, "there's certainly a chance that in 1980 we'll look back and say that the second big crash came because the banks put too much money in consumer credit."

Memo to the would-be borrower

When you're thinking of buying on time, think twice IF:

1) You're over forty-five.

2) You make less than $3,000 a year.

3) You're relying on overtime or your wife's job to meet the payments.

4) The new loan would mean that you'd be paying more than 20 per cent of your monthly income (after taxes) in installments; or 40 per cent, including installments plus rent or mortgage, gas and electricity, local taxes and other fixed commitments.

5) House repairs or maternity bills are in prospect.

6) You've ever defaulted on a loan before.

7) You're not sure how badly you want "it."

Fourth, say the pessimists, normal economic competition may be disrupted. Until recently, people bought one make of car or TV set rather than another because it was cheaper or more attractive, because they thought it was better or liked the advertising. Now, to an extent that can't be exactly determined, consumers are buying one product rather than another *because the credit terms are easier.*

Against the hawkers of these worries, the supporters of uncontrolled consumer credit make a simple answer: "It works now; don't rock the boat." To each of the danger signals sounded, the finance companies (and, to a lesser extent, the banks) have a ready answer. There was no inflation in 1955, despite the vast increase in consumer debt. Installment buying has never caused a recession yet, and the argument that it will is purely theoretical. The automobile companies themselves believe that the cars bought on easy credit terms in 1955 would not have been bought at all, in 1956 or any other year, without the easy credit—and that instead of borrowing demand from later years, the 1955 sales increased future sales of cars by creating a replacement demand that will take effect as the '55 models wear out. If the enormous volume of consumer credit is changing the traditional pattern of bank lending, perhaps that pattern should be changing—everything else is, too, they say. And the danger of competition among products by means of credit terms is very remote; that hurdle can be jumped when we get to it.

This debate is under way not only in public but privately through the marble halls of the Federal Reserve Banks. Early in 1956, President Eisenhower announced that his Council of Economic Advisers asked the Federal Reserve System for an opinion about possible dangers in the growth of consumer credit, and about the desirability of stand-by direct controls. By now the governors of the "Fed" have presented their report, and some recommendations on the subject probably will go before the next session of Congress.

MOST BANKERS EXPECT Congress will be asked to approve stand-by controls, authorizing the Fed to set up some rule similar to Regulation W, which set up minimum down payments and maximum time spreads for consumer loans made during World War II and the Korean war. Any such Presidential recommendation would set off a thunder of technical and political argument. But to the man who buys on the installment plan, and who doesn't like to bother his head with economic theory, there would be only one argument against and one argument for a new rule requiring substantial down payments on installment contracts.

The argument against such a rule is that it would keep him from buying some of the things he would like to buy.

The argument for the rule is that it would take out of his unsure hands the personal, difficult and vitally important decision about how much debt he can safely carry. THE END

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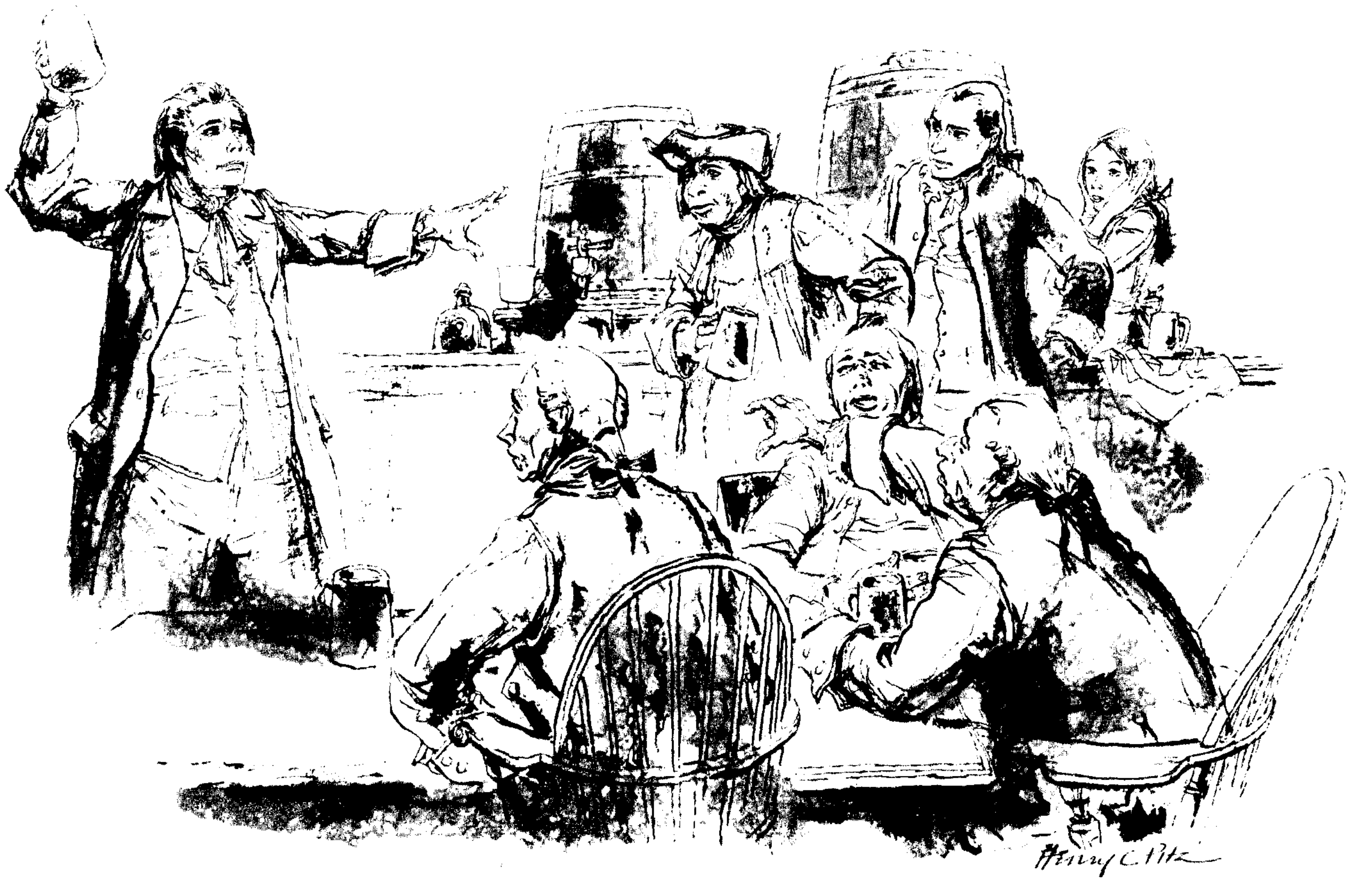

He would finally explode, curse until it was frightful, and slam out. Then they would all laugh at him

When Jack Smith Fought Old Satan

Jack didn't know who'd put a hex on the church bell, but if it was the Devil, Jack wanted him to prove it

By MARY-CARTER ROBERTS

This story was told me by a minister, a venerable man of nationwide repute. He heard it from the country people among whom he had spent his youth. They heard it from their forebears, who had repeated it, parent to child, throughout the century that stretched between the happening itself (in 1769) and my clerical friend's birth. Many mouths thus narrated the tale, and all belonged to godly folk. Obviously, the tale is true.

The event took place on that scrap of land that makes a false nose, as it were, off the southeast corner of Pennsylvania, a dwindling protuberance with its northern half between Delaware Bay and Chesapeake and its southern between Chesapeake and the Atlantic Ocean. This territory is composed of one state—Delaware—and parts of two others—Maryland and Virginia—but with the parts so cut off by water from the states' main bodies as to have no geographical relationship. In recent years, indeed, people have taken to giving the nose a name of its own, bestowing a territorial identity on it. They call it "Delmarva." That would not have been safe in 1769, for then geography was kept in its place, if you understand what I mean. It was properly turned back at state lines. A Virginian in those days would not be taken dead for a Marylander or Delawarean, a Marylander for a Delawarean or Virginian, or a Delawarean for anybody but himself. Delawareans, of the three populations, were undoubtedly the most exclusive. They still are. My story happened in Delaware.

There was this young man, Jack Smith, and there was the chapel in Bascom's Woods, and to the country people round about it was perfectly apparent that something was wrong with both. But everyone was used to the wrongness of Jack Smith, so the greater concern was felt for the chapel. That structure should have been the local joy and pride. It was new; it had been built by the church members themselves; it was the first sacred edifice in those parts; the people had done the best they could to make it beautiful as well as sturdy; they had bought a very fine-toned bell to hang in its little steeple—and they had never been able to use the building at all. This was enough to cause any pious congregation plenty of distress—while as for Jack Smith, he had always been the way he was and occasioned no general worry. One person alone cared what happened to him.

Jack Smith was the kind of fellow ordinary folk would like to laugh at—if they dared. His wrongness was about practically everything ordinary folk take for granted. He was against all respected institutions. Nothing on earth could induce him to touch his forelock to his betters; he did not admit he *had* any betters, though he was just a poor freeholder who tilled his few acres with his own hands.

And it was not enough for him to refrain from the gesture of deference. He would march by the local baronet with his hat, which he usually wore at a sideling angle, squarely on top of his head, to make his attitude clear. He did not like any gentry, if it came to that. He called them Pet Cats and said they all lived by licking boots bigger than their own, composing in this way a social system in which he, Jack Smith, would take no part. And since all respectable people respected, above all things, religion in some

Old Satan spoke first. His voice was light and not in the least terrifying. "I hear you want to fight," he said, and he switched his tail across the path

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY C. PITZ

form, Jack Smith was against religion in *all* forms. He named himself an infidel. Most of the time he was quiet, being busy on his land, but he carried these wrongheaded ideas very close to his surface, kept them right under his skin, as it were, and, with two grogs in him to set him off, he would vociferate. People generally took the view that he was ridiculous.

This notwithstanding, there was just a single reason—no more—why Jack Smith could be despised in his own neighborhood with safety: he was a minority of one. His mockers knew instinctively that they needed to be in numbers. Jack Smith had a dash about him that spelled danger. It kept him from being comfortably contemptible.

He was twenty when these events happened, a strongly built bucko, black as night as to hair and eye, swarthy of skin, comely of feature but always scowling, as if he dared anyone to say he approved of anything. We would call him adolescent today. In 1769, however, adolescence had not gotten recognized. Fifteen was a man then, and Jack Smith had pushed his maturity still further along by going to the wars, or such wars as there were. He had fought Indians on the frontier and in Canada and had journeyed as far west as the mysterious Ohio River. He had seen more of the world than anyone in his county and he uninhibitedly expressed scorn for the stick-in-the-bogs that were his neighbors. Yet it was not strange that he had returned. He was a Delawarean, and return is a Delaware custom.

People had gathered around him when he came back, but not to learn where he had been or what he might have seen. They just wanted to know if he had changed any. When they found he had not, but was as wrongheaded as ever, they were pleased, and then and there began nettling him in groups when there was a chance for it.

These chances occurred mostly at the Bear's Claw Tavern, for that was where he went oftenest. The other drinkers soon had a program laid out to use on him. They would wait until he was muddled and then overwhelm him with their witticisms, speaking one after another too fast for him to answer. He would finally explode, curse until it was frightful, and slam out. Then they would all laugh, feeling very sure that never, under any circumstances, would *they* be so absurd.

THE one person who cared what happened to him was always present at these shouting matches, but was prevented by sex and condition of servitude from taking any part. It was the bound girl who worked as the tavern barmaid. This young person had been left on the township an orphan pauper at the age of six, and authorities had bound her out to Horeb Potter, the tavern proprietor, who had signed articles making him responsible for her protection, care and Christian education. That meant he had put her to work. From daylight to dark for the past ten years she had drudged on the Potter property, doing everything. But nobody thought then that such a life was a hardship; so, not knowing she had reason to be sorry for herself, Oma had space in her to be sorry for others, and she was sorry for Jack Smith.

In her eyes he was handsome and brave, and certainly superior to his tormentors. When she saw him overcome by their numbers, she would be filled with grieving pity. She was a tenderhearted thing, anyway. She mothered the graceless Potter brats and the chicks in the Potter barnyard, and, until recently, such kind occupations had absorbed all her natural emotions. Up to the time she saw Jack Smith, she had never given a thought to men, except to wonder occasionally how it was that, in an evening of drinking, a dozen of them could talk so much and say nothing anyone could remember. Now she would have liked nothing better than to sit in utter silence while Jack Smith told her the tale of his adventures, but she hardly formulated this dream, for dreams were outside her experience. More practically, she longed for something to turn him from his dangerous, wicked ways, which, she was passionately sure, were no true part of him.

She was a good girl behind the bar. She had a light foot, a strong wrist, a pretty bosom, and fine, silky, golden hair. Nobody gave her a look, however—she had no portion, and she lacked the forward-coming manners that some wenches might have used to get notice for themselves, being modest, seldom lifting her eyes, never her voice. She was pious, too. She had not been taught to read, but she kept her dead mother's little Bible reverently wrapped in a clean kerchief, and every night before she lay down in the haymow where she was sent to sleep, she said her prayers. Always she prayed for Jack Smith.

He was barely aware of her. When he entered the Bear's Claw, he would come swelling with anger at his former defeats and thinking only of his adversaries and how, this evening, he would triumph over them. Sometimes, sensibly, he would tell himself that the best thing to do would be just to ignore the gnats, have his drink and go. But that never happened. The drink would unlock his speech and soon one familiar thing would be leading to another.

That was how matters stood when knowledge of the wrongness at the chapel took hold on people's minds and spread first amazement, then terror, over the countryside.

IT STARTED at the very opening service. The circuit rider was there, to dedicate the new House of God, and everyone was eager and excited. They all came in a throng to the Woods and waited until the Reverend arrived, carrying the shining key, his good face shining too. He unlocked the door. Then he, and all the others, as fast as they could crowd up and look in, stopped in unbelieving shock. Everything in the beautiful little church had been flung into the most shameful disorder.

The benches were turned over, the Communion table too, if such a thing can be credited, and the pulpit chairs. The hymnals were strewn along the aisles. Only the lectern, on which lay the Bible, had been left untouched, but right beside it was the strangest, most sinister evidence of sacrilegious venom in the place: the carpet, which had been carefully cut to fit the lectern's foot and then nailed smoothly down, had been ripped up and flung back all around, the tacks still in it. It was as if someone had come so far, meaning to defile the Book itself, and then had been afraid and had turned a baffled

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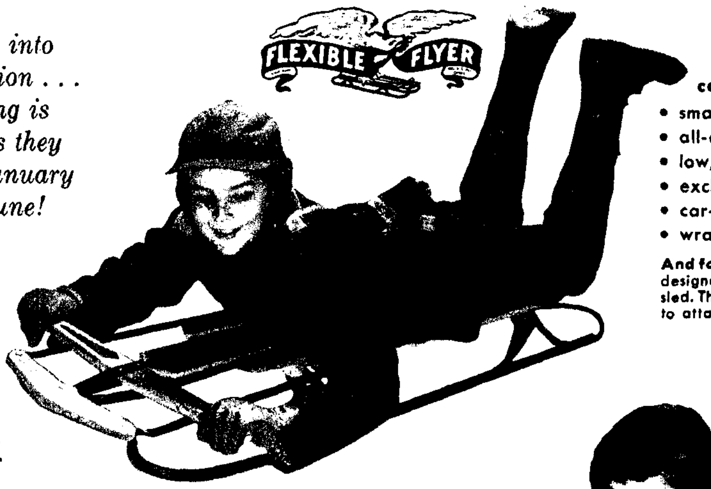
A running start . . . a quick leap forward into the air . . . a brief moment of expectation . . . a crisp "bang" . . . and the thrill of sledding is born all over again for your children as they go sailing . . . in the cool wintry air of January . . . or in the soft glowing sunshine of June!



Look at these car-inspired features:

- smart, two-tone design
- all-around, sturdy construction
- low, jet-line look
- exclusive wide range steering
- car-styled, chrome bumper
- wrap-around, safety runners

And for tiny tots—there's a specially designed backrest that fits any size sled. The backrest is comfortable, easy to attach and fully collapsible.

. . . for *snow-sledding thrills,* you can't beat a FLEXIBLE FLYER!

The new, brightly-styled Flexible Flyer Sled is a youngster's snow-sledding dream come true. With beauty and action in every line, the Flexible Flyer is to a youngster what a new car is to a grownup . . . it creates a whole new world of healthy excitement in the great outdoors.

FLEXY RACER

These built-in features make a "Flexy" ride safe-and-smooth every time:

- sure-grip, 2-wheel brakes built right into steering bar
- rugged steel safety bumper
- center-matic steering automatically returns wheel to center
- brilliant colors and smart styling

Flexy Racer makes a wonderful gift . . . it keeps giving through every season . . . lasts for years and years.

. . . for *year 'round sledding thrills* without snow, all you need is a FLEXY RACER!

Flexy Racer—the famous sled on wheels—is a symphony of sledding thrills for all active boys and girls. Pretty as a picture and easy to control, the Flexy Racer offers all the fun of sledding without the need for snow . . . gives sledding fun *anywhere, any time of year.*

Visit Your Nearest FLEXIBLE FLYER-FLEXY RACER Dealer Soon.

See all the wonderful models and sizes he has on display.

For the right start in sledding safety . . . enroll your youngster in the FLEXIBLE FLYER-FLEXY RACER CLUB!

Membership Kit includes: Safety Pledge, FLYING EAGLE EMBLEM in 3-color glow tape, and membership card.

FLEXIBLE FLYER

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Please send me:

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rage on the floor. But all the windows were found to be securely locked, just as the door had been. There was no explanation of the crime whatever.

The circuit rider, a doughty warrior for the faith, was used to frontier rowdyism. He rallied fast. Straight in he went, calling for the other men to help him, and, blasting out a strong fighting psalm as he worked, began to put things to rights. Soon the chapel was once again in order. But of course grief and horror filled all the people's hearts where there had been happiness and pride. By then they were thinking the harm had been done by some debased ruffian who had managed to get a false key. That thought passed through all their minds, that and the hot promise they made themselves to find out who the scoundrel was and see that he got at least a hundred lashes well laid on, at the next assize. With this vague and miserable theory replacing their joy, they took their seats. They had the dedication service, but, if it had been a funeral, it could not have been less like the radiant time they had expected.

They had planned, as a climax, when the church was finally and fully consecrated, to have the bell peal out. In this way the building itself, with its own voice, would say to God that it belonged to Him, while the givers of the gift sat under the immaculate roof, listening. To make this ritual perfect, the leaders had decided against any preliminary ringing. They had had reports from the foundry of the beauty and mellowness of the bell's tone, and, while hanging the instrument, they had tapped the metal and had been delighted with the musical resonance. But not yet had the bell been rung.

Now the moment approached, and a ghost, as it were, of the earlier anticipation crept back into the saddened group. They saw Brother More, who had been chosen ringer for the first term, rise and tiptoe out, and after that they sat keyed up, waiting. It seemed that the voice of the church, when it sounded, would sweep the ugly beginning away. But the voice did not sound. Brother More came back in, and this time he was not tiptoeing. He was walking fast and looking very queer. He advanced halfway down the aisle, stopped, lifted his right hand as if he were taking an oath, and addressed the minister. "Brother," he said, "the bell won't ring."

THAT was too much. The Reverend came down from the pulpit, coattails flapping, and every man, woman and child stood up. He strode headlong toward the door. Everybody, as he passed, fell in behind him. They all poured into the vestibule and crowded around the doors on either side, craning necks, rolling eyes, staring up into the steeple. They could see the rope hanging in its proper place, swaying as a result of Brother More's efforts. He was telling the preacher that he had felt the bell swing, all right, but that no sound had followed the swinging. Everyone thought the ruffians had either muffled the tongue or stolen it away.

The preacher said, "A ladder." They brought one that they had used in getting the bell hung. They put it in place and he started up. As he was an old man, some of the younger members offered to make the climb in his place, but he went on, fast and spry. When he came down, he too looked queer. The tongue had not been removed or muffled, he said. It was there, he had taken it in his hand and struck it against the bell's side. And no sound whatever had resulted. When the people heard this, they lost heart in utter bewilderment. The men hung their heads, some of the women sobbed, and the children began to shriek and howl.

The Reverend did what he could to comfort the distracted flock. He said he had heard somewhere that there were such things as sick bells, strange as it seemed. He suggested that they send a message to the foundry, asking that a bell doctor be dispatched to them right away. In the meantime, he reminded them, they had a church, whereas up to then they had had none. They must not weaken because of evildoers. Let them have the lock changed and then, if the mischief went on, let them set a watch.

THOSE were the things he said, his air that of common sense and good cheer. But he was far from feeling that the words covered the truth of the matter. He had a powerful premonition that something worse than bell sickness or mischief-making was involved here, and he longed to stay with the beleaguered congregation and guide it through the danger, whatever it might be. But four hundred miles of rigidly made appointments lay before him and he could not linger, even for a day. So he rode off, promising himself that he would make the chapel in Bascom's Woods the first object of his prayers.

The people followed his advice. They had the lock changed and the smith who did the job was a chapel member. He saw to it that nobody got a glimpse of his work until the lock was in the door. As for the key, he made just one and for it he fashioned an iron case with a lock of its own, so that only the member to whom the sextonship was entrusted ever set eyes on the precious object. And still the mischief continued.

There was never again such a complete hurly-burly as on the opening day, but the insults were not the less striking for being slighter. The people would come in and find a pulpit chair upended on the Communion table. Or the collection baskets would be filled with rocks. Or the cup of the Holy Sacrament would be standing by the common drinking-water bucket.

As these atrocities made it plain that someone had entry to the church, even though entry was impossible, the members took the preacher's other direction and set a watch. Four farmers with muskets stood guard each night for a week. All was tranquil and, when the next meeting day came, nothing was found disturbed. The congregation felt better. Some progress, at least, was being made. Then, right in the middle of the prayer, there was a terrible crash and a window burst in. Burst *in*—that is to say, all the broken glass fell *inside* the room. But no missile was found to explain the breaking—no rock, no chunk, nothing. That window had just exploded. The people were really frightened then.

They made no effort to remain in possession. It was the Devil, they said. And terror spread over the land. Old Satan lived in Bascom's Woods. You did not have to be an ignorant or superstitious person to believe it. Educated people had practically *seen* it. The grove was avoided even in daylight, and soon other stories about it began to circulate.

Someone remembered an old report of how, about a century earlier, a passing schoolteacher had asked Sir

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THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

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Just as discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton for themselves, they choose Herbert Tareyton for Christmas giving. Your friends will enjoy the mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos...the king size that means an extra measure of better smoking...the genuine cork tip that stays so pleasantly firm and fresh. What better choice than Herbert Tareyton in its special holiday carton?

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Thomas Bascom, the holder of the original patent, to let him have some part of the Woods for a free school for poor children. But Sir Thomas had not considered that the poor deserved educating and had been additionally affronted by the notion that they should have anything free, and so had profanely refused. When the suitor had had the impertinence to inquire what better purpose the land might serve, the nobleman had roared, "I'll let the Devil have it first!" and had ordered his footmen to give the upstart a thrashing.

Now it appeared that the baronet's misuse of the Devil's name had marked one of those patiently recurring occasions in human annals when the Devil himself had been eavesdropping. He had obviously taken Sir Thomas up on his impulsive promise. He had accepted the gift of Bascom's Woods. That, anyway, was what people said. And, dubious as it seemed from some points of view, there was this frightful thing about it—it fit the facts and no other explanation did.

THESE events tickled the infidel Jack Smith immensely. He told himself the godly had been caught in their own reasoning at last, and were they anything but the poltroons their mothers had unfortunately borne, they would at least admit it. But no—not they. They were like a man standing on a plank that is balanced over a crossbar—if they took a step in one direction, their footing would fly up and smite them, because of God. If they moved the other way, it would do the same thing, because of the Devil. And nothing could make them say they were not on eternal ground, even while their teeth chattered as they spoke.

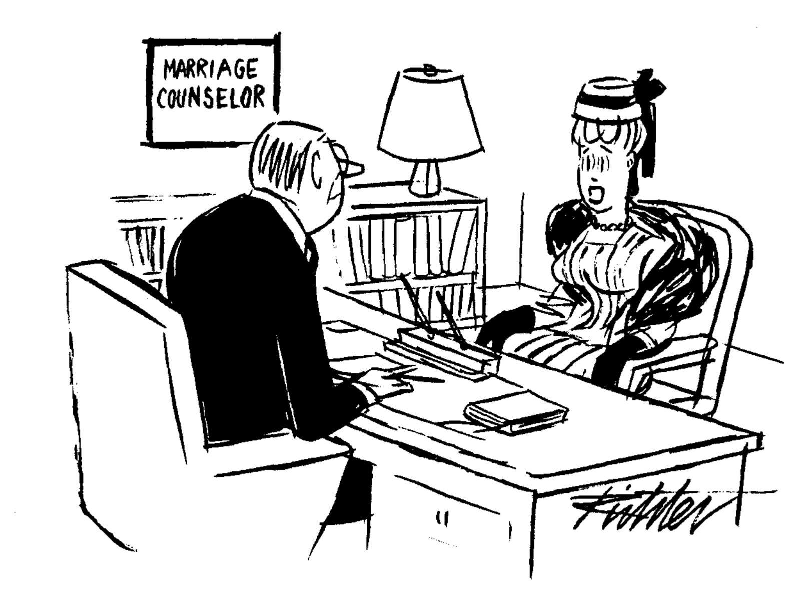
Jack Smith saw clearly that it was the alleged personal irruption of the Devil into Delaware that had put the issue in so favorable a light from the viewpoint of an infidel. As long as the godly could settle every philosophical question in terms of their own gab, there was not much a real thinker could bring before them. They buried it all under saws about faith and the Scriptures. But they could not bury Old Horny! He had already shown them that. One snort of sulphur from Horny's nose, and every one of them was on the run, whimpering as he went. What a spectacle!

Eating his bachelor supper in his snug little farmhouse kitchen, Jack Smith chuckled over this out loud. It was the funnier to him because, himself, he did not believe in the Devil—either. The Devil was part of church religion, and, as he could not accept the church God, neither could he the church Adversary. The chapel people, as he saw it, had gotten trapped in their very first need to put their dogma to the proof. And at last, he, Jack Smith, could triumph.

He slapped on his old hat at a desperate pitch and started for the Bear's Claw, and for the first part of his walk he kept himself warm and happy inside by reviewing the scathing things he was going to say when he arrived. Then he came to the branch road that led off toward Bascom's Woods. At the sight of that, he felt his thoughts change. Just who was it, he wondered, that was doing the damage out there, anyway?

He did not doubt that the reports were true. Too many people vouched for them. So—who *was* responsible? Maybe, thought Jack Smith, the really masterly thing for him to do would be to catch the criminal and refute all this Devil-possession nonsense by appearing with the fellow—a human being, of course—in person, taken in the act. What a stroke! How would the pious look then? Jack Smith strongly inclined to the idea for a minute. He stood still, squinting narrow-eyed down the road, where already the grass was growing, since nobody now would put foot on the surface, and considered the depredations. He had decided some time earlier that they were committed by someone who came down the chimney. But who?

He ran over the list of low county characters, as he had it in his mind—gamblers, wenchers, sots, petty thieves, runaways—and then shook his head. None of those men was low in a way that would make him do anything with a fixed purpose. None of them was antireligious, either; on that subject they were fulsomely conformist. Maybe some smart bound man, thought Jack Smith, articled to a penny-worshiping chapel member and getting even the only way he could. Maybe. And what would happen to the fellow if Jack Smith collared him and dragged him in? Well, he might be burned in the hand with a red-hot iron. Might be put in the pillory—if he was lucky. Might be flogged to a pulp. Might have his ears cropped. Any of those things could happen to him. He might be hanged. Sacrilege was serious. Jack Smith walked on toward the Bear's Claw.



"I'm in love with a nice man, he's in love with me. His parents are willing for us to get married and so are mine. I know we can be happy. Now, my problem is, what shall I tell my husband?"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

His mood was altered, though. His happy malice had left him for a somber anger. He still felt able to refute the psalm singers, but now that the time, at long last, had come, he could not feel the enemy worth the effort. He entered the tavern, walked to the bar and laid down his money for a grog. Not more than eight seconds passed while he was doing this, but everyone in the parlor became aware of him. Always it was that way with Jack Smith. It was his dash. He turned other human beings into a crowd—and suffered accordingly.

THE crowd that evening was all men. To be sure, there was one female in the room, but she could not be thought of as a woman, or even as completely human, since she was just the bound girl, Oma, washing glasses behind the bar. When she observed Jack Smith coming in, she felt her heart give a great hard beat. When she noticed that he was morose and scowling, she felt the same organ melt with grief that he should ever be other than perfectly happy. No one she had seen in her life had been perfectly happy, but perfect happiness was what she wanted for Jack Smith, and perfect happiness for herself would have lain in bringing perfect happiness to him. She loved him.

He, for once, gave her a little attention, though not for her own sake. Taking that strange truth in—that he no longer needed to struggle with the others, that he felt completely detached from them—he found himself, in that room with its long association of struggle, queerly lonely, almost forlorn. So when he saw Oma's kind little face turned toward him from the far end of the bar, he waved at her, just from emptiness. "Ah there, sweeting," he said. "You make a poor old man's eyes feel better."

Oma's skin, at that, went from milk-white to a glowing, glorious red, while her eyes changed from still gentleness to the most dazzling sparkle. But Jack Smith did not see these lovely happenings, because at that second Horeb Potter stepped between him and the girl. Horeb, having heard the rallying speech, decided that the guest was in an expansive, or spending, mood and acted to help things along. He did what was for him almost unheard of. He stood treat. He set a second glass down beside Jack Smith's first, and said, "Do me the honor."

Surprised but courteous, Jack Smith answered, "Your good health," and tossed the liquor off. His new detachment ended then and there.

He listened to the other men talking. They were discussing the chapel mystery, of course—nobody in the county those days discussed anything else—and, unlike Jack Smith earlier in the evening, they were not interested in *who*—they knew who. They were suggesting methods by which the congregation might get the building free.

Cut down the trees, said the squire. Make the whole tract open ground. The Devil wouldn't—couldn't—lurk there without cover.

Hold a great meeting, rejoined the schoolmaster. Have a month, six weeks, of unbroken gospel feast. Services twenty-four hours a day, great bonfires all night. If necessary, let the brethren put up tents in the grove and live there. Crowd the Devil out.

"No, no," exclaimed a sharp, eager, breaking-sticks sort of voice then. It was the notary. He was a little, mean, cowardly man who took great pains to be correct in everything he did and equal pains to find other people guilty of mistakes. He had a rat-type face and just now his light blue eyes were strangely gleaming. "Not by cutting trees or holding meetings will we drive the Devil from our midst!" he proclaimed. "He does not hide in trees, he does not fear the godly—the few godly of this sinful township. His strength is in the hearts of the sinners, and we have many, many of those. Let us drive the sinners forth, and we will soon see Satan follow."

The squire said, politely but a trifle crustily, "Sinners? If you mean we are lax in enforcing our laws, sir, you are mistaken. We have very few unpunished crimes."

"True, true!" cried the notary. "But *how* do we punish those crimes? With patience, with long-suffering, with mercy. The other day I heard of a bound girl in Bethel township who had been robbing her good mistress, taking the keys while her lady napped, opening the cupboard and helping herself to sugar. What was her punishment? Six lashes. She should have had three dozen! That is what I mean, gentlemen. So merciful are we, the wicked creep to our county from all over the colony, and in every wicked heart the Devil finds a shelter. So now he too has come."

THE high fast speech and the blazing eyes had their magnetism. The others exchanged looks questioningly. Maybe he was right, they thought. *Something* was amiss. They had seen the disordered church. They had pulled the bell rope and gotten only silence.

"What do you think we should do?" asked a freeholder who was smoking a pipe of tobacco.

"Revive our good old laws!" cried the notary, his voice going still higher. "Burn! Brand! Crop ears! Cut off hands! And whip! Whip, whip, whip! Make the Devil-shelterers suffer!"

"That ain't the way I fight," said Jack Smith.

His voice, ordinary in pitch and disgusted in tone, swept the notary's magnetic moment quite away. Once more Jack Smith was the chief man present. Once more the others were a crowd. And the notary, from a peak of leadership, felt reduced to the crowd's least significant member, so that in his heart he bled, though outwardly he looked as bloodless as a little rock. The schoolmaster said affably, "We wouldn't expect *you* to fight the being we are talking of, Master Smith, I assure you."

"I don't care what you expect," said Jack Smith.

"To an infidel, his presence is probably welcome," continued the schoolmaster, and now a faint note of hysteria edged *his* voice, although he usually had good control of himself.

Jack Smith answered, "To *this* infidel, his presence hasn't even been visible. I don't belong to your chapel. So I don't care. But here's what I just heard you people saying. There's a hundred and fifty men that do belong, and there's one

(*Continued on page* 54)

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the *only* tires that give you

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1

Terrific pulling action with husky, deep-biting traction bars

No more spinning in snow, slush or mud when these traction-action bars bite in and take hold! Yet on dry roads you get all the hum-free, thump-free riding comfort you'd expect of a quality passenger car tire because of Town & Country's continuous-tread design.

Town & Country Tires give you *triple-action traction!*

Here's another Firestone first! Firestone has successfully combined the two requirements of the ideal winter tire:

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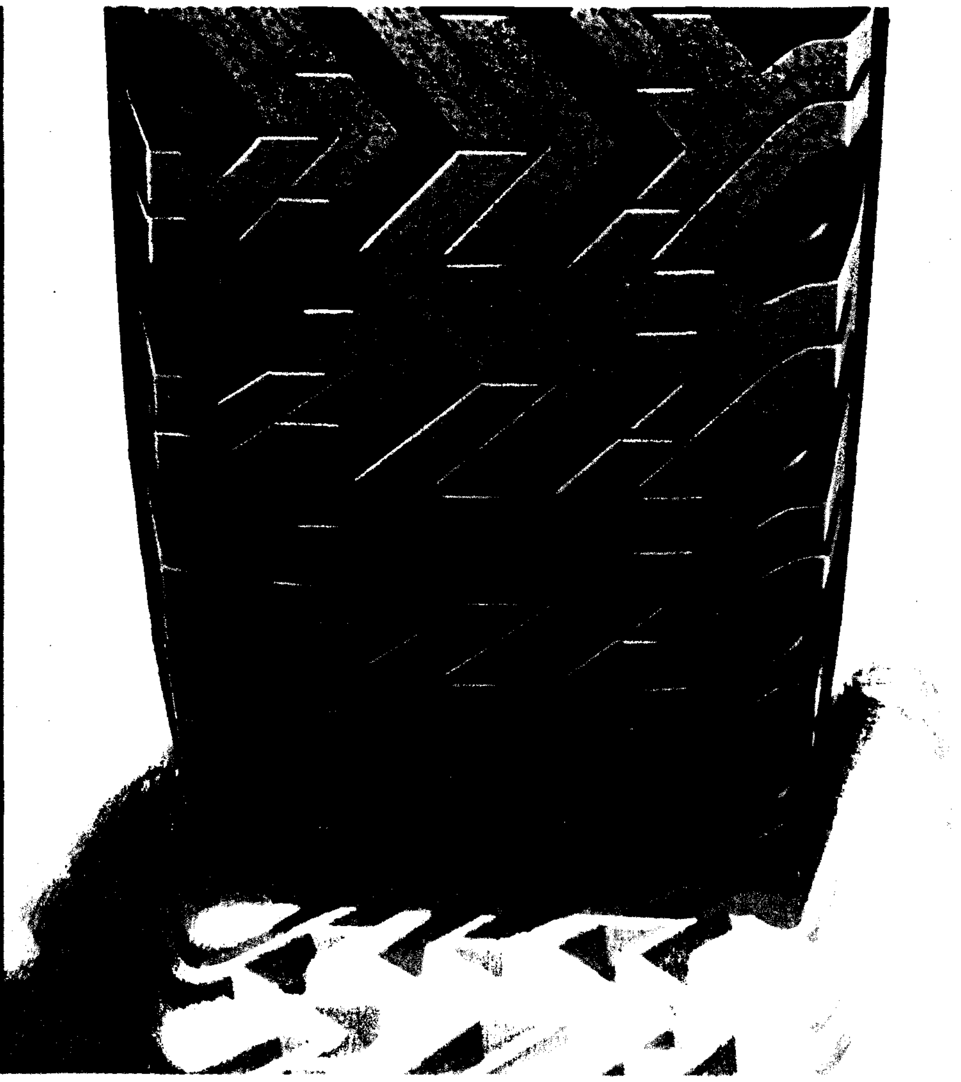
Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on radio and television every Monday evening over ABC.

Anti-skid action with built-in Skid-Resisters and sharp-angled cleats

2 Those action-angled cleats molded in the extra-width tread are powerful traction forces in themselves and, in addition, their design includes thousands of almost invisible Skid-Resisters for extra gripping action on slick surfaces.



Self-cleaning action prevents traction loss due to "packing up"

3 As your Firestone Town & Country Tires revolve, centrifugal force ejects snow or mud out of the tread spaces to prevent them from packing up. This self-cleaning action keeps the tread clean and sharp—always ready for instant traction action!

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Band them with "SCOTCH" Brand ...they'll stay banded!

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(*Continued from page* 50) old Devil. And the only way you men can figure to lick that Devil is to beat a poor bound girl that ate some sugar. My remark was—I don't fight that way. You can take it or leave it. I don't care."

IT IS unnecessary to give in full the charges and countercharges that were then hurled back and forth across the Bear's Claw parlor. Suffice it to report two points—first, Jack Smith made it perfectly clear that he did not believe in the Devil, thereby shocking his hearers far more than when he had denied believing in God; and second, the notary, fairly screeching, invited Jack Smith to walk through Bascom's Woods that very night, and Jack Smith accepted.

He not only accepted. He put a little flourish on it. He said, "I'll walk through the Woods, though it ain't on my way home. If I see Old Satan, and he's civil to me, I'll be civil too. But if he interferes with me, I'll fight him. He won't see me turn and run, like a chapel lad."

He got that far in his speech and saw young Oma's eyes fixed on him—her wonderful, new, blazing, big blue eyes, frankly adoring. Well, he thought. And went on to his flourish.

"I'll fight him any way he likes," he announced. "The fancy. Rassle. Rough-and-tumble, bite and gouge. Canuck. Injun. Any style." And, as he listed the items of his prowess, he gave a demonstration with each one.

Saying "The fancy," he whirled his fists through a sequence of jabs and punches that had the distinction, at least, of being very fast. Saying "Rassle," he hooked an elbow under an imaginary adversary's chin and pressed back until the watchers fairly heard the bones crack. Saying "Rough-and-tumble, bite and gouge," he removed another adversary's eyeballs with a graphic sweep of his thumbs and bared his hard, white, handsome teeth in some ferocious grimaces.

At "Canuck," he simply gave a kick; it was too fast for the spectators to make anything of it. But at "Injun," he performed his masterpiece. For then he took on a strange, wild, mysterious expression, bent over forward from his hips until he was the shape of a right angle, bounded into the air and after that circled the parlor three or four times, seeming just to float, for when he put a foot down he did so without making a particle of sound or even vibration. It was a passage from the Huron war dance, and, as its climax, called for a war whoop, which Jack Smith faithfully supplied.

Then he laughed with the utmost gaiety, hurled on his old hat, opened the door and went out. The second he was standing on the step alone, he stopped, gathered himself and took a standing broad jump that shot him halfway across the road. He thought he had not felt so good in a long time, but he did not associate this goodness with anyone's beautiful eyes. He had forgotten the bound girl and was delightfully absorbed in himself.

She, behind the bar, was praying for him with all the terror of her loving heart. He was going into Bascom's Woods! "O God, help him!" she whispered, while she washed glass after glass. And then she remembered the wicked, unreligious things he had said, and wondered in new fear if God *could* forgive such speech. God, as she had had Him described to her, was distinctly a Lord of Vengeance. Where any mercy entered into her concept of the Divine make-up, it was by her own involuntary amendment—involuntary because she could not long imagine anything without some kindness in it. Now she hopefully laid hold of the idea that the Omnipotent might be propitiated by a scapegoat and hastened to offer one. "Punish me in his place," she implored. "Punish me—but help him, please, oh, please!" Jack Smith had said he did not fight that way. . . .

He marched rapidly along and turned into the road to the Woods without a worry. He genuinely did not believe the Devil existed. He had no fear of anything supernatural. However, when he rounded the bend that let him see the Woods's front—a mile-long stretch of unbroken heavy timber—he thought that, since it was a dark night, he might better be wearing his pistol. He could run into human interference, if not diabolical. But who would try to rob him? He was known to be a poor man who never had anything but a few shillings for his drink. He went on. He entered the Woods. Then he was reminded, out of his frontier experience, of what forest darkness could be. No moon, no stars and a thick canopy of heavy-leafed branches overhead. See the Devil in there—the Devil, who was reputed to be black? See black —*against* black? Jack Smith grinned. He might pass within two feet of Old Satan and never know Satan was there.

He was wrong about that. He saw Old Satan when he had penetrated the Woods about half a mile, and what he saw was precisely a silhouette. Old Satan showed up—*black*—against his black surroundings. He really did. The reason was—Old Satan was so much *blacker*.

He was sitting on the ground beside the path, facing toward Jack Smith. Jack Smith saw his horns curving up on the sides of his head, saw his long pointed ears, saw a pair of high shoulders and what seemed to be the sides of a pretty long torso, and that was all he could make out. He had an impression, however, that Old Satan had his knees lifted and was clasping them with his arms. It was Jack Smith's woodsman's eye that took all this in, an eye that worked far faster than human thought. So Jack Smith had seen the Devil, had recognized him and catalogued his points before the awful conclusion arrived—Old Satan was real! There he was!

Jack Smith stood still. He had been an orphan since he could remember and in consequence was used to feeling himself alone—alone and deprived of something all other people had. This accustomedness was a good thing for him now, for in that moment he felt alone indeed. Alone, alone, alone. Old Satan was real? Then he, Jack Smith, had been wrong in everything that had seemed right to him. It was a great deal to take in without warning. He went on standing still.

Old Satan spoke first. He said, "Jack Smith." His voice was light, a little wooden and not in the least terrifying.

Jack Smith replied, "My name."

"I hear you want to fight," Satan continued, without making a move.

"Well, then, come on and fight," Jack Smith replied, himself unmoving.

SOMETHING switched across the path in front of his feet, something like a big and very fast snake. It made several heavy wriggles, straightened out and was still. It was the Devil's tail. Jack Smith knew this without understanding how.

"Step over it," invited Old Satan.

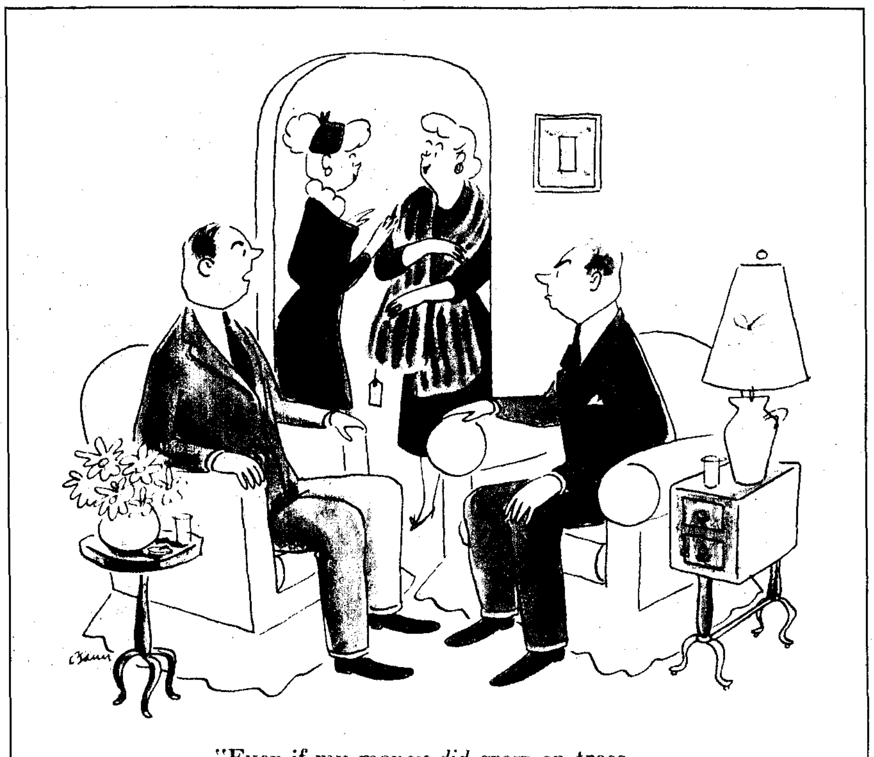
"Horns," said Jack Smith, "and a long tail too. You damned old cow."

He took a very short step forward and aimed a hard kick. With all the blackness, he miscalculated, and that was lucky for him, for, had he landed his foot as he intended, he would have broken every foot bone he had. He grazed the tail as it was, and the mere touch was enough to tell him that, despite its limberness a few seconds before, it was now like a bar of iron.

"You fight hind-part-to?" Jack Smith inquired.

He then saw a change in Old Satan's silhouetted head. At the tip of each horn there appeared a very, very short pointed flame. These were pale green. The next thing Jack Smith knew, the Devil was up and charging.

The green flames were racing toward



"Even if my money *did* grow on trees, it'd never get a chance to ripen . . ."

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

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Above, new 1957 Golden Rocket 88 Holiday Coupé, pictured in the new General Motors Technical Center. Six other stunning new models are also available in this budget-priced series —all powered by the new 277-horsepower Rocket T-400 Engine!

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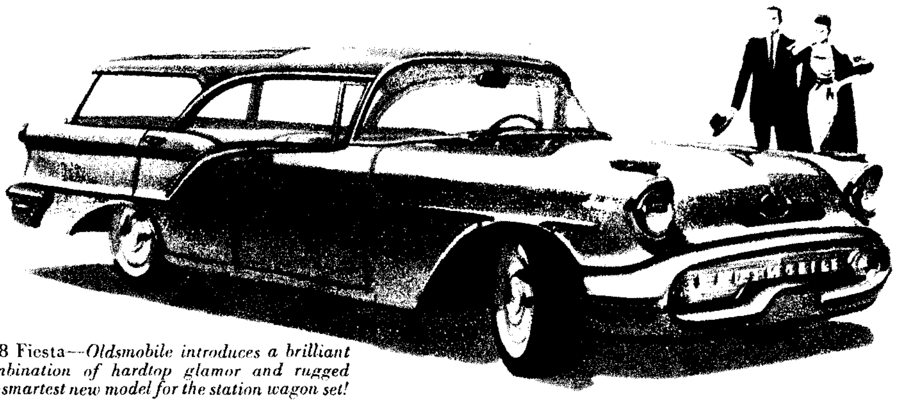
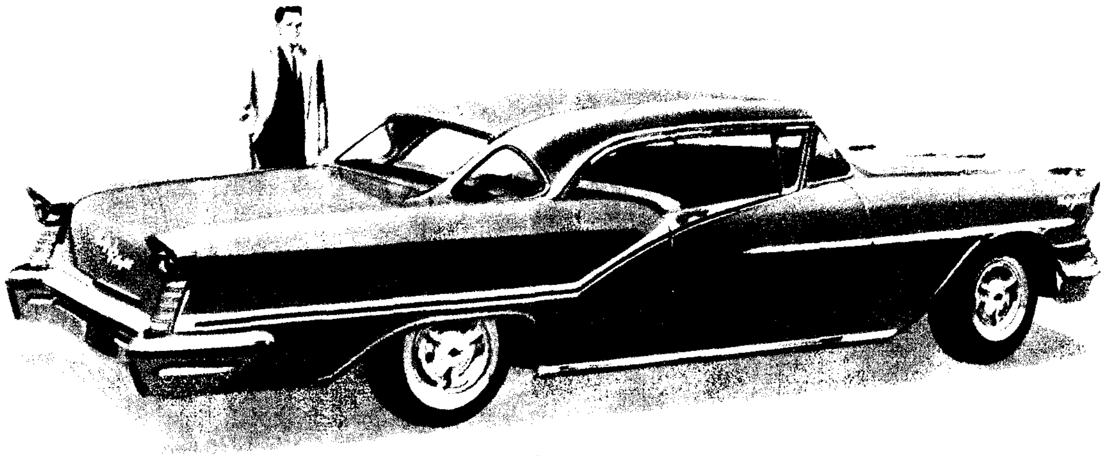


Super 88 Fiesta—*Oldsmobile introduces a brilliant new combination of hardtop glamor and rugged utility—smartest new model for the station wagon set!*



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All this in three series . . . Golden Rocket 88, Super 88, Starfire 98. (Seventeen models to choose from . . . one priced right for you!)

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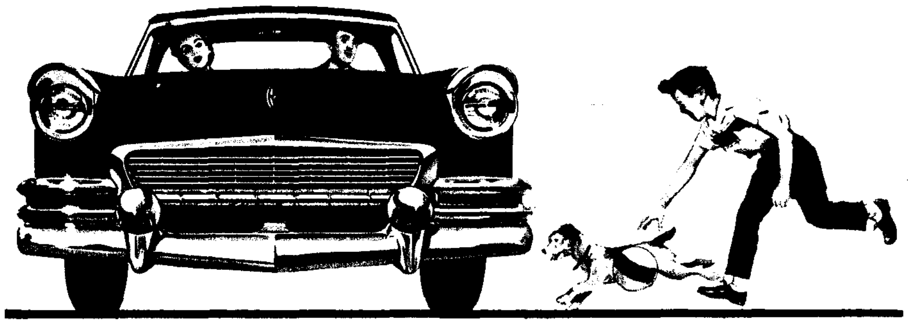

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him, and they were at about the level of his belly. Evidently Old Satan was meaning to gore him. His herd bull had meant to do that same thing two weeks earlier, when it caught him in close quarters in the feed lot; Jack Smith acted now as he had acted then. He made no attempt to dodge, but threw his whole weight forward against the oncoming Devil, grabbing the horns, shoving down and then twisting hard. He doubted Satan's neck was stronger than the bull's, and he knew that even a neck of great power is not much good if yanked out of line.

HIS calculations seemed to be right. He soon had Satan looking over his own shoulder, while Satan's feet scrabbled hard to keep planted, the sound reminding Jack Smith that those feet were hoofs. A few yanks more, he thought, and bones should crack. It seemed too easy, and it was. Jack Smith was next aware that something was funny about his arms.

They were numb. They were heavy. They were almost like dead—what on earth? Then Jack Smith realized—his hands, wrists and forearms were terribly *cold.* He could not feel a thing with them; he was keeping his grip just by bringing his weight down, but the weight traveled along his arms as if they were sticks. The reason was that the little flames in the tips of Satan's horns were licking Jack Smith's flesh and spreading this frozen torpor.

In the nick of time Jack Smith let go, forcing his fingers to loosen by sheer will power. Then he sprang aside, anticipating another charge, but Old Satan stopped to rub and feel his neck. He straightened up and Jack Smith saw he was about seven feet tall, a foot taller than he was himself.

Jack Smith spoke. "Put 'em out," he said, and waggled his fingers over his own brow, to indicate that it was the horns he was referring to.

Satan answered, "Why don't you do that?"

"I will," said Jack Smith. And spat. Once, twice. The green flames disappeared.

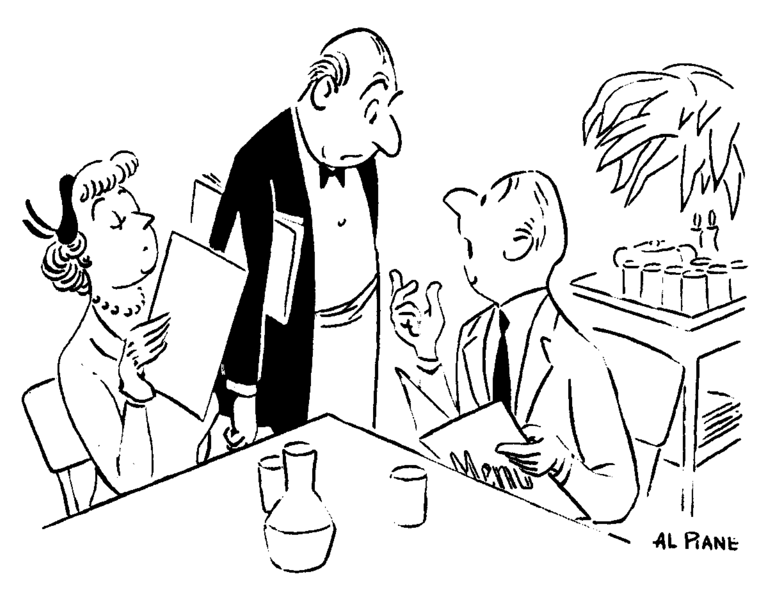
And Satan, it seemed, could bear this peculiarly abominable insult no better than a man, for he made an angry noise, a sound like that of a teakettle boiling over on a hot stove, and then came on in a rush. This time he did not undertake to gore, but minced up, dancing and prancing, his fists lifted, his chin in, his shoulders weaving and bobbing, all in the smartest style of the fancy.

Now although earlier that evening Jack Smith had given so flashy an exhibition of his skill in box fighting, he really had no wish to engage in any such bout, for the truth was he knew little of the method. Also, he believed that, in meeting any attack, it was healthy to introduce an element of surprise. So he met Old Satan's scientific pugilism with a wild, savage trick right out of the American woods, the vicious French-Canadian lash, the kick that kills. It is delivered without warning; it travels like lightning, or anyway faster than human sight can go; it is aimed at the victim's chin; and, ideally, it breaks both jaw and neck. Ideally also, of course, it is performed by a foot cased in the French-Canadian logger's spiked and cleated boot. Jack Smith was wearing no such gear—only a Delaware farmer's shoe, lightly armed with a toe of copper.

But he did have the speed and muscle. He kicked his demonic enemy as if he were a demon himself. He flashed his leg up as if there had been no such thing as gravitation. His foot traveled like a weight on the end of a rope that is swinging *down,* gaining speed and force, not losing it, longing for the climax of its arc when it should crash against its target. It was a magnificent lash.

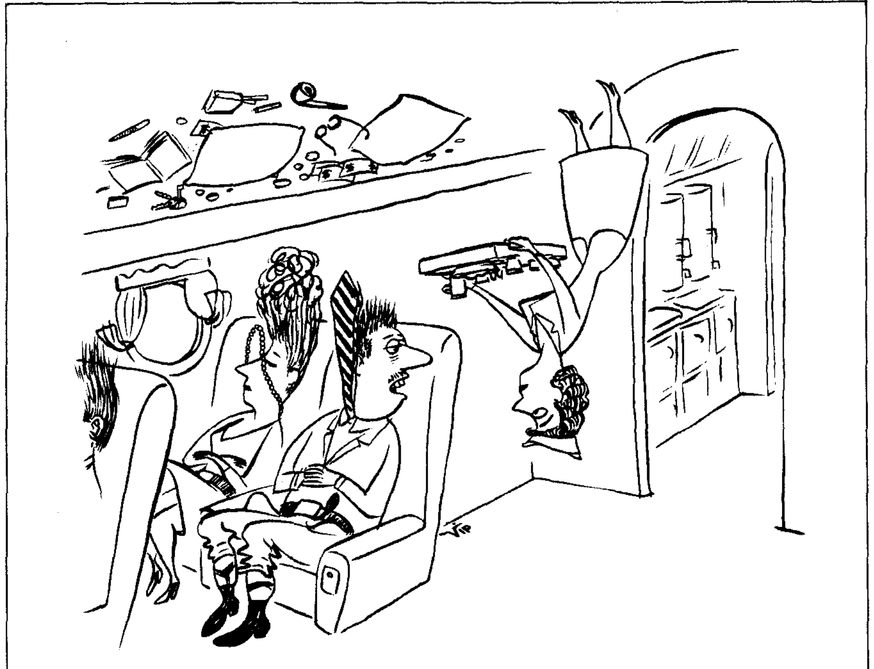
ONE thing, however, went against its success. That was the pitch darkness. (The Canucks seldom lashed in the dark themselves; barrooms and torch-lighted camps were their sites for this kind of battle; in the dark they simply stabbed.) So Jack Smith failed of his target, though not by a complete miss. His shoe scraped Old Satan's cheek and tore one of his long ears. It brought blood. Jack Smith could see that—pale-green blood, the color of those flames, seeped out of one side of Satan's head and ran onto his shoulder. It did not shine in the dark, but it was brightly visible. It painted the ragged edge of the ear that had been torn—no thicker than a membrane—against the air behind it.

Old Satan did not resume his fancy fighting. He took a new attitude, out



"I don't know whether you remember me, but I tipped you five dollars by mistake the last time we were in here"

COLLIER'S AL PIANE



"No thanks. We'll wait"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

of which Jack Smith could at first make nothing. Slightly, just slightly, Satan bent his body and every one of his limbs, spreading the limbs abroad, holding his elbows out from his sides, taking a wide-planted stance on his hoofs. Then he pulled in his neck, so that his head seemed to be right on his shoulders, sticking a little forward. In this position he looked like just one thing, and Jack Smith recognized that thing for what it was, at last.

Ever since he had first glimpsed Satan sitting there beside the path, he had been wild in one quarter of his mind because there was nothing for him to liken his adversary to. Old Satan was not like a man, despite having human speech, erect posture, hands and the general outline of a man's body. He was not like a field beast—horns, hoofs, ears and tail notwithstanding. But those were the only creatures that he could reasonably be compared to, since they were the only ones whose properties he shared. Now Jack Smith saw the real likeness of him and that turned him sick, for it was the one member of the animal kingdom that Jack Smith simply could not abide—not in sight, in thought, or in memory—the spider. Hunching there in the midst of his curved limbs, Old Satan was spiderlike and nothing else. Jack Smith even had an idea that Satan was not standing on his hoofs at all, but was hanging from a thread of web. And Jack Smith's stomach went clear over.

In this horrible second, Old Satan addressed him with a sentence of austere rebuke. He said, "You do not fight fair."

Spinning through Jack Smith's already spinning mind went the answer he might make: "I don't take it out of the backs of bound men and girls, either." For at that second, at the sight of his lifelong, inborn dread and hate —the insect murderer—so magnified, so black against pure blackness, Jack Smith felt *all* his hates come together. And Old Satan, hanging there, was not just a spider in his eyes but was smugness and hypocrites, and aristocracy and cowards; and no-justice-for-the-poor: and the agonies of branding iron, pillory and gibbet; and the tears of all the hopeless people—and of little orphan boys too. The whole sum of the bitter emotions that had kept Jack Smith from ever being a petter of Pet Cats, and had made him Jack Smith, infidel, blazed up in him, directed against the dangler opposite.

And if, previously, he had been accepting his battle with Old Satan as a fight between, at least, two male beings, he no longer did. He could not conceive that Old Satan had even the single warm attribute of sex. Sex was the means by which men changed, giving life to new men, sons to come after them—and Satan did not change. He was always the same and he had always been there—the same—for every man who had drawn breath. The Old One. Jack Smith did not try to put any of this clot of concepts into lucid words. He just roared, "And serve you right!" and gathered himself for what might come next.

THEN Satan leaped. Still keeping his spread-out posture, he sailed through the black air that was between him and Jack Smith. He landed hard, chest to chest, and they went down, Jack Smith of course being underneath. Satan at once enwrapped him, using arms, legs and tail as well.

Then it was rough-and-tumble, nothing else. They kneed, clawed, ground, choked and hammered. Jack Smith did not remain underneath, but neither could he remain on top. He and Satan rolled, thrashing over a wide expanse. Sometimes they spun fast, each contriving to defeat the other's tactic as soon as it was applied. Sometimes they lay, seemingly still, for moments, measuring each other's strength, each gathering his own resources. This went on a long time, and all of that time the two were in a close embrace, body against body, sometimes face against face. Jack Smith in this manner got an intimate comprehension of what Old Satan's physical being was.

Spiderlike, indeed. Old Satan was neither warm, as a man would be, nor cold, as a fish or lizard. He was just a trifle coldish—and utterly dry. And he was a prober and sucker in every particle of him. He was completely covered, Jack Smith found out, with very, very short thick fur, and each hair of this coat had a life of its own—which was to probe and suck. Wherever a surface of Old Satan came in contact with a bare surface of Jack Smith, the satanic surface took hold. Each separate (*Continued on page* 64)

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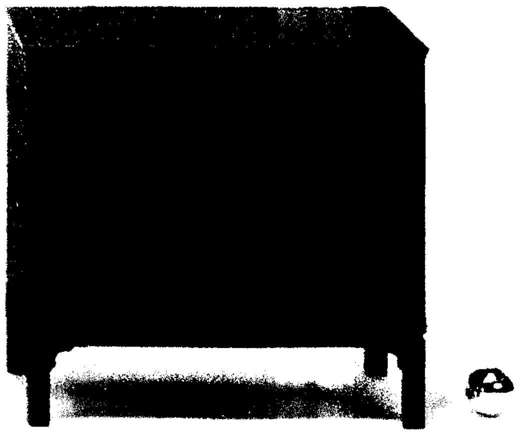

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(*Continued from page* 57) hair on it wriggled to investigate Jack Smith's skin and, having satisfied itself that way, went to work, fastening its tip down, sucking. So that Jack Smith, as well as his mighty battle with the spider that was seven feet high, had also these thousands of infinitesimal, eager indecencies to madden him. Ghastly as they were, they helped him, in a way. They kept him from sinking into routine, either physical or mental. They gave him the spur of horror. He fought like one inspired, inventing and applying new tricks without being aware of it, driven to brilliance by desperation. Just to get away from the feel of Satan—that was the whole of his state of mind in this passage of the fight.

And yet, frantic as he was, he forbore to use one well-proved, effective trick, forbore again and again, for he had repeated chances. That was the bite. He would, in need, have taken a beast-devil's ear or even tail in his teeth. He would have taken a man-devil's hand or sinew. But the hairy, temperatureless anatomy of a spider! Jack Smith fought this part of his fight with his jaws clenched and his lips pressed together too.

However, if the bite was omitted from consideration, not so was the gouge. Jack Smith presently fixed his mind on gouging as the best method of getting free, could he but attain the necessary position. The gouge, very simply, consisted in removing an opponent's eyes. It was quick, requiring only a few seconds to achieve its purpose. It was economical of effort, for it called for no strength. It might kill an adversary or it might not, but that was unimportant. It *would* end a fight.

AT LONG last Jack Smith got his opportunity. He found himself on top with his forearms free and above his head. The position could change in a second—Old Satan was trying, with both his arms, to heave Jack Smith off his chest, while with his thick, coldish tail he was tearing at Jack Smith's leg hold, sometimes latching on and pulling, as if the tail had been a cable, sometimes flailing, as if with a whip. So Jack Smith acted fast. He felt over Satan's face to the spots where the eyes should be (up to then he had seen no light come from Satan's countenance, nothing except the pale-green fire and blood) and, finding the eyes in the normal places, though covered with furry lids, he instantly set his thumbs.

The technique then was to push down, driving the eyeballs back in the skull a certain distance. After which, the thumbs should be bent at the first joint and the direction of the push changed—from down to outward. By this very simple sequence of motions, if all went well, the eyes would be scooped forth. It was an old method of human combat, descending from the Neanderthalers by way of the Greeks, Romans and European mercenary armies to the American frontier, where it had been well established for a century. Jack Smith was perfectly familiar with it. He proceeded correctly. He drove his thumbs down, Satan's furry eyelids being under them.

What happened next was that Jack Smith's thumbs went on an unexpected distance. For Satan's eyes did not wait to be pushed in; they withdrew, as it were, before the pushers, retired of their own accord, and left Jack Smith's thumbs sticking down in Old Satan's skull in seeming vacancy. For a few seconds. Then Jack Smith realized what was happening. His thumbs were freezing and the cold was crawling up his wrists and forearms. It was the same cold as had struck him from the flames in the horns, and it acted the same way, of course. It was so terrible that it numbed without warning. Jack Smith's hands were half paralyzed before he even felt a chill. He jerked his thumbs out with a yell and, in the whole horror that he felt, he let go of Old Satan completely and sprang to his feet and rushed back three or four yards.

Old Satan in no way interfered with this. He sat up himself, taking the easy attitude in which he had been resting when Jack Smith first saw him. For a second, no more, he allowed Jack Smith to see his eyes—two pale-green slits—as if to inform him that they were uninjured. Then he patted the ground in front of him with the end of his tail, giving a gentle thump. That was all he did.

And Jack Smith, standing still and breathing loud, feeling the life creep, with an agony as of death, back into his hands, but also feeling, on every particle of his exposed skin, the loathsome memory of the hairy violations, vivid and crawling and vital—Jack Smith, at this point, decided to finish this fight Injun. Injun style was clean. There was no hugging and rubbing in it. There was no contact at all, up to the last moment. So the Injun fight would be his method from now on. He was a master Injun fighter.

There had been one whole summer in the north woods when he had fooled some bands of Huron trackers who, themselves, were reliably reported to fool the Devil daily. So it would take a smart Injun to fool Jack Smith—a smarter one than had yet lived to brag of it—and a smart devil too. Having laid this plan, Jack Smith vanished.

He had been standing by a tree and he became part of the tree trunk. How? You could not say he stepped. He glided, maybe. Or drifted. Or dissolved and floated, if you choose.

Best to say, Jack Smith just was gone. He had been in one place, and then he was not in that place, nor had he moved to any other, so far as a watching eye could see. Such was the essence of the Injun stalk.

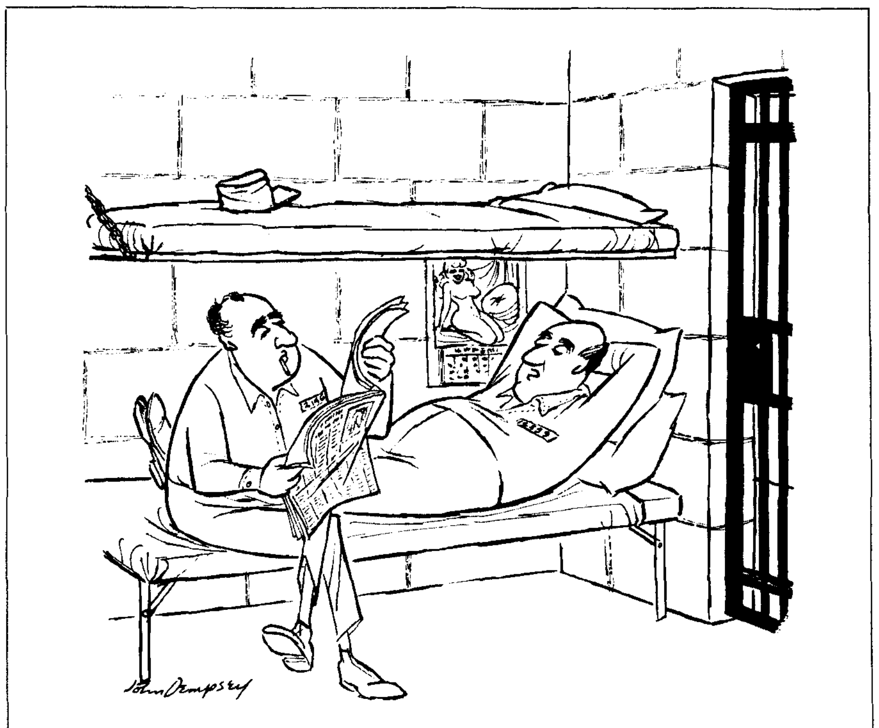
Jack Smith loved this way of fighting. As soon as he decided to use it, he underwent that wonderful change that he had had earlier in the Bear's Claw Tavern—he ceased to be a Delaware farmer; he became the free, gleeful, savage child that was bred of the American wilderness. He was an Injun.

That meant he was the trees, the undergrowth, the air. He *was* Bascom's Woods as well as was *in* it, for he drew it all into himself, calling on the sub- and supersensory faculties that men in breeches never know they have.

THIS was the way to fight! For this was the primitive essence of the fight—fight and hunt combined—and the sublimation, since it was fight on a mental plane, mind against mind, no other force involved. Well, that did not leave *him* much to fear, Jack Smith thought, grinning. Old Satan was no Injun fighter. Jack Smith, after he blended into that tree, never had Old Satan out of his sight (though he never came in line of Satan's vision either) and he could easily perceive that Satan knew not the first thing about the stalk. Old Satan showed a really pitiable ignorance.

He first cocked his horned head at the tree into which Jack Smith seemed to have entered, telling himself, practically out loud, that, as Jack Smith *must* have gone behind the tree, he would have to come *out* from behind it sooner or later. When this did not happen, Old Satan got up and walked around. He did not leave the comparatively clear space in which they had done the rough-and-tumble, and it was apparent to the watching Jack Smith that he was uneasy, for twice he whirled suddenly around, fists lifted, evidently expecting Jack Smith to be creeping up behind. Finally he sat down again, but remained edgy; Jack Smith could tell that by his tail, which switched back and forth in nervous short arcs. Jack Smith, in the meantime, was never more than fifty feet away. His plan was to get Old Satan completely baffled, but not give him time to conclude that his opponent had run off, and then come in and cut Old Satan's throat.

His weapon for the blow was not



"Nonsense! Teen-agers aren't any worse today than they were when we were kids"

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

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much. It was a little clasp knife that he carried in his pocket. It had a single blade and that was no more than two inches long. It was razor-sharp, however, and two inches, if applied accurately and fast, would be enough to split the big vein that was in any neck that was a neck at all, human or devilish. Jack Smith, gliding through the pitch darkness and seeming to be part of it, felt calmly sure of himself. He prolonged the stalk about ten minutes and then closed in.

He came across the little clear space that was between him and Old Satan, as silent as a cloud. He got up to Satan's back. The tail, switching its little arcs, was laid on the ground to Satan's right. That was a good thing. Jack Smith aimed to strike on the left—the vein was there. He struck. He drove his blade in its full length, stabbing Satan's neck just about under the left ear and then dragging hard toward the front. The vein parted. Jack Smith knew this because at once the pale-green blood spurted up, looking like the jet of a fat fountain; but Jack Smith could not stop. So violent was his hatred, he dragged on and achieved a half decapitation. Then Old Satan's head clunked down on his chest and Jack Smith quit cutting because he had to. He took his fingers from the knife handle, leaving the blade in the gash, and started to rise up to expel the great "Ah-h-h!" of victory. The "Ah-h-h" did not follow.

INSTANTLY, before he got his back straight, he was thrown into a frenzy by Old Satan's blood. It had drenched his hand, wrist and sleeve, and now he felt it act precisely as the hair had acted. It seemed to separate into an infinity of particles, each of which had the hairs' hideous investigative propensity and the revolting sucking mouth. Instead of the "Ah-h-h," Jack Smith expelled a shout of disgust and rage. He flung off his coat, he ripped out his shirt sleeve, he grabbed a great handful of leaves and scrubbed at his skin until at last he felt clean again. Not until he had done all this did he pay the slightest attention to Old Satan.

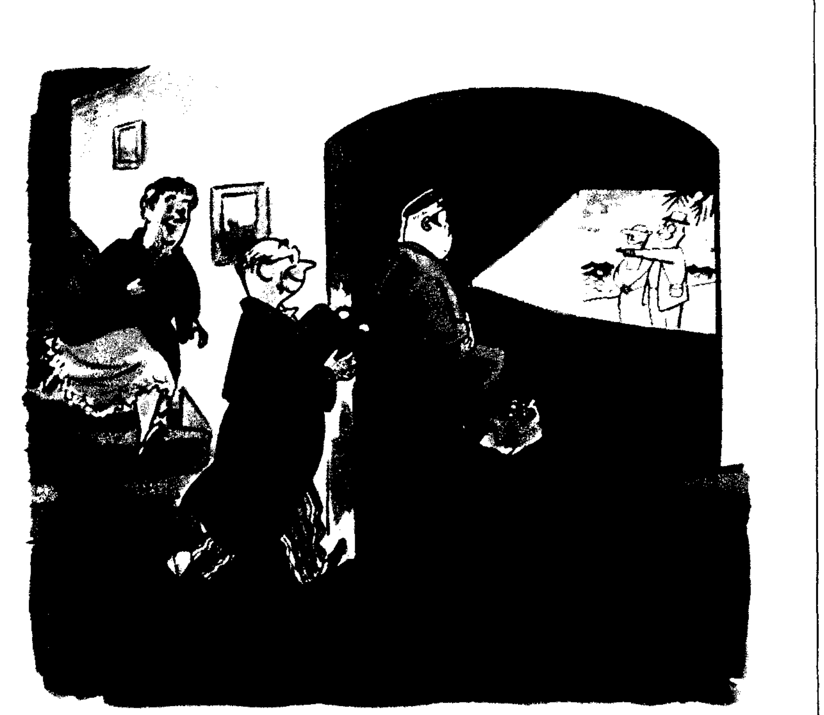
Then he saw that Old Satan was clear down, prostrate. He was lying on his back. The blood, spurting from his neck, had made a puddle all around his head and shoulders. Against the pale green, Jack Smith could plainly see the hairy, horrible and sinewy formation of his late enemy. He could also see the handle of his little knife, still stuck in Satan's neck. He stood still and sighed.

Then Old Satan spoke. In a tired, bored, very faraway voice, he said, "You cannot kill me, Jack Smith, for you are just a man. I am Evil-in-the-World, and no man can destroy me. I have played out this nonsense of a fight with you to teach you that. I have let you use all your tricks, and have let you seem to win. So that you would learn that you cannot win. A blade in my throat?" Old Satan languidly lifted his tail toward his head and let a loop slide over the handle of Jack Smith's weapon. The tail then plucked the knife from the wound, carried it to Old Satan's left chest and drove the steel in there. After which the tail seemed to collapse. It simply flopped back on the ground. Old Satan went on, exhaustedly talking.

"In my throat, in my heart, in me anywhere, a human weapon is impotent. Jack Smith, I tell you again: a man cannot fight the Devil. But once in a while, once in a great, great while, far too infrequently for my needs and purposes, there is a man who can *be* a devil. A man who can rise so high. You are such a one. You can be one of my helpers and friends. With me, you can throw confusion into human hypocrisy. You already hate it. You have already cut yourself off from it. Now, with me, you can confound it. Come on."

Jack Smith thought how those words fit into every story he had ever been told about Old Satan. Old Satan tempted people. He made them great promises and then dragged them off to Hell. Anybody knew that. But why, Jack

BUTCH



"You *really* found someone who wants to see our vacation pictures?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

Smith asked himself, did Satan, trying now to win a recruit, put on so poor a showing? Why lie there, weltering in his blood, talking in a beyond-the-grave voice, while telling Jack Smith what a great future he could offer him? If, as he said, he *really* was unscathed? Why? Jack Smith squinted hard at the flat, sunken form before him. The green blood still flowed—what a lot the creature had. Were the jets slowing a little now? Jack Smith tried to believe they were. And Old Satan, making it clear that he read Jack Smith's mind, thought for thought, gave a demonstration.

OUT of his chest there rose another Old Satan, just like himself, except that he was uninjured and full of vigor. And behind this second Satan came a third, and a fourth and fifth, and so on, until a throng of them filled the clear space full. Everywhere Jack Smith looked he saw horned heads, high shoulders, long bodies, pointed ears. None of these new Devils did anything. They just stood. For perhaps a minute they stood, while the green blood spurted from the Devil on the ground. After which, as they had arrived, so they departed. One at a time they sank down into the first.

"I am Evil-in-the-World, and no man can destroy me, Jack Smith," said Old Satan again. "Come on."

Jack Smith knew then exactly what he had to do—and he did it. He spun on his heel and walked straight away from the thing before him, walked straight indeed, walked hard and fast, for he was filled with consummate purpose. Right in his path stood an oak, the biggest oak in Bascom's Woods, one that was named the Five Hundred Year Tree, because people said it must be so old. Jack Smith did not swerve as he approached it. He did not slow down, either. He walked plumb into the monster trunk and shoved his breastbone against it and spread-eagled his arms, which, at their full extent, did not cover a fifth of the tree's circumference.

And so standing, Jack Smith bellowed out, in a voice that rang through Bascom's Woods from one end to the other, the very prayer of all human prayers, the basic, desperate petition that lies in every simple heart when it has seen the determination and elaborateness of evil. *"O God,"* he roared, *"HELP me!"* And then he planted his feet with all his might, did as much as he could with his arms to grasp that great wall of bark, and heaved. The tree came up.

Jack Smith felt its profound center root move first. That gave, then rocked and swayed. The vast root mat that was above it then relinquished the unstirring mold in which it had lain for half a millennium, and finally out sprang the long root arms that stretched along the surface, waving and flying like pennons of victory. And to the sound of a thunder too vast to be imagined, Jack Smith found himself standing with the Five Hundred Year Tree resting on his shoulder.

It was an awkward thing to hold, and he had to act fast to keep it in balance. He did. He passed the trunk rapidly along from hand to hand until he grasped it about thirty feet short of the top. Then he swung the whole tree back, over his shoulder, as if he were using an ax, and then forward, and then down. With all the fire in his heart he made his aim, and with the same fire he expressed it. "Get!" he screamed. He hit. The awful weight of the central mat came down exactly where he sent it—smack—on the bleeding spider. And then Jack Smith was there alone, the tree trunk in his hands, himself the center of a cataclysmic commotion.

Nothing visible was moving, but through the length and breadth of Bascom's Woods, and of the whole township and county, and probably of all Delaware, if it comes to that, the sound waves were leaping and pitching and soaring like the surface of the sea at the height of a hurricane. The crash of the oak had been simply indescribable. It was so big that Jack Smith could not hear it; he became aware of it only when, finally, it ended and there was quiet once more. And then, so stunned, so numbed was he, he might not have apprehended silence itself, except that *this* silence had a very peculiar little noise moving through it. It was like the singing of a bullet, beginning loudish but rapidly rushing away, yet, from both its direction and a certain thickness in its tone, making plain that the object producing it was traveling not through air but earth, straight down. And Jack Smith understood what the object was. It was Old Satan, heading home—Old Satan diving for Hell so fast he made the rocks hum with his passage. Fainter and fainter grew the note, dwindled to a last, slim, V-shaped g-l-o-o-c-k, and stopped. After that, into Bascom's Woods the real quiet came.

Jack Smith let the trunk slide out of his hands. It sank gently to the ground. He followed its motion. His knees began to bend and went on bending until they brought the full length of his shins to the earth. He did not stop at that. He kept on sinking until he was sitting on his heels. All the time his eyes stayed fixed on the vast hole made by the uprooting. At last Jack Smith spoke. "You *did,*" he said.

More quiet followed, a period of the kind that can never be measured on a clock. Then, sensibly, pleasantly and cheerily, the little chapel bell began to ring. Jack Smith knew no human hands were pulling on the rope. He looked toward the sky and, very, very humbly, he touched his forelock. And the sun came up.

OMA and Jack Smith were married soon after that night. Theirs was the first wedding in the chapel. The good people of the township (for of course there were good people there, as Jack Smith himself could see when he looked at what was before his eyes instead of what was stored in his mind) made up a purse for them, in gratitude. He at first refused the gift, as contrary to his independence. But Oma, the bride, plucked his sleeve and whispered, and he accepted. They used the money to buy freedom for the bound girl who had sampled her mistress' sugar.

Jack Smith and Oma had a long happy life together. For seven years, to be sure, they were separated; that was when he went to fight in General Washington's War, the conflict that ensued when Delaware decided to expel the British Empire—and did. Despite the interruption, however, the pair contrived to have a good many children. You will find Smiths all over the United States today, fine citizens too—but, if descended from farmer-soldier Jack and bound girl Oma, making nothing of it. For *those* Smiths are from Delaware and Delawareans are, as I said at the beginning of this story, exclusive people. —MARY-CARTER ROBERTS

Blue Book
OF
TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Time-saver

Calling out of town? Here's a helpful hint: calls go through twice as fast when you call by number.

A good place to keep a list of the numbers you call is in an attractive Blue Book. You can get one at the Bell Telephone business office. It's free.

You'll find it handy to use. And a real time-saver, too.

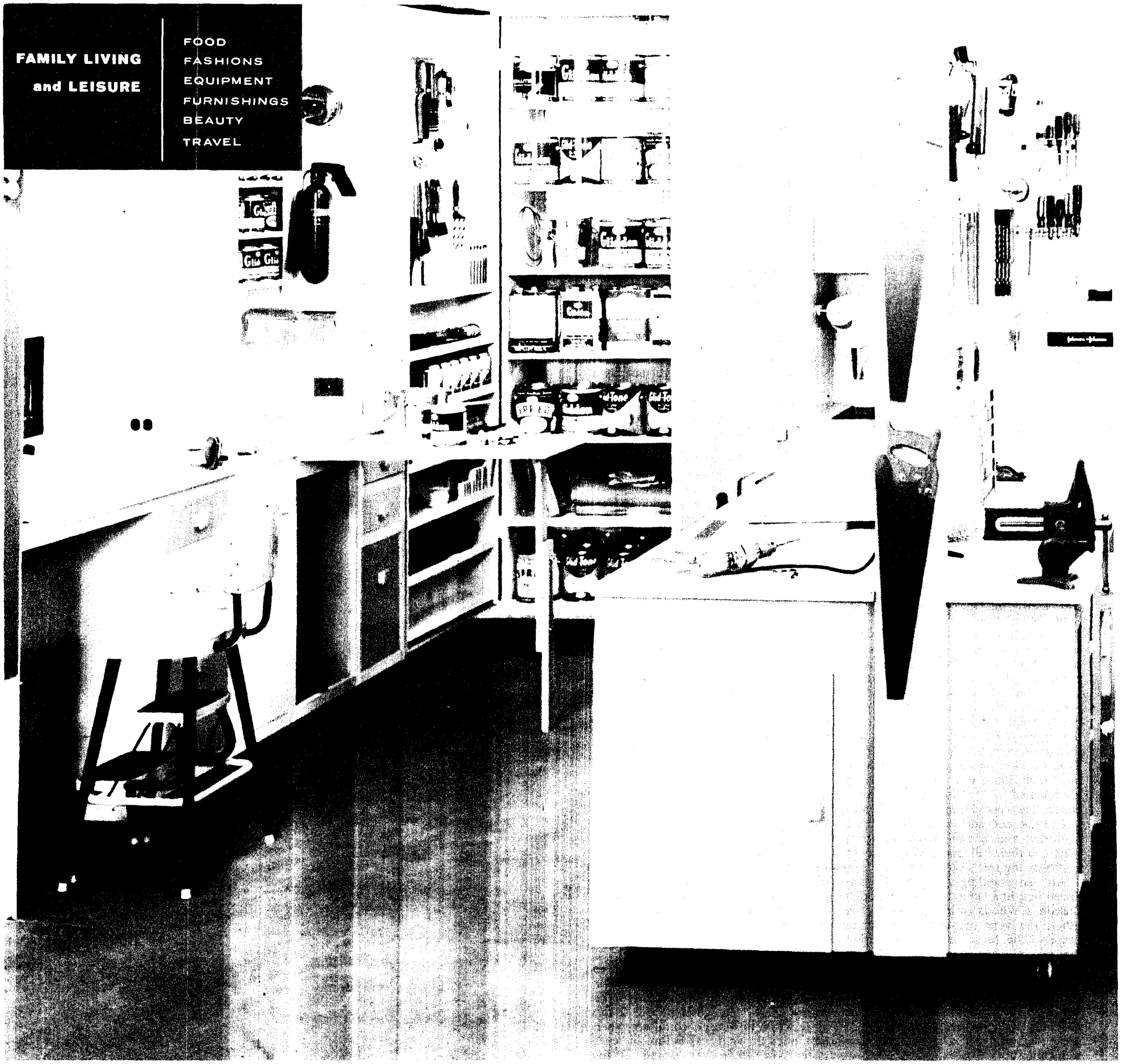
LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

New York to Philadelphia	40¢
Seattle to Portland, Ore.	50¢
Cincinnati to St. Louis	75¢
Boston to Baltimore	85¢
Atlanta to Cleveland	$1.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

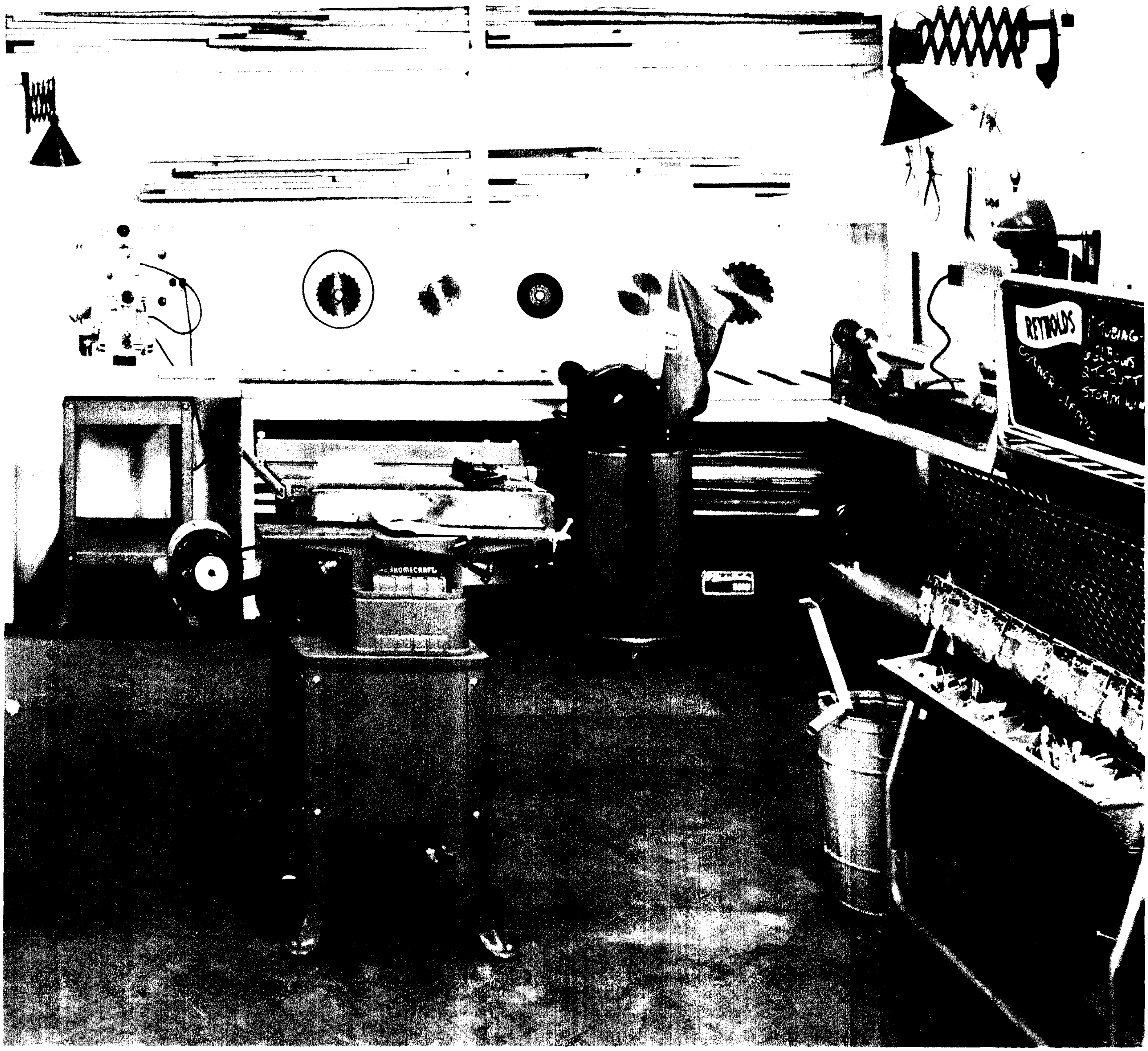


Work in progress flows easily through handy man's haven. R. to L.: Supplies load into shop via half door leading to conveyer table, r. rear; surplus can be stored nearby.

Handy Man's Haven

Here's a dream workshop unrestricted by any considerations of time, money or space. It's been meticulously planned and lavished with the finest furnishings— a laboratory of ideas so practical you can put many of them to use yourself

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS YEE



Heavy and hand power tools are convenient to two-way workbench, center. Paint booth hides behind storage shelves (left rear). Planning-reference desk (left) is clear of dust

Collier's dream workshop holds undoubted delights for the most ambitious and fanciful hobbyist. It's readily available, of course, to anyone with unlimited financial resources. But like the Detroit dream cars never destined for production, this shop is intended to serve only as a showcase for the latest in equipment and workshop thinking. And in it any home handy man will find practical ideas to latch on to immediately.

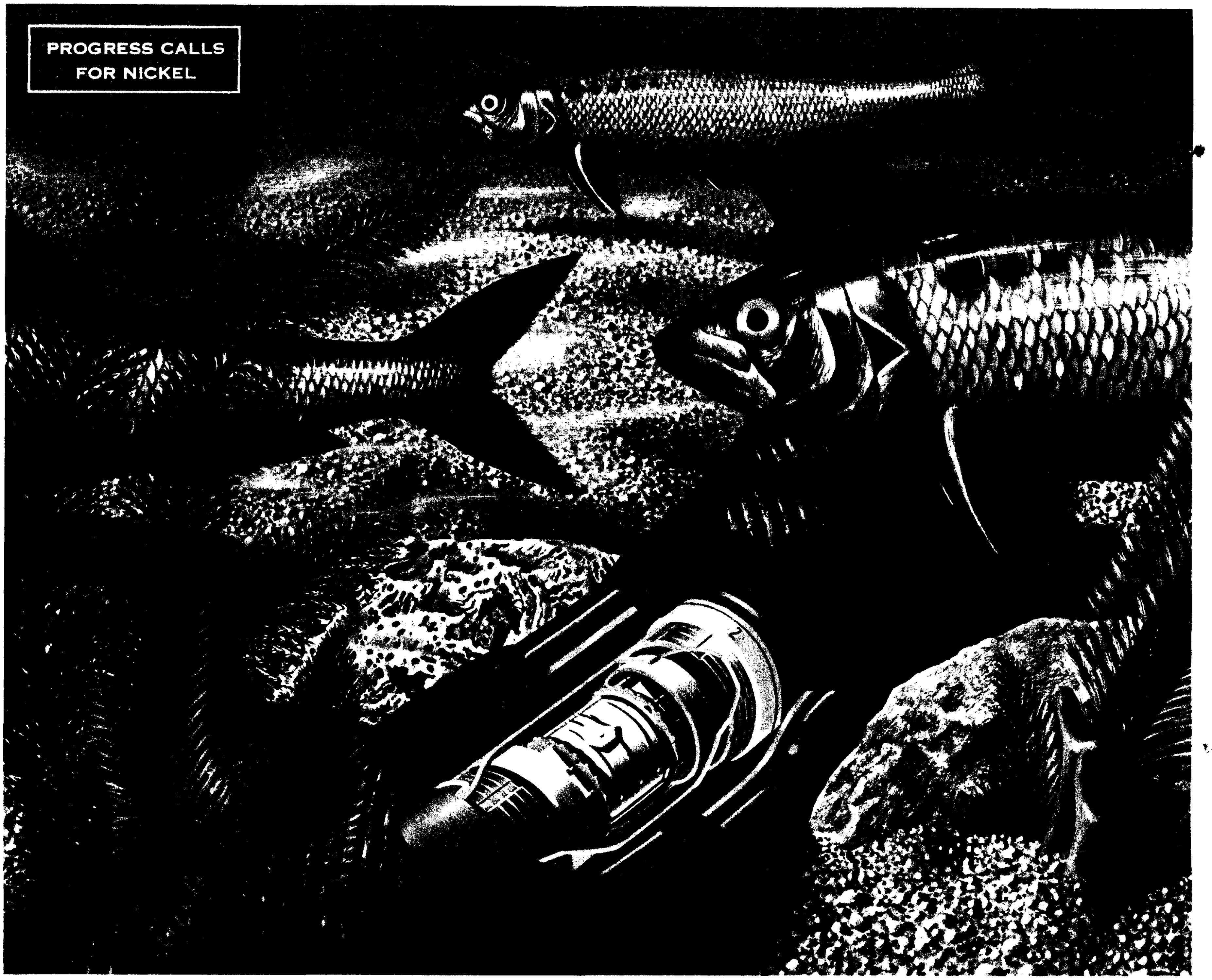
The walls are built of a rugged new material—plastic-surfaced plywood—that takes paint like a kitchen chair, resists dents, gouges and even basement dampness. Semigloss paint in soft tones gives a color effect that's warm and welcoming, yet easy on the worker's eyes.

Heavy power tools positioned for maximum utility are mounted on retractable casters to make the unwieldy job easier. Electric hand tools are kept together for finger-tip accessibility. Of special interest to the serious hobbyist is the rolling supply center (originally a hardware display rack) for do-it-yourself aluminum and assorted fittings. Other storage space is planned for the multitude of shop materials and scaled to fit—wide shelves for stacks of plywood, shallow one-can-deep shelves for paint cans, etc. Carefully planned storage simplifies the housekeeping, as do roll-out scrap bins and the workshop vacuum cleaner that gets sawdust before it gets a chance to cling to things.

Safety features are an important part of the over-all shop design. There's a fire alarm, and a CO. extinguisher mounted in the paint section. Guards and other safety accessories for each power tool are clipped close by as a constant reminder to use them.

Perhaps the most important provision for safety is an intangible one—the careful habits and pride of workmanship that just naturally evolve in a beautiful, well-planned shop.

Collier's dream setup was designed by newspaper columnist and hobby authority Walter Ian Fischman in co-operation with workshop experts at the Delta Power Tools Division of Rockwell Manufacturing Co., the Black & Decker Manufacturing Co., Reynolds Metals Co., the Glidden Co. and the U.S. Plywood Corp. Turn the page for additional ideas you can use in your own shop. You'll also find a run-through on an easy-to-build chairside hi-fi cabinet of simple contemporary design, plus plans you can order.



ONE OF 102 deep-sea amplifiers in the new trans-oceanic telephone cable system linking Europe and this continent. Every one has Inco Nickel or Platinum in it.

Inco Nickel in amplifying tubes of new trans-oceanic phone cable

The world's first trans-oceanic telephone cable system is now completed.

And what a job it was . . . from start to finish!

What was the hardest part of the job? Not laying the cables, as you'd expect. One of the hardest was developing special deep-sea amplifiers that would work at the bottom of the ocean . . . without attention . . . for at least twenty years.

A tough problem, this.

But after exhaustive research, the Bell Telephone Company solved it . . . with the help of Inco Nickel and Inco Platinum.

There are 102 amplifiers or "voice boosters" in the twin cables. One about every 40 miles. And there's Inco Nickel or Platinum in the vacuum tubes of every one.

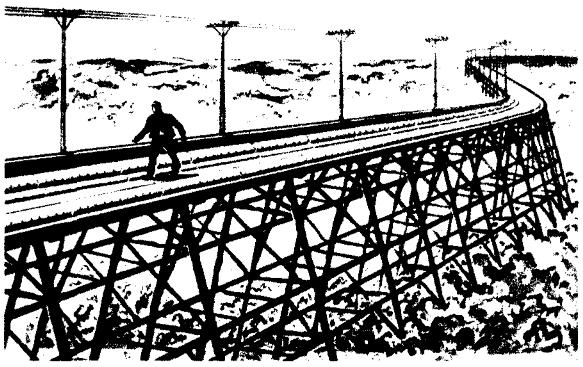
They're there—Inco Nickel or Platinum coated with Barium Strontium oxides—for two reasons:

1. They emit electrons: these electrons boost volume, do away with voice fade-away underwater.
2. These metals can be depended upon to work and last as long as the cable or longer.

Better communications promote better world understandings

Inco Nickel or Platinum: together they are now helping make it easier for people in Europe and North America to talk things over.

Write for free booklet, "The Romance of Nickel." It will open your eyes to the role of Inco Nickel in your life. Your future! The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 294e, New York 5, N. Y.



ORE BY PIPELINE, another Inco way of advancing Nickel output. Inco engineers are prompt to install new equipment and adopt new methods to make the mining and refining of Nickel ore more productive for the future.

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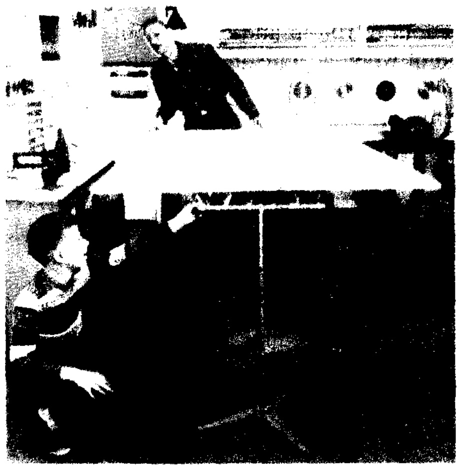
INCO TRADE MARK **Inco Nickel**

. . . Your Unseen Friend

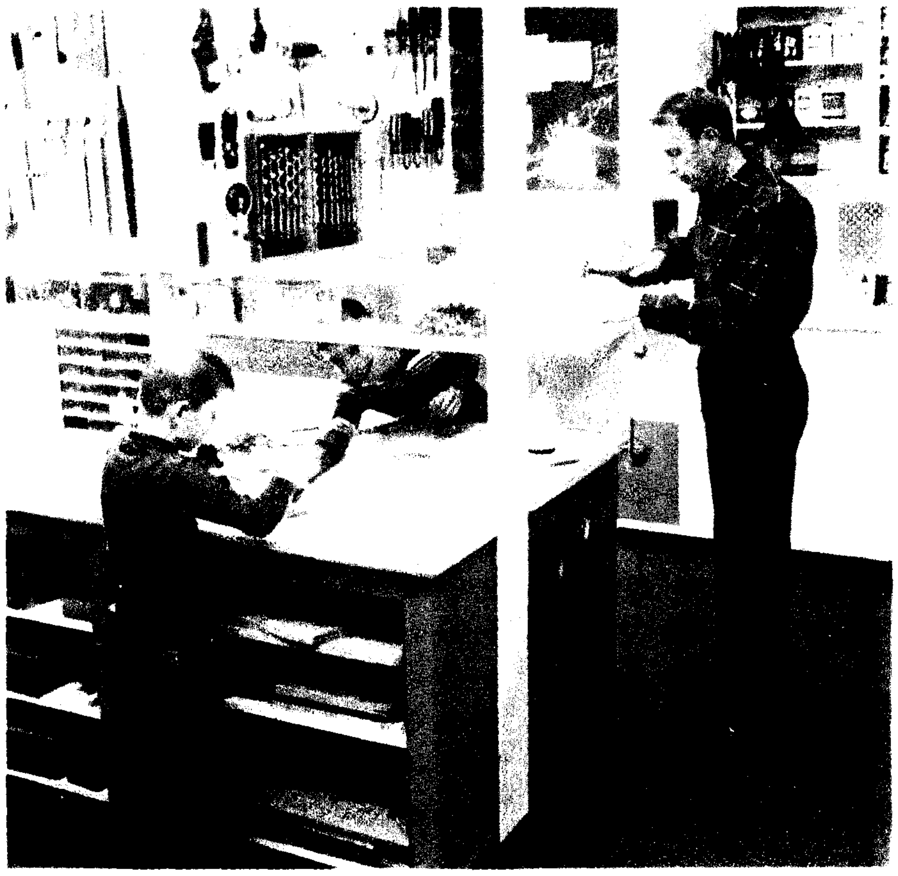
THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.

An efficient workshop makes for a happier handy man, and helps a boy to learn—in safety



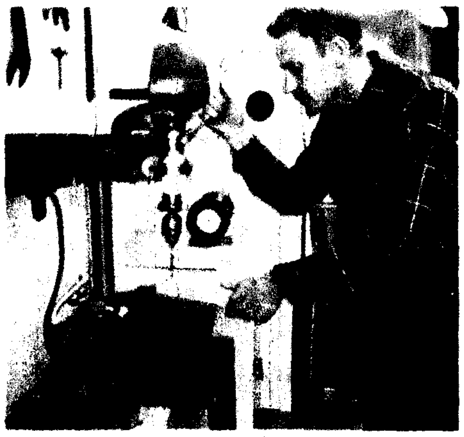
This roller extension device supports the cut halves of plywood as they emerge, and makes even this unwieldy operation a one-man job. Quality workmanship is easy and safety comes naturally with the proper tool for each job

Chip-chasing youngsters can make a real contribution when the lumber is delivered. It's loaded directly onto overhead shelves through narrow half door at rear. Shorter lengths stay in shelves under conveyer table

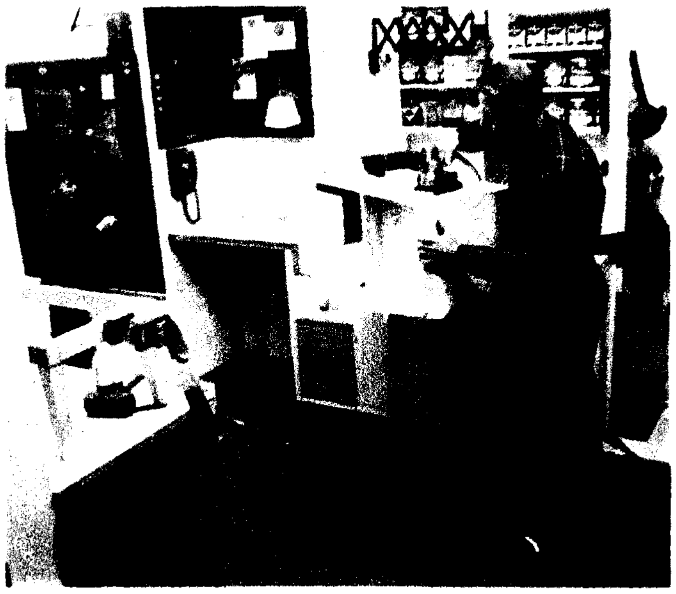


Right: Visible storage of tools and supplies speeds shop production. Racks over the workbench hold a dazzling array of hand tools, swing around to be easily available from either side. The inevitable assortment of hardware is grouped in clear plastic boxes. Wide shelves below hold plywood

Adequate illumination is vital. The built-in light on this band saw takes the tension out of following a penciled guide line with a swiftly moving blade. Extension rod on motor switch keeps controls in easy reach



Accessories for each tool are clipped close at hand. In addition to utilizing interior cabinet space, both sides of the doors hold gadgets. The most frequently used ones are stored on the outside just a finger tip away



Working heights, an individual matter, have been adjusted for the comfort of the man who works here, and this particular table drops down when not in use. The Chalkboard walls at the planning center are a convenience, not only for messages and notes, but for plans and drawings held in place with magnets. The master switch, safely up near the clock, controls all power for the shop

Electrical outlets are numerous. Continuous strips backed up by adequate wiring make hand tools easy to use anywhere in the shop and they're accessible for jobs in the house

Paint-storage door swings out to reveal the spray booth. Light-housing is vapor-proof; exhaust fan pulls out fumes. An aluminum-lined drawer safely stores paint-soaked rags

---

TWO PLANS TO ORDER:

If you'd like to have all the details of the workshop or specifications for the hi-fi cabinet, shown under construction in the photographs on this page, detailed plans are available.

Plans for Collier's Dream Workshop	*$1*
Collier's Contemporary Cabinet for Hi-Fi Components	*25¢*

Send the money with your name and address to Collier's Patterns, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Kids' Clothes Get Weather-Conditioned

There's a bright bit of news for every parent who's ever wrestled with the problem of stuffing a small child into the unwieldy layers of clothing required to protect him against winter cold and damp. (And then unstuffing him.) The bright bit is a new featherweight insulating material called Temp-Tron that makes it possible for a small boy or girl to wear just one outfit of jacket-shirt and pants all day long—*with* complete freedom to run in and out of doors, *without* fear of chilling or overheating. A blend of wool, acetate and Dacron—it is used in combination with many fabrics, including the Galey & Lord tarpoon cloth shown here. The clothes are water-repellent and machine-washable. Directly below you see a weatherproof, all-day outfit for a small boy or girl. Combination jacket and shirt comes in sizes 3-6x, $11; 6-12, $12. Trim pants, 3-6x, $11; 6-12, $12. The crew hat with ear flaps, sizes 6¼ to 7¼, is $3. Mittens, sizes 2-8, $3. All at Marshall Field, Chicago; B. Altman, New York; Halle Bros., Cleveland.

Once upon a time . . .

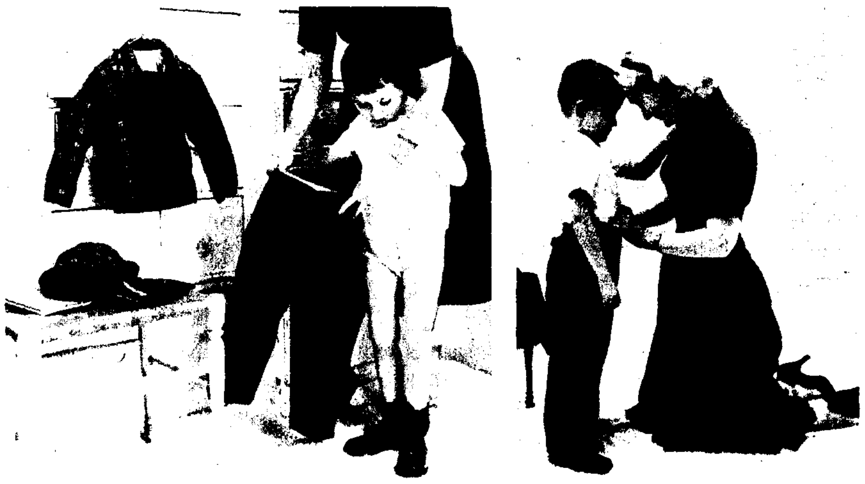
a youngster couldn't go out to play unless his mother dressed him . . .

in shirts, sweaters, snowsuit—tugging and hauling for 15 minutes . . .

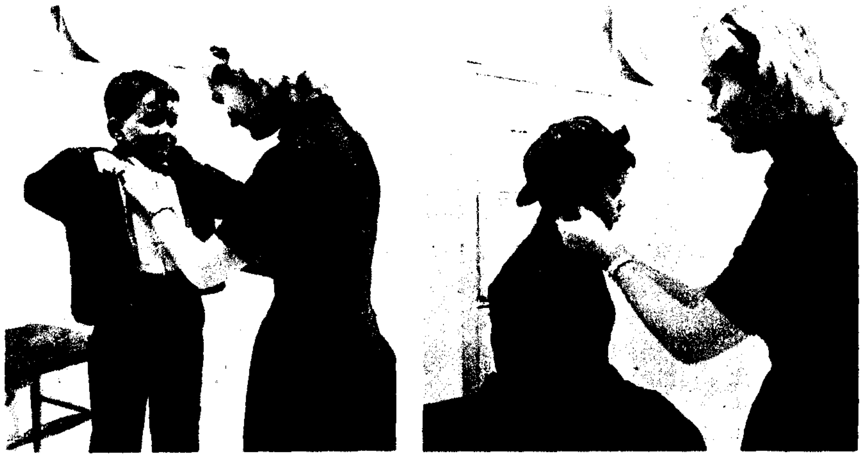
and, to avoid overheating, final bundling waited until last minute

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PELLEGRINI

Now the picture changes . . .



our hero—dressed in shirt, underpants—steps into lightweight, Ivy League trousers . . .

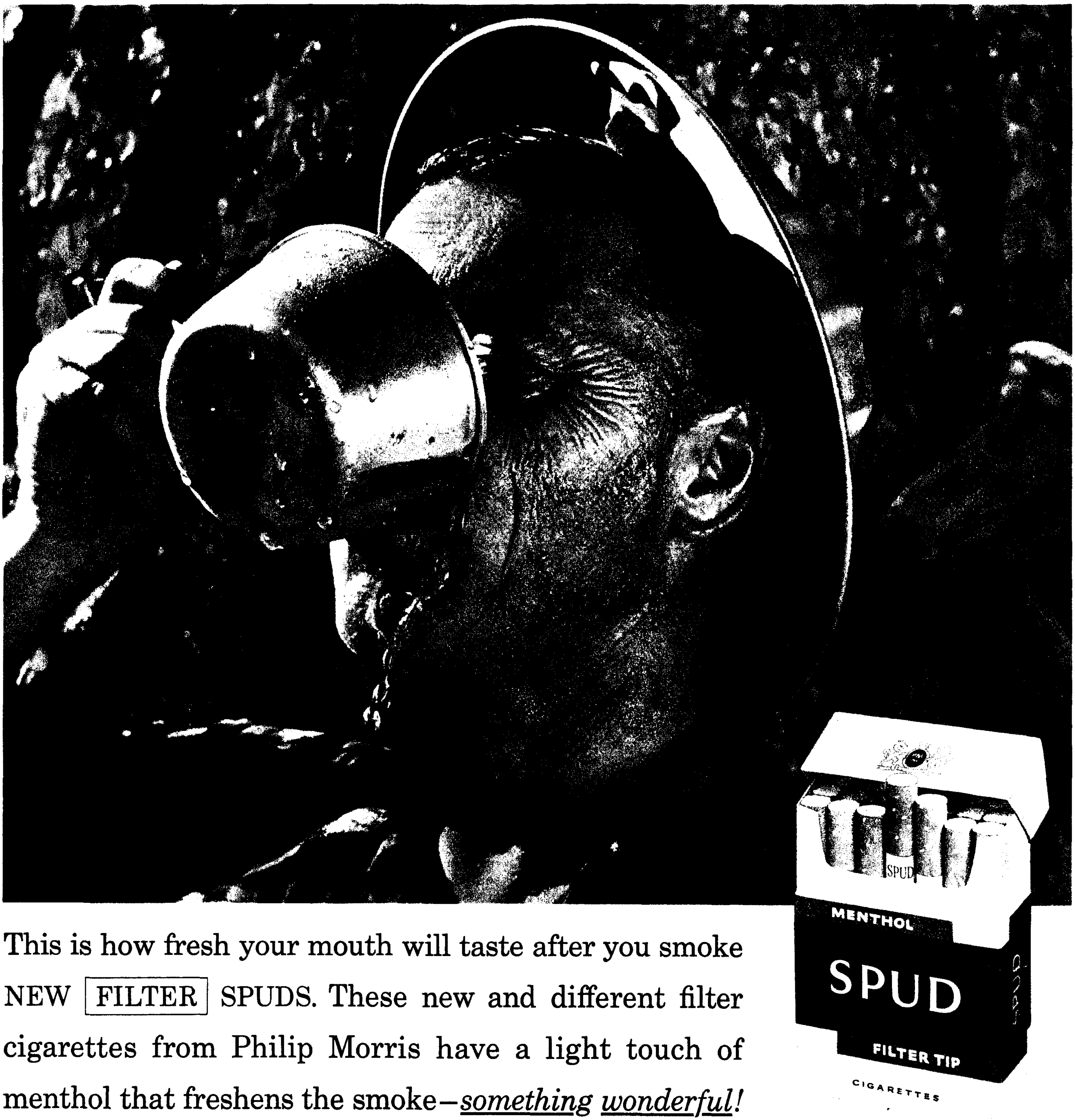


eases into 13-ounce jacket, dons hat with ear flaps. Minus mittens, he's dressed . . .

for all-day comfort in steam-heated room or snowbank, thanks to new insulated fabric

NEW FILTER SPUD

Freshens the smoke... something wonderful!


SPUD
MENTHOL
SPUD
FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

This is how fresh your mouth will taste after you smoke NEW FILTER SPUDS. These new and different filter cigarettes from Philip Morris have a light touch of menthol that freshens the smoke—*something wonderful!*

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Dewar's Blended Scotch Whisky
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Dewar's Blended Scotch Whisky
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"White Label"
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Traditional Tartan
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Dewar's never varies!

Famed are the clans of Scotland . . . their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Ancestor, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

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By LARRY FINN

The strange mercy

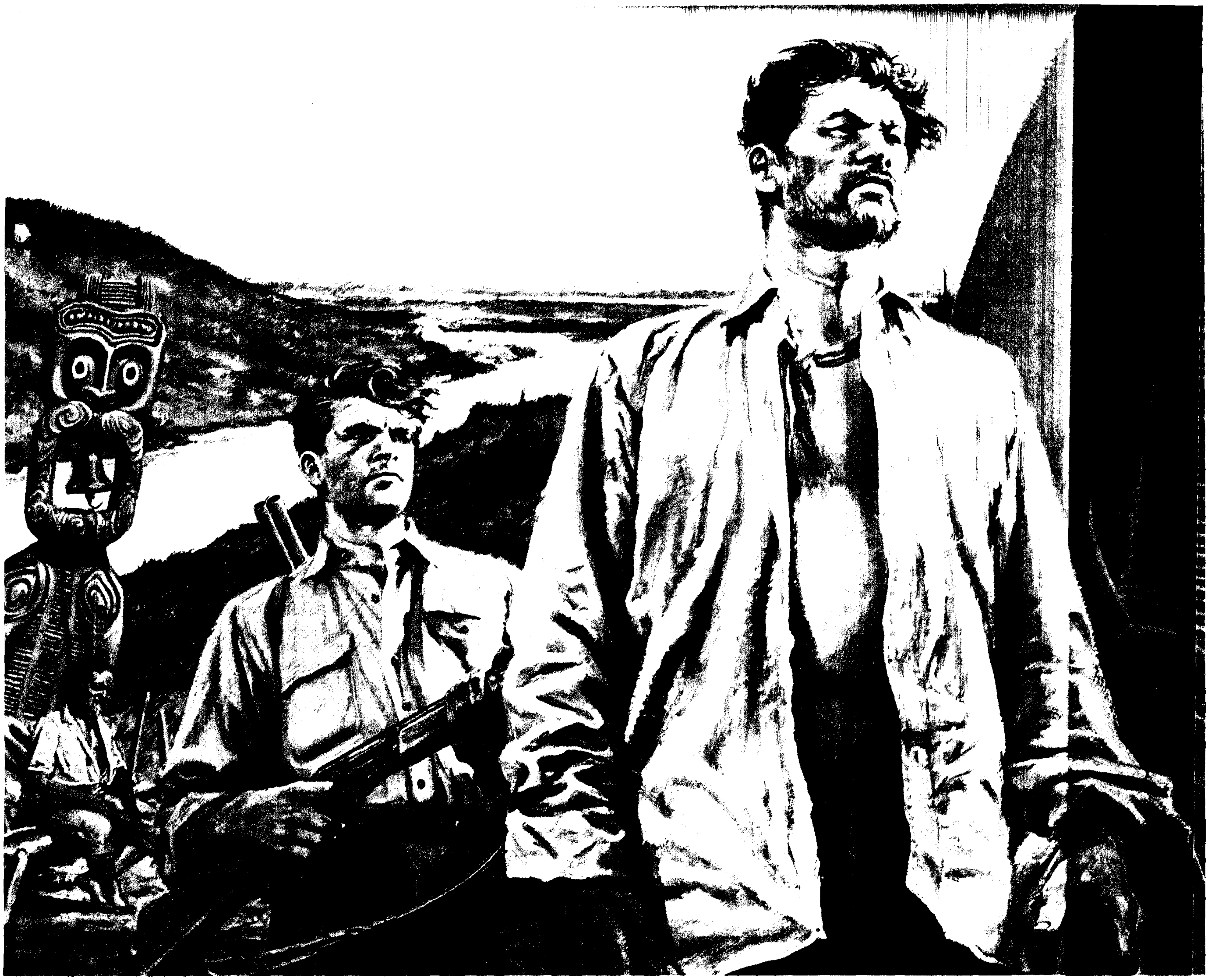
To these people, justice meant cruelty. The

TEN minutes after hearing the shots in the forest, Barrington was on the scene, parking his jeep by the roadside at the path where the Maori would have had to enter the forest. The man would presumably come out the same way, since the only other exits were miles away and faced open country, which no poacher would dare traverse for fear of being spotted by the ranger. So Barrington waited patiently, knowing that he would meet the Maori and that the man would have no means of escape. He was not looking forward to meeting him, but this was his job.

He did not have to wait too long. He had just stamped out his cigarette and was leaning against the jeep, watching the path, when he heard a crackling sound just inside the forest. Suddenly a man came into the open, running, looking neither right nor left but intent on crossing the road. He was almost across it before Barrington's shout brought him to a startled standstill, and then he turned slowly and faced the ranger.

"Did you think I wasn't around today?" Barrington said. He hadn't moved from the jeep.

"What do you want?" the Maori said gruffly. He was a burly young man, black-bearded, tall and morose, dressed in rough farmer's clothing. Besides a shotgun, he was carrying a small sack which must have held a number of *kereru*, small wood pigeons which all Maoris regarded as the



As they walked down the main road to the village, Barrington kept the shotgun pointed at Joe Harare's back. "I kill you when I come out of prison," Harare said

new ranger had to make them understand his kind of law—and make them obey it

supreme delicacy. So many of these birds had been shot in the last year that the *kereru* now headed the list of restricted game: it was absolutely forbidden to shoot them at any time.

"I want to see what's inside that sack," Barrington said evenly.

The Maori stared at Barrington for a moment and then threw the sack down in front of him. "Well, come and look," he said, adding as the ranger took a step forward, "and if you do I'll blow your head off."

Barrington stopped, flushing deeply as the Maori swung his gun into a ready position. One more step, Barrington knew, and he would be dead, for beyond all doubt the Maori meant what he said. It showed in every line of his body, and in his flashing, defiant eyes.

"Do you realize what you're doing?" Barrington said helplessly. His own rifle was in the jeep, which perhaps was fortunate. Yet he would never have believed that the eternal, often amusing feud between poachers and forest rangers could come to this: a government officer held at gun point.

"Just get on your way," the Maori said. "Away, now."

Barrington hesitated for only an instant before turning and climbing into the jeep. He drove back down the road without another glance at the threatening figure of the Maori. To have to drive away from the man, instead of past him, was the final humiliation.

It was some time before Barrington could calm his anger enough to think clearly about what he was up against. In his bungalow, on the hillside overlooking the village of Kerikeri, he sat thinking for a long time, drumming his fingers on the report book.

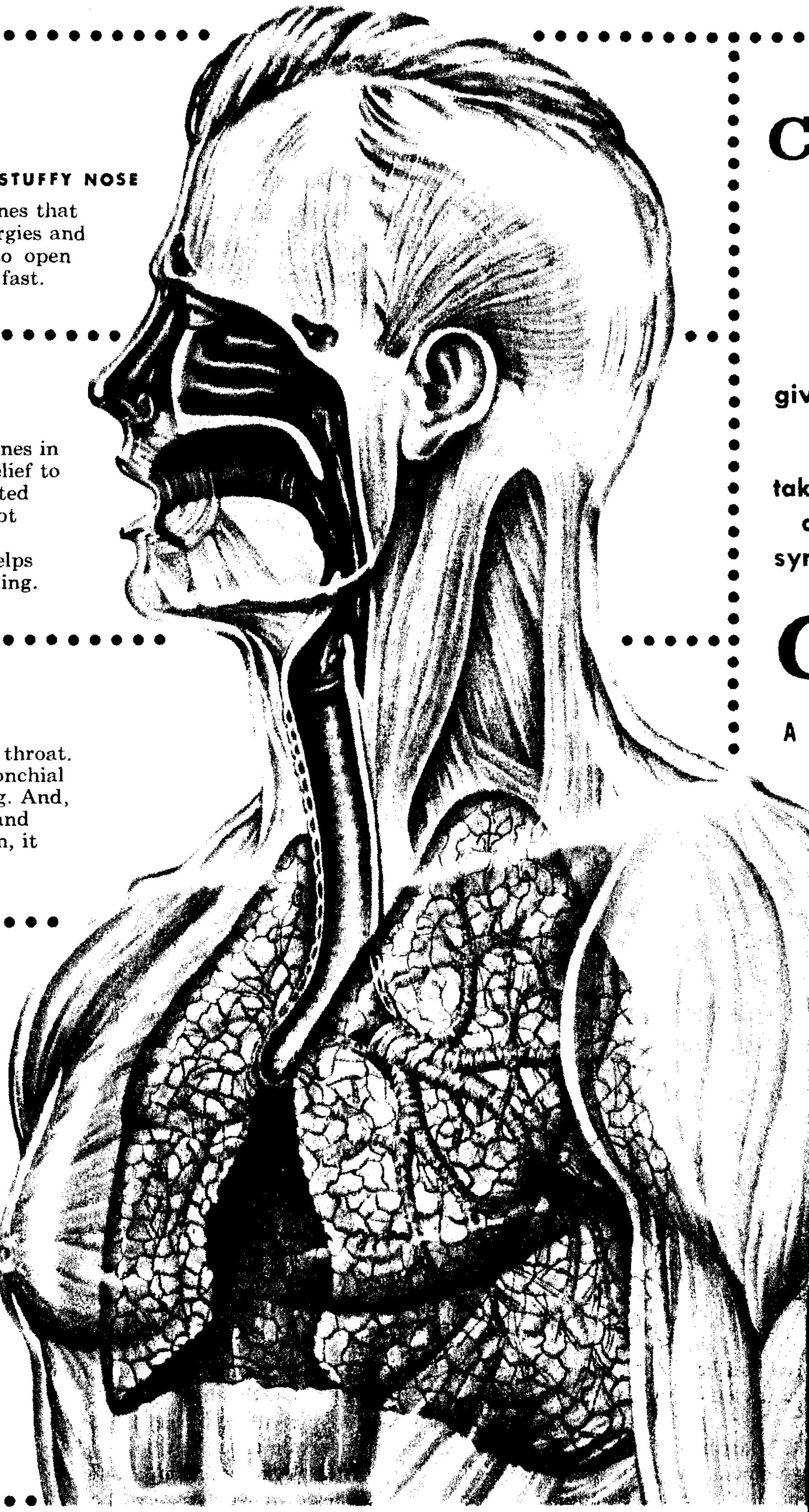
Just a week ago, in this bungalow that had been so recently vacated, he had sat down with his predecessor's report book and memorized all that was in it, especially the names. It was clear that Starkey had been a weak, if good-natured man, and that he had spent most of his time trying to stay friends with the Maoris of the nearby settlement, who had not been slow to take advantage of him. The reports were all very much the same, as though Starkey had got behind and then had suddenly decided to write them all at one sitting.

In one instance Starkey could only report that, having heard gunfire in the forest reserve, he had rushed to the scene and discovered that the culprits had fled. Other times, having apprehended a trespasser, he had found that the poor man was lost or was merely taking the most convenient route home. They were feeble excuses, but he had evidently accepted them. In the whole book there was hardly a single charge that had led to conviction, and one would wonder on whose side Starkey was supposed to be. *Lack of evidence*, he had written so often, *prevented me from laying a charge*

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

The 5 stages of the common cold

and how to attack each



1

RED AREAS

SNEEZING, SNIFFLES AND STUFFY NOSE

Coldene contains two medicines that relieve sniffles caused by allergies and shrink swollen membranes to open up the passages in your nose fast.

2

BLUE AREAS

SORE THROAT

Here three important medicines in Coldene bring long lasting relief to tickling sensations and irritated tissues. Many remedies do not provide sustained relief. In addition, a soothing syrup helps to reduce the rough, raw feeling.

3

GREEN AREAS

CONSTANT COUGHING

caused by a sore or irritated throat. Coldene helps relieve the bronchial spasm which causes coughing. And, because it eases swallowing and reduces the tickling sensation, it helps bring relief.

YELLOW AREAS

TIGHT CHEST

occurs when sore and inflamed bronchial membranes produce phlegm. Coldene uses a proved expectorant to thin down and loosen the phlegm.

5

PINK AREAS

MUSCULAR ACHES

create restlessness, increase tension. The pain-killer in Coldene is noted for helping to produce sustained relief from these torments. Other carefully selected compounds help promote the rest needed for recovery.

Coldene, and what it is:

IT'S LIQUID,
it goes to work faster

IT'S POWERFUL,
gives feelable relief in minutes

IT'S COMPLETE,
takes the place of a nose spray, antihistamine, gargle, cough syrup, chest-rub, and pain-killer

Coldene

A NEW IDEA IN COLD MEDICINES.

YOU'RE BOUND TO FEEL

BETTER ALMOST

AT ONCE

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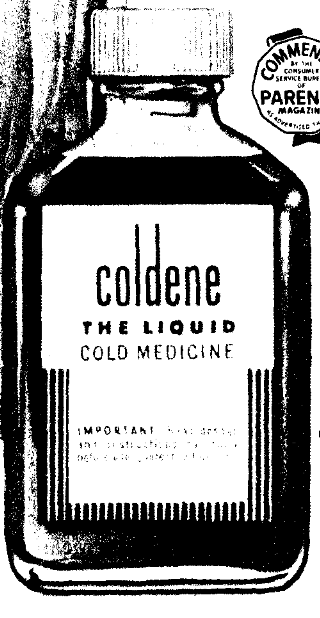

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that would stick. . . . Poor Starkey! No wonder he had been transferred.

And now, Barrington thought grimly, I'm supposed to clean up the mess.

It was not going to be easy. The proud Tuhaine, who were a splendid people and normally law-abiding in every way, did not seem to understand that government forest reserves were prohibited to everyone, including themselves. The fact that most of these lands had originally belonged to their ancestors—who had bartered them for trifles or, at the most, muskets—might have had something to do with it, but it was not the main reason. They entered the reserves to hunt the birds and game that abounded there, not realizing the motives behind preservation.

The young Tuhaine men, in particular, much preferred poaching in the reserve to making the two-hour ride to the mountain ridges beyond Kerikeri, where pig and deer were plentiful. Poaching was, besides, a thrilling business for them, because there was always the chance of meeting up with a ranger and becoming involved in a hell-for-leather chase.

Yet now, Barrington was thinking, the situation had gone too far. The incident on the road that afternoon showed clearly to what extent Starkey's laxity had affected the Maoris, or at least one particular Maori. Now, instead of muttering in their meetinghouses about the injustices of *pakehas'* law, they were prepared to defy the white men with guns. This Maori fellow was probably boasting around the village, laughing his head off at the ranger's humiliation. The idea would get around that Barrington, though not nearly so friendly as Starkey, was just as ineffectual and could be discounted.

Barrington flinched when he thought of it, and quickly made up his mind about what he must do. A telephone call to headquarters would bring the police, but there was a better way. After all, he had to live the next few years of his life among the Tuhaine, and his future happiness would depend a great deal on how he acted now. They should know from the very beginning what kind of man he was.

BARRINGTON drove into Kerikeri about nine o'clock the next morning. He drove slowly, careful not to shower the passers-by with dust: considerate people themselves, they would appreciate this. But none of them greeted him, or so much as smiled in passing. He was getting the treatment of a policeman come to make an arrest.

The Maori meetinghouse, with its exquisitely carved door and rafters, was the permanent home of Tuoro, the local chief, as well as being the center for all the villagers' activities, social and otherwise. There was always someone about the place, either sitting on the steps or squatting in the open foreground, which was a traditionally sacred area known as the *marae.*

No stranger entered the *marae* without an invitation; and knowing this, Barrington parked his jeep outside and waited.

It was Tuoro himself who eventually came out and approached him, having been informed by a youngster that the *pakeha* ranger was outside the gate. Barrington climbed down from the jeep and solemnly shook the chief's hand.

"*Tena koe,* Mr. Barrington!"

"*Tena koe, koro!*"

Tuoro smiled, pleased with this *pakeha* who at least knew how to address him correctly: it was a great point in his favor. "I hope all is well with you," the chief said. "Come. Welcome to our *marae.*"

"No, I'd rather stay here, thanks."

Tuoro's eyelids fluttered and remained half closed. One moment he had been a fine-looking old man with a dark skin, twinkling eyes and strong patrician nose; now his expression was blank, unfathomable. "What is the matter?" he asked.

Barrington told him, finishing the story with an accurate description of the poacher. The chief, meantime, had become thoughtful. He was evidently quite disturbed.

"The man's name, Mr. Barrington," he said slowly, "is Joe Harare." Then he turned to one of the youngsters playing in the street and shouted something to him in Maori. The boy raced into the meetinghouse.

"It is a serious matter," the chief said. "And, of course, you have your duty to do." But there was a disarming note in his voice, as though he did not expect to be taken too literally. And his next words bore this out: "We never had this kind of trouble with Mr. Starkey."

Barrington felt anger rising within him, but before he could reply someone else approached them from the *marae.* It was not Harare, but a young Maori woman in a simple white dress. She seemed very shy.

"This is Maria Harare," Tuoro explained, "Joe's sister. I will tell her what has happened." He addressed her in Maori, now and again emphasizing a point by jabbing the ground with his carved walking stick.

Barrington watched them, but particularly the young woman. He saw a look of fear come into her large, beautiful eyes, and her small hands clenched tensely as she listened. All the time she avoided looking at the white man, as though she were the guilty one and could not bear the consequences. It made Barrington feel like a brute, and he wished with all his heart this meeting could have been avoided. Harare had caused enough trouble without involving his sister.

TUORO had finished, and there was an awkward silence. Finally, the chief said: "What will you do with him, Mr. Barrington?"

Barrington glanced at Maria. "First, I'm going to teach him a lesson," he said softly. His meaning was unmistakable.

Tuoro's eyes flashed. "Joe Harare is like a wild bull, my friend. He is very strong."

Barrington shrugged. He was no wild bull himself, but he had been taught how to treat big roughhouse maulers, even when they wielded chairs, knives or broken bottles.

"Where is he? That's all I want to know," he said.

Tuoro and Maria exchanged glances. "My brother told me," Maria said timidly, "that he might go hunting. But he may be at home."

"Will you take me there?" Barrington asked gently. Maria nodded, and Barrington gave the chief a stiff bow. "Thank you, *koro.* I'll let you know what happens."

Together, Barrington and Maria walked across the wide, sandy street toward a small wooden house hidden in a grove of trees. Neither of them spoke, probably because the distance to the house was so short, but Barrington desperately wanted to assure the girl that his quarrel was not with her, nor with any other member of her family apart from Joe. He wanted to ask her to leave while he carried out the unpleasant business of trying to force her brother to his knees. It was not going to be a pretty sight for anyone to watch because, as the chief had said, Joe Harare was as strong as a wild bull. Someone was going to get badly hurt.

"Excuse me, please," Maria said, and ran quickly into the house.

Barrington waited, aware that his throat was very dry and his pulse beating faster than normal.

In a moment Maria was back. "He is not here," she said. There was tears in her eyes.

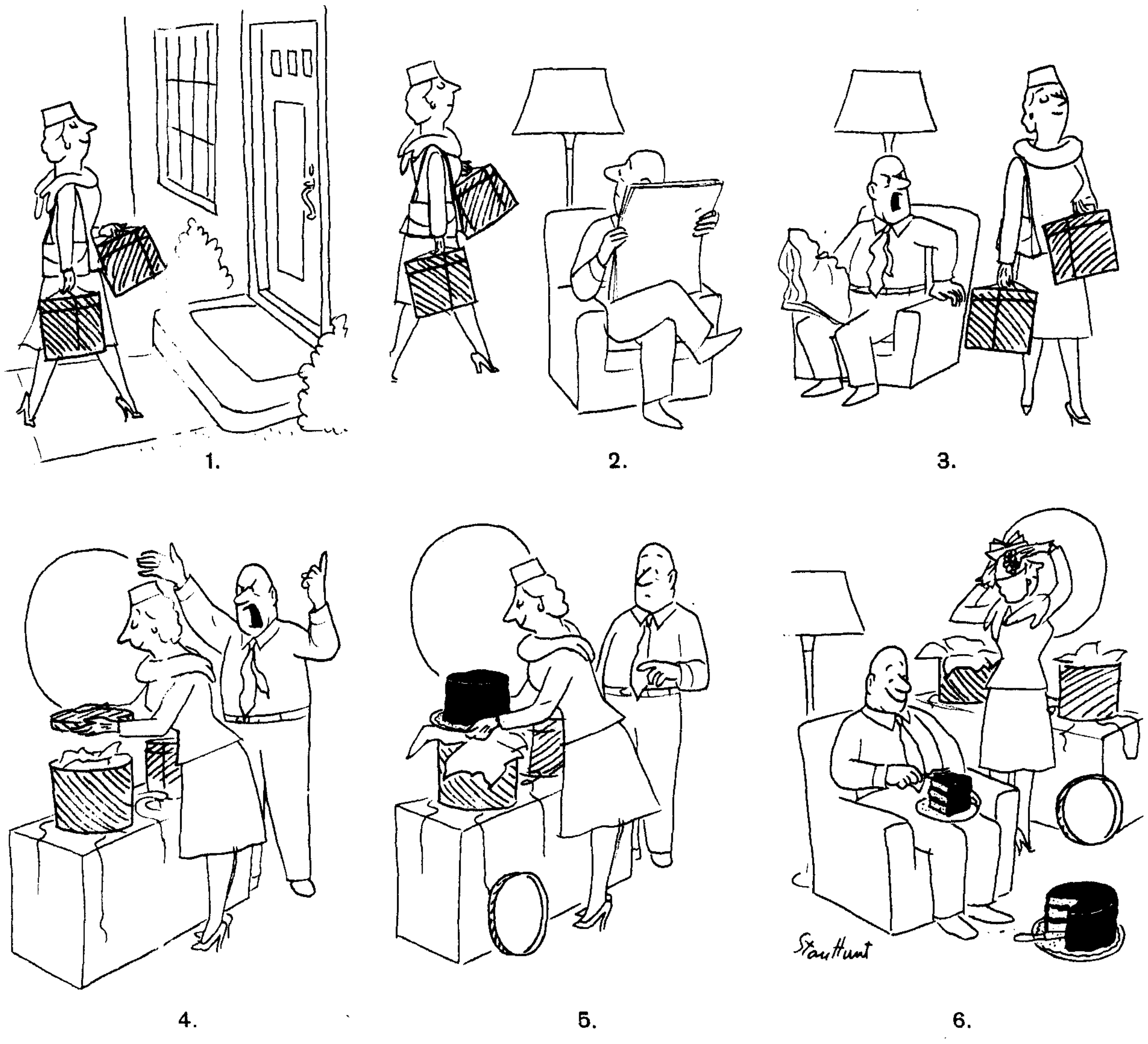
"Is his gun there?" Barrington asked.

She shook her head, coming toward him slowly. "He will be in the forest," she told him. "He said so . . ."

Barrington listened in amazement. The night before, Maria told him, Joe Harare had entertained his friends with a meal of *kereru* and beer, which had been such a success that he had promised them another similar meal. Yes,

THE OLD KNOW-HOW

By STAN HUNT



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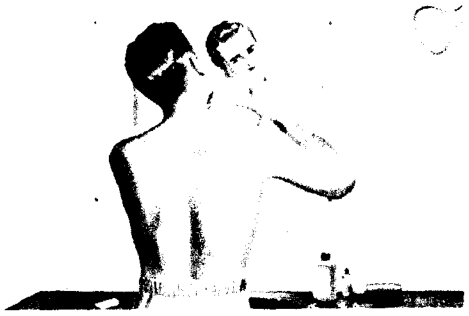

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he'd get more *kereru;* he wasn't afraid of the ranger.

"Please do not fight with my brother," Maria said. "He is not a bad man—just wild and headstrong."

"That's not the point," Barrington said. "He's broken the law."

He turned to leave, but Maria caught up with him. "Let me come with you. Let me talk to him, please."

BARRINGTON felt suddenly disheartened, but he quickly steeled himself again. It wasn't his fault, all this trouble. Nor was it his place to start being sorry for this young girl who, by mere coincidence, had become involved with him. "Why don't you go back to the *marae* and wait?" he suggested kindly. "You know I have certain duties; that's what I'm paid for. I can assure you no harm will come to your brother, but he's got to respect the law."

"There will be real trouble," she said in a frightened voice. "If you follow him into the forest, he may try to harm you. I think he hates you."

The words chilled him. Every minute the situation was becoming more serious; what had begun as a normal duty was rapidly taking on all the aspects of a deadly feud, or a man hunt. It was absurd, fantastic. The days of spite and hate were supposed to be over.

"I don't understand," he said, staring into Maria's eyes. "What's the matter with your brother? Is he crazy? Does he hate all *pakehas?*"

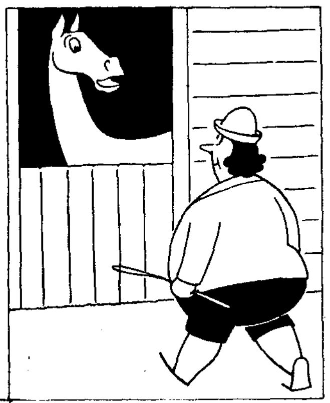
"No." Maria seemed embarrassed, though her glance did not waver.

"You mean he just hates me?" he said angrily. "Why, in Heaven's name?"

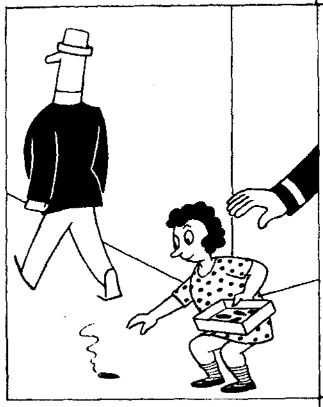
Maria hesitated and then falteringly tried to explain. Almost as soon as

It's the Law!

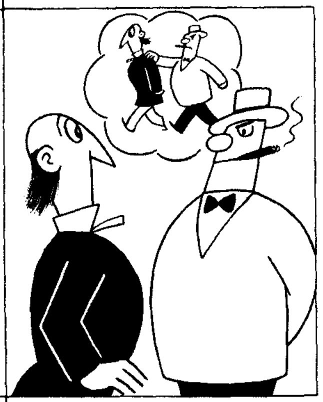
By Dick Hyman



In Gurnee, Illinois, women over 200 pounds are forbidden to ride horseback in shorts.



A New York State law makes it illegal for children to collect cigar stubs.



In Lawrence, Massachusetts, you cannot do any mind reading without a license from the city council.

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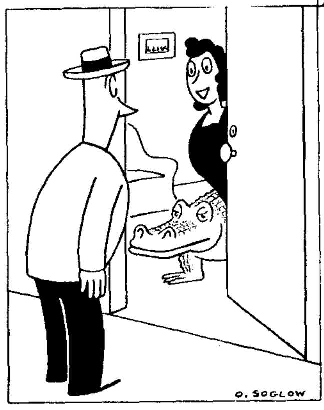


an *American* feature

Has your state or town some curious law or ordinance? If so, send it care of It's the Law!, to Collier's, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York. For each contribution accepted and published, the editors will forward a payment of $5. No contribution can be returned.

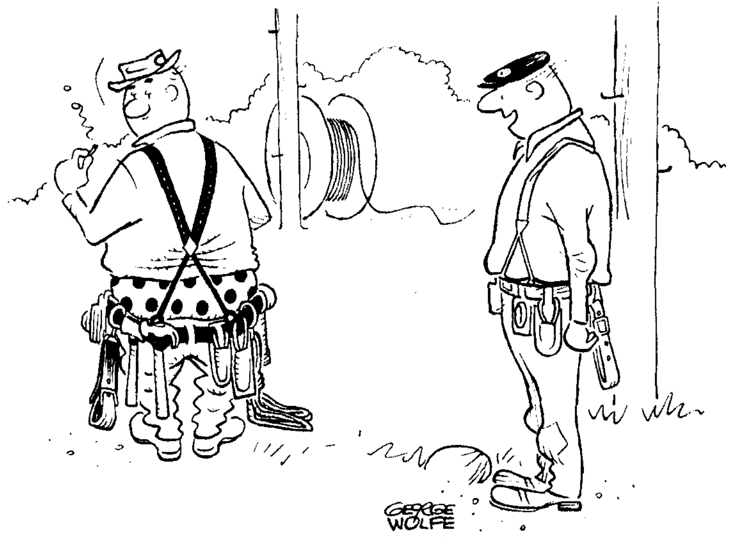
he arrived. Starkey had caught Joe poaching and, unable to make him obey and see reason, had tried to trounce him. It was a mistake, because Starkey had been soundly beaten: but after that they had become friends. They had hunted together on the ridges of the Urewera, and Starkey had been a constant visitor to the Harare home. It had been a shock to Joe when Starkey was suddenly transferred, and he was venting his anger on Barrington, who had taken his friend's place.

"Mr. Starkey was a nice man," Maria concluded sadly. "I am the schoolteacher here, and he liked to read. I used to lend him books. He would come down to our house in the evenings and we'd talk about all sorts of things."

Barrington nodded, and for a moment he felt a strange, unreasonable jealousy toward Starkey. "I'd better be going," he said. He looked at her and noticed for the first time that she was more than pretty, that her beauty was that of an Italian Madonna—olive-skinned, red-lipped, black-haired. Poor old Starkey, he thought.

"I must go," he repeated, and added almost wistfully, "perhaps I'll see you again soon."

BY THE time Barrington reached his jeep and climbed into it, the eyes of all the villagers seemed to be on him. He saw Tuoro sitting in the shade of the meetinghouse, puffing on his pipe and staring at him fixedly. Even the children stood by, hesitantly, not knowing whether to laugh or mock. Barrington felt the hostility deeply; he had wanted to be friends with these people, to become part of their lives while he was stationed in this lovely, isolated village. He could have hunted, fished and gossiped with them, played with their children, advised them regarding their problems. And there was Maria. Perhaps he too might have been able to borrow her books and talk with her on those lonesome winter evenings. A man needed something more than a sense of fulfillment of duty.



"Say, Pete—you'd better get stronger suspenders or else carry fewer tools!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Barrington left the jeep at his bungalow and, picking up his rifle, set off for the reserve on foot. It was now midday; the sun was at its height. With the birds singing, the livestock grazing in the fields, and everywhere the warm smells of summer, it was hard to believe he was going about a solemn duty rather than just taking a stroll.

The forest, with its silence and gloom, sobered him. He entered it from the main road, at the place where he had met Joe Harare, and he walked as quietly as possible, listening for the slightest sounds. He still had no definite idea about what he was going to do, except that he was going to bring Harare to justice—at gun point if necessary. He did not anticipate a gun battle, even after what Maria had told him; that was too preposterous for words. But he would have to be ready for it.

When a twig snapped, Barrington crouched and peered through the ferns ahead of him. It was a young hind, staring in his direction as she moved past, and he did nothing that would hasten her flight. If Harare was to be taken peaceably, he must have no warning.

IT WAS the cluck of a wood pigeon somewhere above him that made Barrington pause again and crouch. He peered about him, trying to remember if he had been in this spot before. Was there a trail near, or a clearing? Undecided for a moment, he stood up and stared at the treetops. As he did so, he started involuntarily at the thundering blast of a shotgun, so close that he imagined his own gun had accidentally discharged. But there was another shot, and this time he had plunged through the ferns before its echo had died away.

Joe Harare, a few yards away, was still in a squatting position, too surprised to move. Neither of them paid the slightest attention to the two birds that had fallen to the ground.

"I thought you were shooting at me," Barrington said breathlessly, covering him with his rifle.

The Maori grinned sardonically. "I might have—only for the *kereru*. They took all my attention." He got slowly to his feet. "You really got me this time, eh? You move about like a cat—or a rat!"

"Just leave your gun there," Barrington warned him. "It's empty anyway."

"What are you going to do?" Harare asked, laying (*Continued on page* 82)

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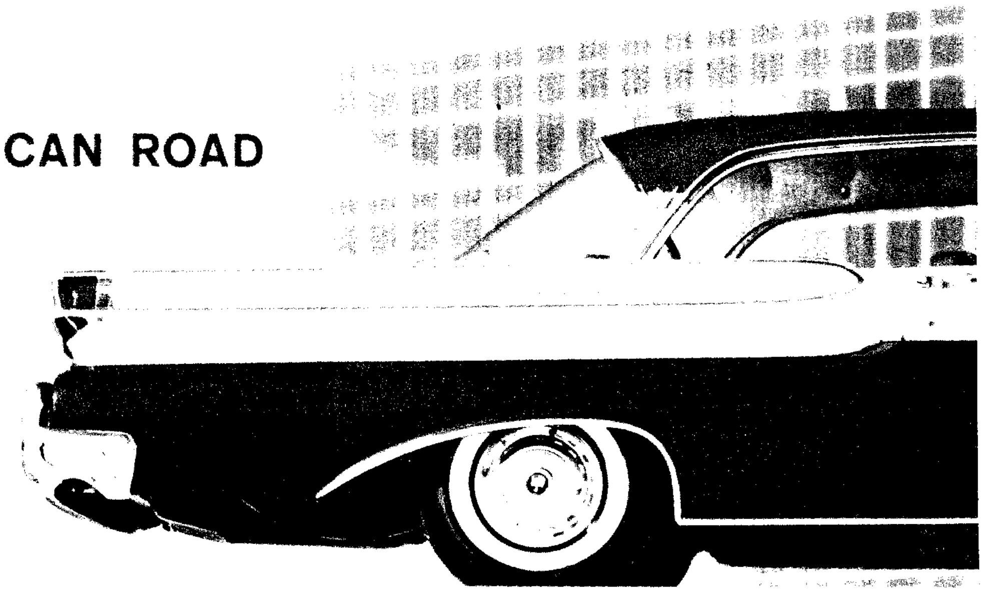

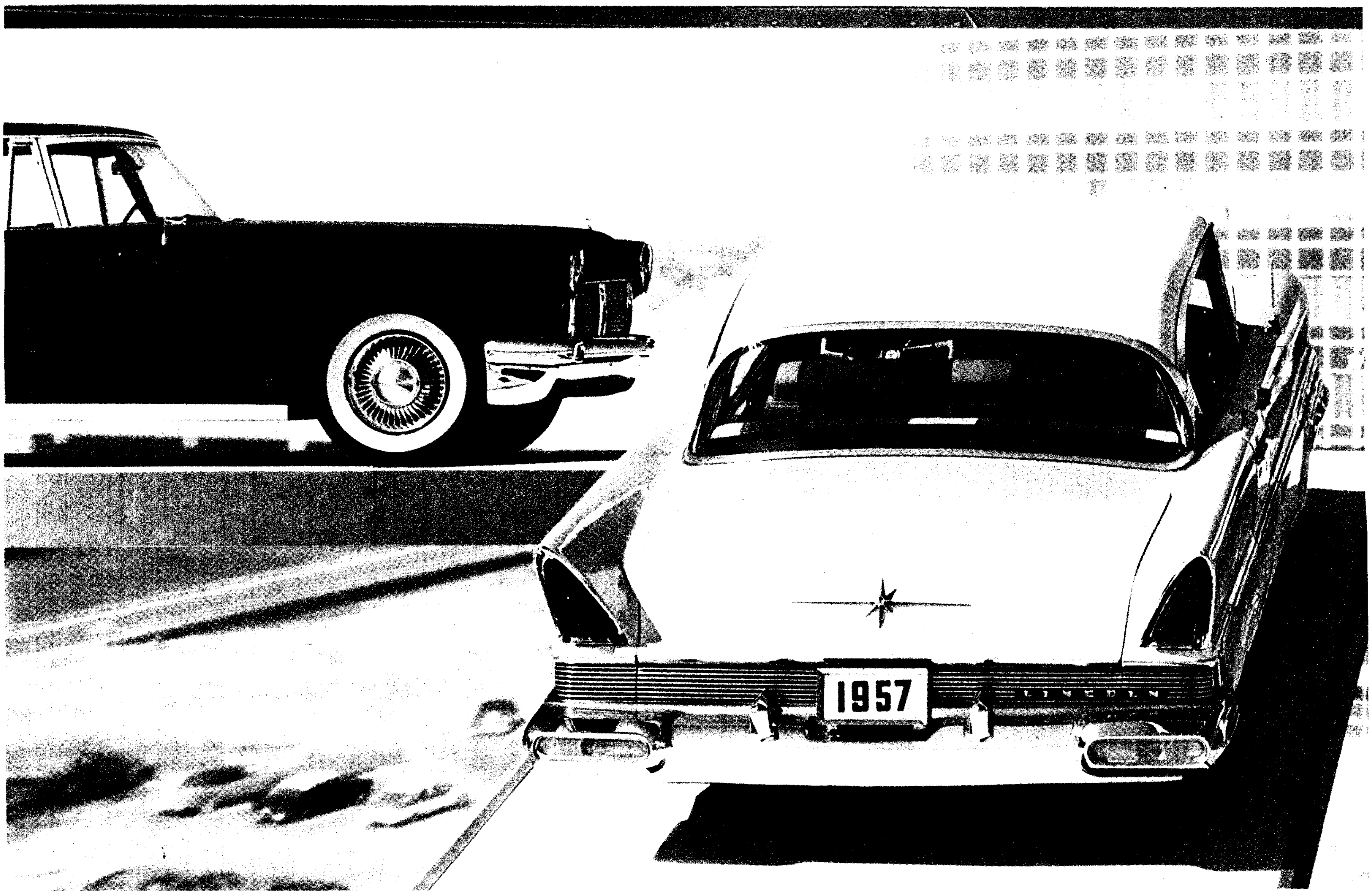
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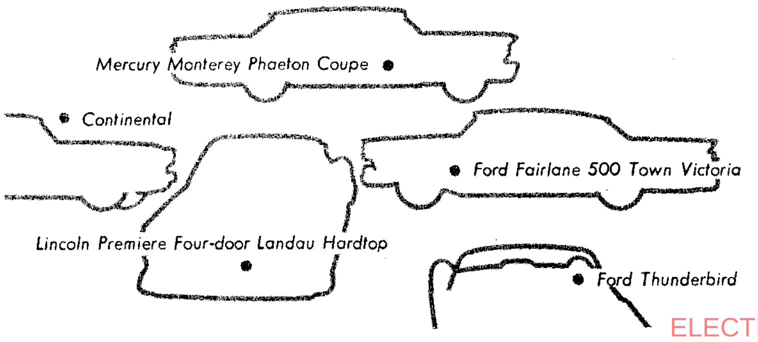
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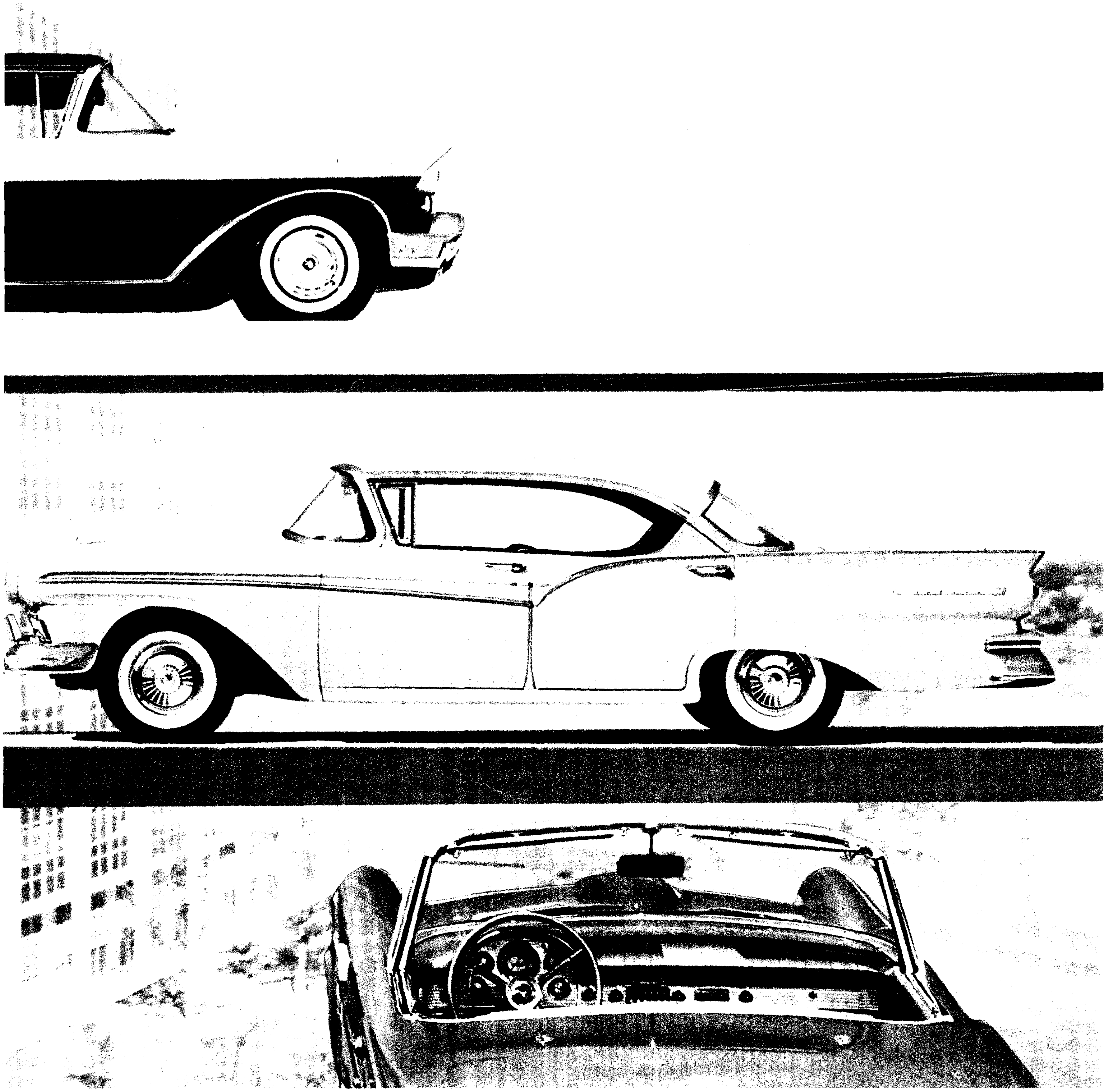

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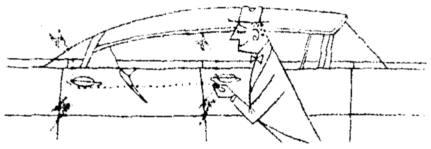

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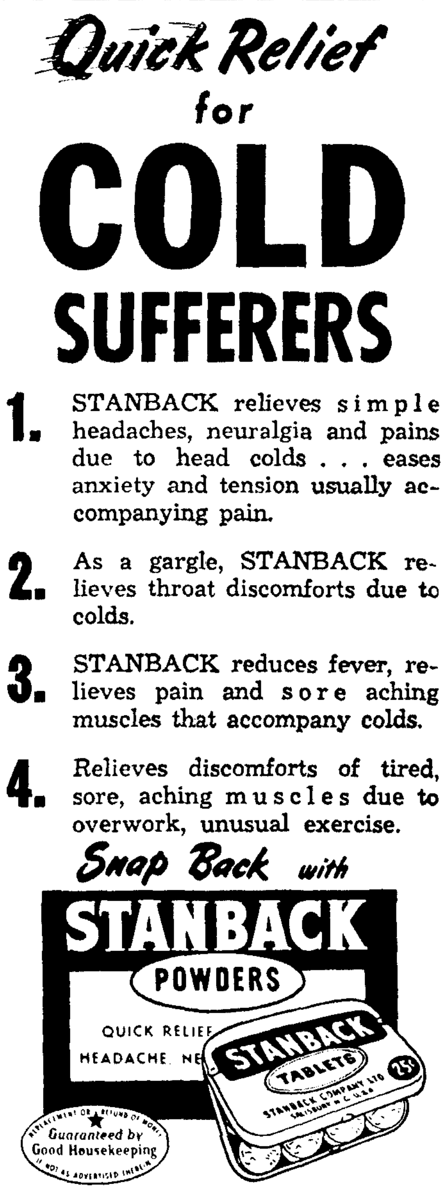
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(Continued from page 79) down his gun and folding his arms across his chest.

Barrington felt like a melodramatic fool, playing the stern forest ranger, but he had to carry on with his part. "Pick up those two birds," he said, "and put them in your hunting sack."

Harare grinned, without budging.

Barrington instantly jabbed the barrel of his rifle into the Maori's stomach. Harare's eyes blazed and he seemed about to spring, but he changed his mind. He went and retrieved the birds.

"Now, let's go," Barrington said, picking up Harare's shotgun.

Neither of them spoke again until they were walking down the main road, when Harare half turned and said: "I fix you properly one of these days."

"You'll get your chance soon," Barrington told him.

Later, when Harare found that they were not going to stop at the ranger's bungalow, he turned again: "I kill you when I come out of prison."

It was the humiliation that was bothering him, Barrington knew, especially now that they were approaching the village. Soon someone saw them coming, and the word spread quickly. A band of children joined them, wide-eyed and silent. The few villagers they passed stopped and stared incredulously. And by the time they reached the *marae* gate, quite a crowd had gathered. Tuoro and Maria were there, and when he saw his sister Harare showed the first sign of emotion. All the time he had walked with his head high, with bravado, like a soldier. Now he hung his head in shame.

BARRINGTON threw the two guns aside and began to take off his shirt. The dreadful silence around him was getting on his nerves, and he wanted to get the business over with. He faced Harare, and said: "You're a disgrace to the Maori race, Harare!"

It was as though Harare had been prepared for the challenge. He sprang forward, bringing down one of his fists with the speed and power of a lion's paw. Barrington warded off the blow with his arm, but the force of it knocked him off balance and sent him rocking backward. He took a stunning blow on the face then, and another, before he could get out of range and stand shakily on the defensive. His head rang with the blows and he tasted blood, but he was ready for the next rush. He stopped it with a left that made a sound like a whipcrack, jolting the Maori off his feet. Harare staggered back, now unsure of himself and showing it.

Barrington, his blood at boiling point, went in like a madman, pounding, flaying, forgetting the science of fighting; he wanted to smash this man like a fly under a mallet. He felt nothing as he struck time and again at the vague figure dodging in front of him. Then suddenly there was no one in front of him—nothing but a reddish mist. When it cleared, when the world stopped revolving, he saw the crowd of faces, the *marae* gate, the sun shining. Harare was at his feet, trying to get up. It was then that Barrington felt the pain in his face and the aching in his arms.

"Enough!" It was Tuoro who had spoken, coming between the two of them. Harare had finally got to his feet and was leaning on his sister's arm.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Barrington?" Tuoro asked, his face expressionless. "It was a good fight, and you won."

Barrington shook his head, pushing back his hair. "I'm satisfied personally," he said, "but the law isn't." He had meant to put it more tactfully, but he felt sick and shaken and in no mood for diplomacy.

There was a low murmur from the crowd, an expression of regret rather than anger because they were a fair people, and they knew what government meant: mostly punishment for the wicked.

"You will send him to prison?" It was Tuoro again, a trifle impatient.

Maria ran up to Barrington, touching his arm gently. "Please!" she said.

He glanced at Harare, who was staring at him and Maria in a surprised but not unpleasant manner. He might, in fact, have been smiling for all Barrington knew, though it was hard to tell with that beard. He didn't know what to make of the fellow.

"I have a suggestion," Barrington said finally, addressing them in general. "You have a Maori Tribal Committee here, which is responsible for internal law and order. I suggest that you put Joe Harare on trial; and I'll accept the decision, whatever it is. There the matter will end."

At the moment, Barrington had not thought it a brilliant idea at all; it had just occurred to him, and he had acted on it. There was a chance that it might do more good than harm; Harare would have got five years in a civil court, on the gun-threat charge alone.

But the Maoris were astonished.

Chief Tuoro held out his hand to the ranger, raised his ceremonial stick with the other, and began to address his people in Maori. All Barrington understood was the word *"pakeha,"* which occurred often. He gathered that it was all in praise of him: somehow he had made a hundred friends—and only one enemy, after all.

But while the chief was still speaking, Joe Harare came up and took Barrington by the arm, staring into his face. "You are a good *pakeha,*" he said shamefacedly. "Maybe someday you come and hunt on the ridges with me, eh?"

"Be glad to," Barrington said, solemnly shaking hands.

Joe Harare followed the rest of them to the meetinghouse, where he was to face an immediate trial. He seemed to have shrunk a little in size, and his shoulders were hunched.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Barrington," Maria said, still beside him. "You did the wisest possible thing."

To hide his embarrassment, Barrington gingerly touched his bruised face. "What will he get, do you think?"

MARIA frowned and lowered her eyes. "He is certain to get fined ten or twelve pounds, which is a lot of money. But that isn't all."

"No?"

She looked up at him. "The tribal elders are severe. They reach into the past and speak of ancient traditions. They are capable of arousing great shame. When my brother comes out of there, he will feel less a Maori. That will hurt him more than anything."

"I see." Barrington tried to smile. "But can't he make up for it?"

"Only by trying to be a good Maori," Maria said, and then they both smiled. "Yes, he will hunt elsewhere in future."

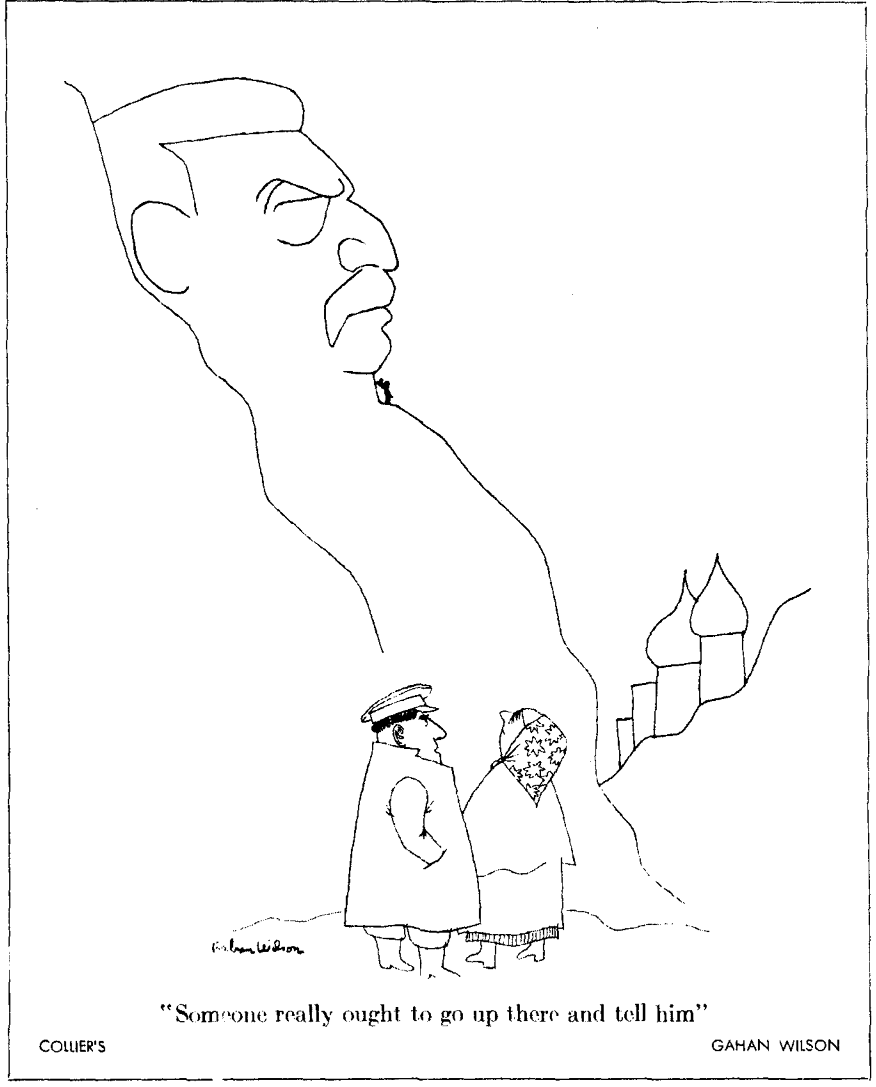
"I'd better be getting home," Barrington said and then paused. "Maybe I'll see you again?"

"Yes," said Maria. "You must come and visit us."

"Thanks, I will. Good-by."

He started off down the road toward his home. Just then, the village of Kerikeri looked lovelier than ever, and he knew he was going to be happy there. He was among friends.

—LARRY FINN



"Someone really ought to go up there and tell him"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

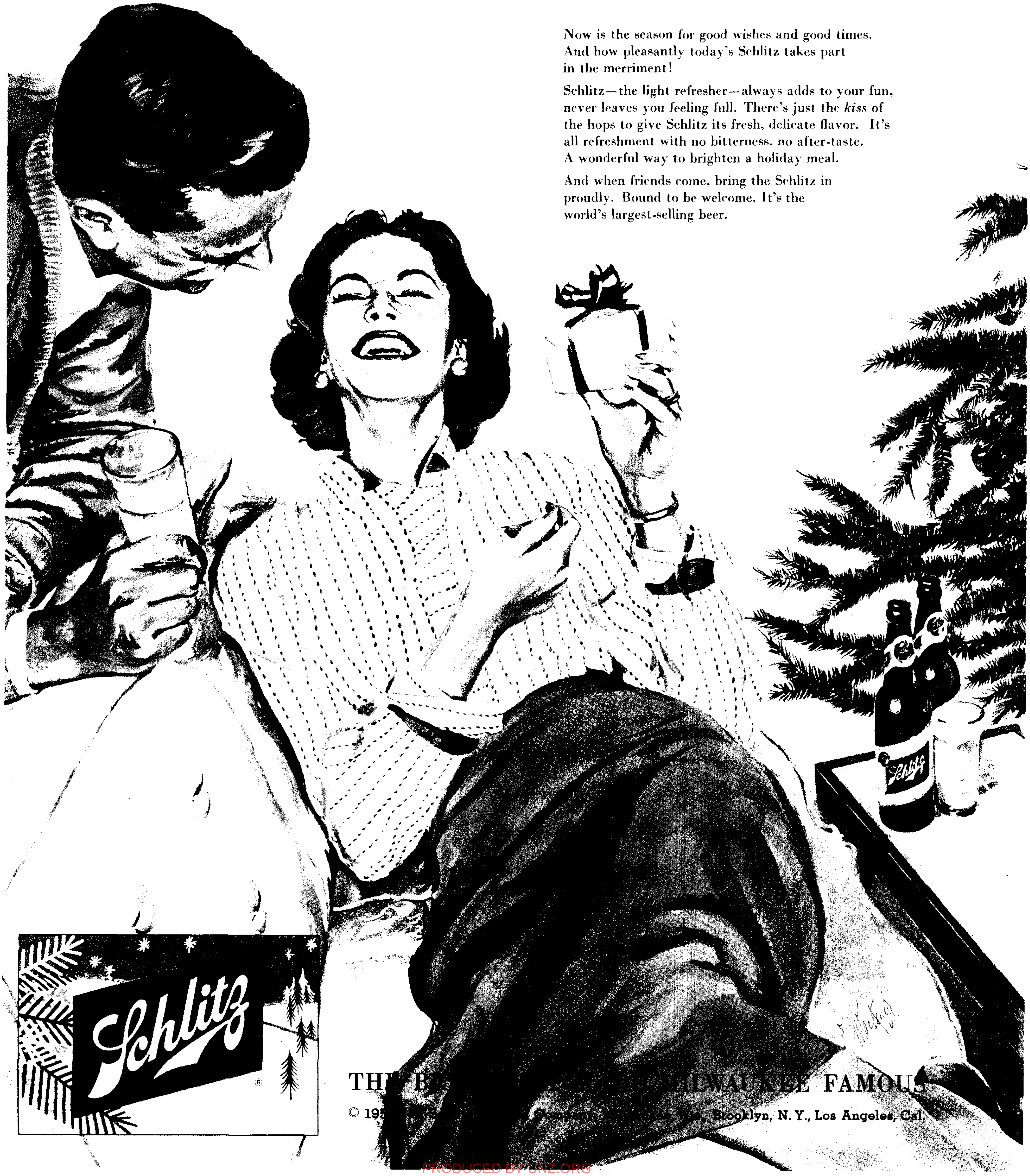
light refreshment

for your holidays

Now is the season for good wishes and good times. And how pleasantly today's Schlitz takes part in the merriment!

Schlitz—the light refresher—always adds to your fun, never leaves you feeling full. There's just the *kiss* of the hops to give Schlitz its fresh, delicate flavor. It's all refreshment with no bitterness, no after-taste. A wonderful way to brighten a holiday meal.

And when friends come, bring the Schlitz in proudly. Bound to be welcome. It's the world's largest-selling beer.



THE B[illegible] MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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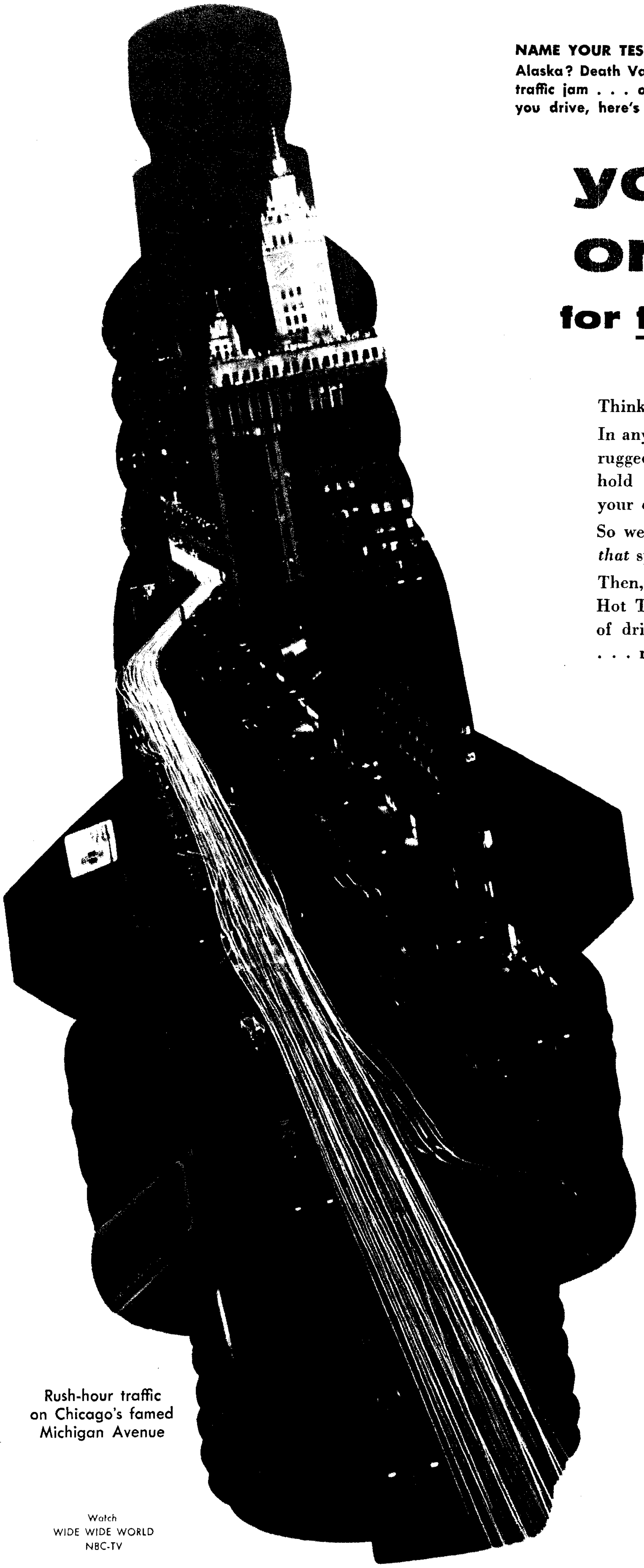

Rush-hour traffic
on Chicago's famed
Michigan Avenue

Watch
WIDE WIDE WORLD
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NAME YOUR TEST:
Alaska? Death Valley? Pikes Peak? Rush-hour traffic jam . . . or just around home? Wherever you drive, here's solid proof

you can bank on new ACs...

for full-mileage efficiency!

Think your kind of driving is about average? A lot tougher? In any event, you know that the spark plugs in your engine have a rugged job to do. And certainly your car rates spark plugs that hold their full efficiency between changes—as recommended by your car's manufacturer.

So we set out to prove again and again that new ACs are exactly *that* spark plug. Take a look at the kind of tests we've run.

Then, take the good advice of your AC retailer and install new AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs, engineered and *super*-tested for your kind of driving. You'll feel a smooth difference in power and pickup . . . notice fuel savings, too!

CHECK THESE PERFORMANCE TESTS

TRAFFIC CRAWL—Chicago . . . cold, blustery . . . traffic bumper-to-bumper. Special Hot Tip feature keeps AC Spark Plugs from fouling even under these extreme conditions.

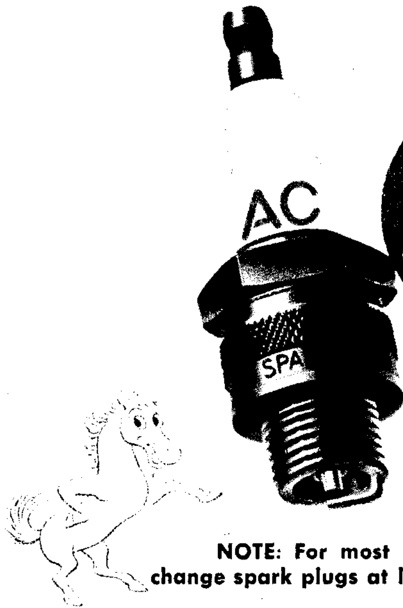
104° HEAT—Phoenix, Arizona . . . thermometer soars . . . desert-dry conditions. ACs operating at full efficiency. Exclusive insulator and shell design assures rapid heat dissipation.

20° BELOW ZERO—Fairbanks, Alaska . . . arctic conditions. AC Spark Plugs continue to fire perfectly through thousands of miles of driving.

14,000 FEET UP—Pikes Peak. Rate of climb, power and economy checks prove AC plugs retain efficiency. Under terrific engine pressures, AC's Conductaseal stops compression leakage.

BELOW SEA LEVEL—Death Valley . . . down to the lowest spot in America—altitude minus 282 feet. No misfiring; full power.

99% HUMIDITY—Louisiana bayou country. Despite extreme moisture AC Spark Plugs keep quick-starting ability, complete dependability.



GM
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hot tip
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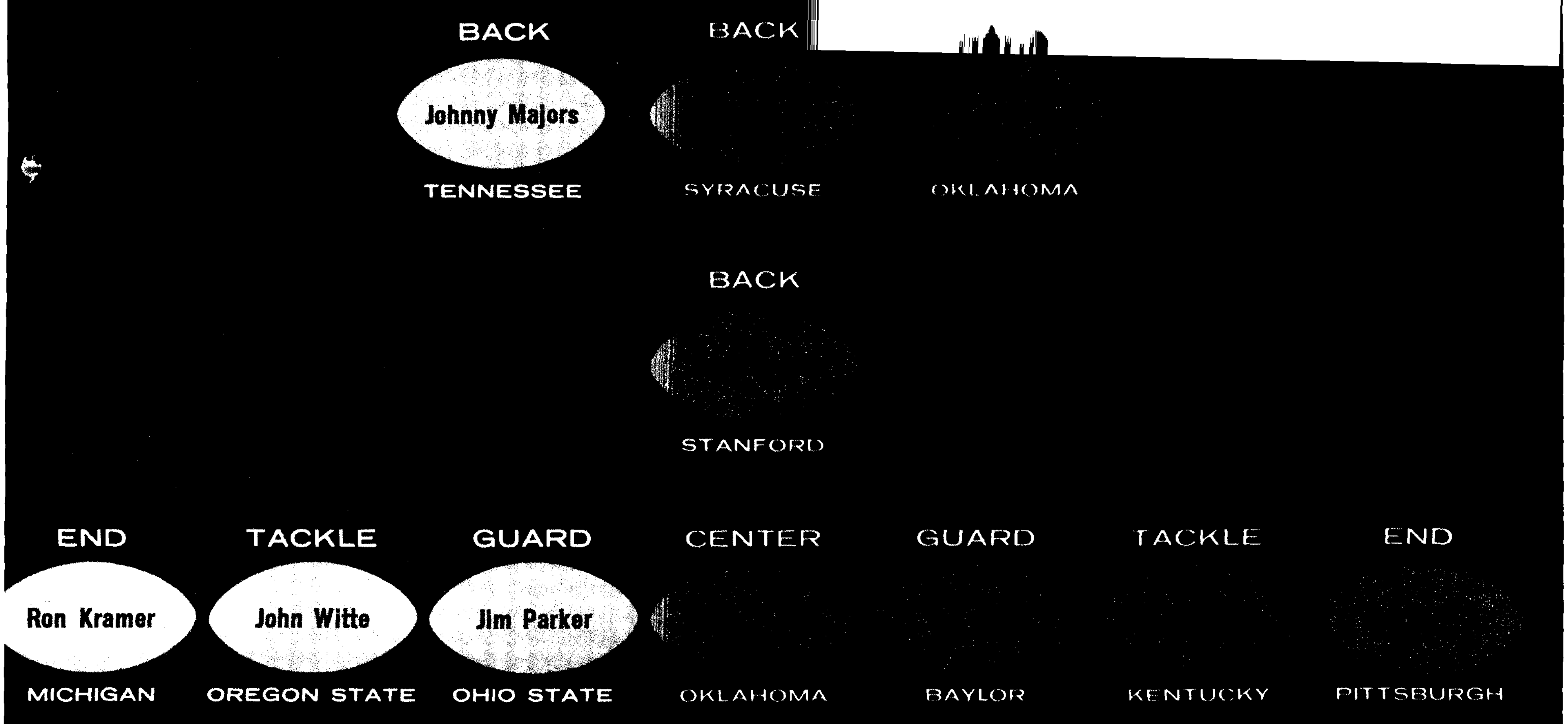
NOTE: For most efficient operation change spark plugs at least every 10,000 miles.

AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



The 67TH ALL-AMERICA

SELECTED BY THE AMERICA

By BILL FAY

Center Jerry Tubbs of Oklahoma is Player of the Year in college football. Tubbs, whose bulldozer blocking and terrific tackling (see page 93) anchored Oklahoma's powerful line, topped the nation's finest players in the balloting for the 1956 All-America selected by The American Football Coaches Association. Tubbs will receive one of football's most distinguished awards, the Walter Camp Memorial Trophy, named for the famed Yale coach who originated Collier's All-America tradition.

A total of 503 members of the Coaches Association took part in the balloting. Their votes reflected on-the-field observations, scouting reports and analyses of game movies. The balloting was co-ordinated by Collier's All-America board of famous coaches under the direction of Jess Neely of Rice.

Summarizing the balloting, Coach Neely reported: "There were more good backs this year than at any time in the last 10 years. The quality of line play was very high—particularly among the tackles. The ends were bigger, and they spent more time blocking and tackling than catching passes.

"The abundance of good backs and hard-blocking ends spotlighted the nationwide trend toward ball control. The powerhouse teams with good running backs stayed mostly on the ground, preferring to grind out touchdowns rather than risk loss of the ball on a pass interception."

A midseason leg injury ended the strong Player of the Year bid of Michigan State's triple-threat, Clarence Peaks. And Jon Arnett, Southern Cal's brilliant halfback, was another All-America casualty when a Pacific Coast Conference ruling limited his 1956 action to only five games.

Annual Walter Camp Trophy, awarded to Player of Year, goes to Oklahoma center Jerry Tubbs

ALL-AMERICA BOARD OF COACHES:

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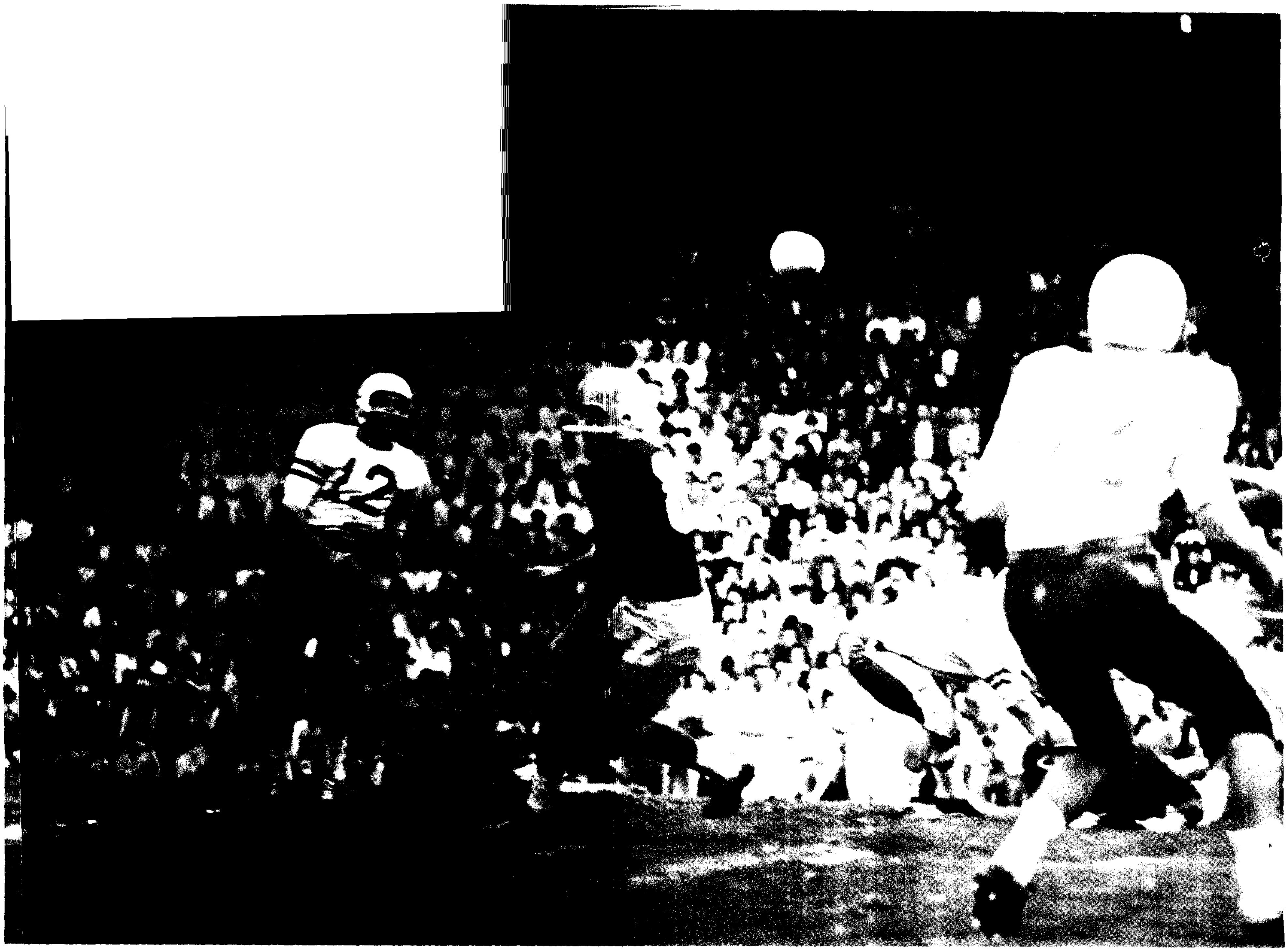
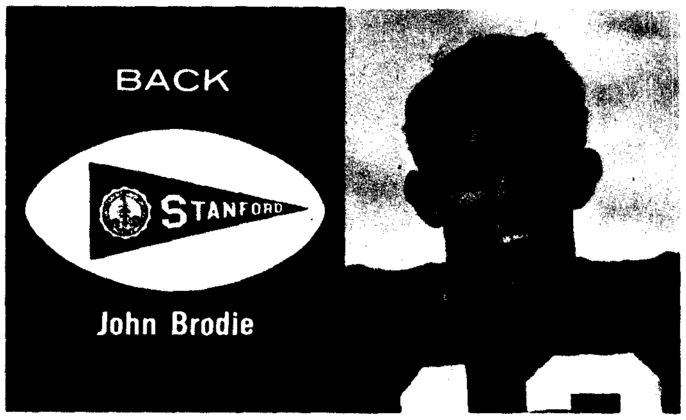


Stanford's brilliant T-quarterback John Brodie whips a perfect pass to halfback Paul Camera (32) during 21-7 win over Oregon. Brodie completed 11 of 21 passes in game. He was equally good against top intersectional rivals. In the Ohio State game, he completed an amazing 21 of 35 tosses



". . . best and most accurate college passer I've ever seen" —WOODY HAYES, Ohio State

". . . poised play caller, at best in the clutch as proved by way he rallied teammates from two-touchdown deficit to win over rugged Southern Cal . . ." —RED SANDERS, UCLA

John Brodie of Stanford won the All-America quarterback position by outpitching such talented performers as Paul Hornung of Notre Dame, Len Dawson of Purdue, Claude Benham of Columbia, Jimmy Harris of Oklahoma and Wade Mitchell of Georgia Tech.

Poise was Brodie's trade-mark. Unperturbed when Southern California grabbed a two-touchdown lead, John fired two scoring passes and plunged for another six-pointer as Stanford rallied for a 27-19 triumph.

The lanky T-wizard (six feet one inch and 190 pounds) turned in consistently brilliant performances, even when the Indians were outmanned by ranking powerhouses. His five pinpoint completions sparked a sensational 80-yard touchdown drive against mighty Michigan State; he riddled Ohio State through the air for 256 yards and two TDs, and pitched for 176 yards and one TD against UCLA.

Brodie was a star in basketball and baseball at Oakland (California) Technical High School, but barely made the football team as a skinny 160-pound quarterback. He entered Stanford without scholarship aid to study paleontology and "play a little golf." He's since switched to history and gets around a course in the low seventies on the Stanford varsity. Brodie is twenty-one and a senior.

ALL-AMERICA ON TV

You can see Collier's 1956 All-America team in person on the Ed Sullivan TV show, over the Columbia Broadcasting System, Sunday, November 25th, at 8:00 P.M. (Eastern Standard Time). Viewers living in areas where the show is retelecast on Kinescope film should consult schedules in their local newspapers for time and station

No runner in college football matched Jim Brown of Syracuse for sheer straightaway power. Brown (six two and 212) launched his hard-hitting campaign for All-America rating by grinding out 154 yards against Maryland's massive line, and kept right on churning for big yardage as Syracuse waded through one of the nation's toughest schedules.

Army tried to stop him with an overshifted defense keyed on a linebacker whose special orders were: "Stick with Brown on every play!" But that didn't work, either. Against the overshifted Cadets, Brown slashed for 125 yards in 22 tries, including a 36-yard run to set up the touchdown which accounted for the 7-0 Syracuse triumph.

"Jim won the game with his running and saved it with his tackling," declares coach Ben Schwartzwalder of Syracuse. "When Army halfback Gil Roesler broke into the clear in the fourth quarter, Brown made up ten yards and cut him down on our 17. A few plays later, Army had first down inside our seven, but Jim plugged the gaps and had a shoulder in four straight tackles as we stopped them just short of the goal line."

Brown also competes in basketball, track and lacrosse. He's the first letter man in four sports at Syracuse since famed big-league relief hurler Jim Konstanty. Brown didn't have time for college baseball, although he pitched a couple of no-hitters at Manhasset, New York, High School. He's twenty, a senior majoring in Recreation, and may play pro football for the New York Giants.

Other highly rated backs were: Jim Swink, TCU; C. R. Roberts, Southern California; Paige Cothren, Mississippi; Paul Rotenberry, Georgia Tech; Don Bosseler, Miami; Clendon Thomas, Oklahoma; John Bayuk, Colorado.

BACK

Jim Brown

"East's most powerful running back since Doc Blanchard ... accurate passer ... deadly extra-point kicker ... ripped our line for more than 100 yards" —RIP ENGLE, Penn State

"He just ran over everybody ..." —LOU LITTLE, Columbia

A bruising power runner, Jim Brown hits line for yardage in game with West Virginia. Jim put on a memorable show in pacing Syracuse to its 27-20 victory over the tough Mountaineers. He gained 165 yards in 22 carries, crashed over for two touchdowns and kicked three extra points

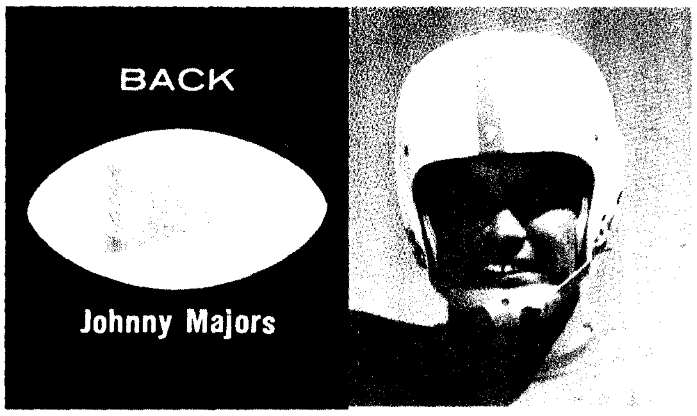
Johnny Majors, Tennessee's magnificent triple-threat tailback, twists and weaves for a long gain in the Auburn game. Majors almost singlehandedly deflated a good Auburn squad. He connected for two touchdown passes and went over the goal line once himself as the Volunteers triumphed 35 to 7

Southern coaches ranked Johnny Majors of Tennessee—a swirling breakaway runner, needle-sharp passer and fine kicker—on a par with such all-time great Dixie backs as Beattie Feathers, Ace Parker, Charlie Justice and Hank Lauricella. Coach Ralph Jordan of Auburn goes even further. "That Majors," Jordan insists, "is the greatest tailback I ever saw."

In addition to performing his triple-threat tailback duties in the Volunteers' potent single-wing offense, the versatile Majors (five ten and 165) also called the plays. As Tennessee coach Bowden Wyatt comments: "Johnny would have been just as terrific as the quarterback on a T-offense club because he's such a great passer—throws equally well from a pocket or on the run—and he mixes plays so brilliantly. He's got football sense."

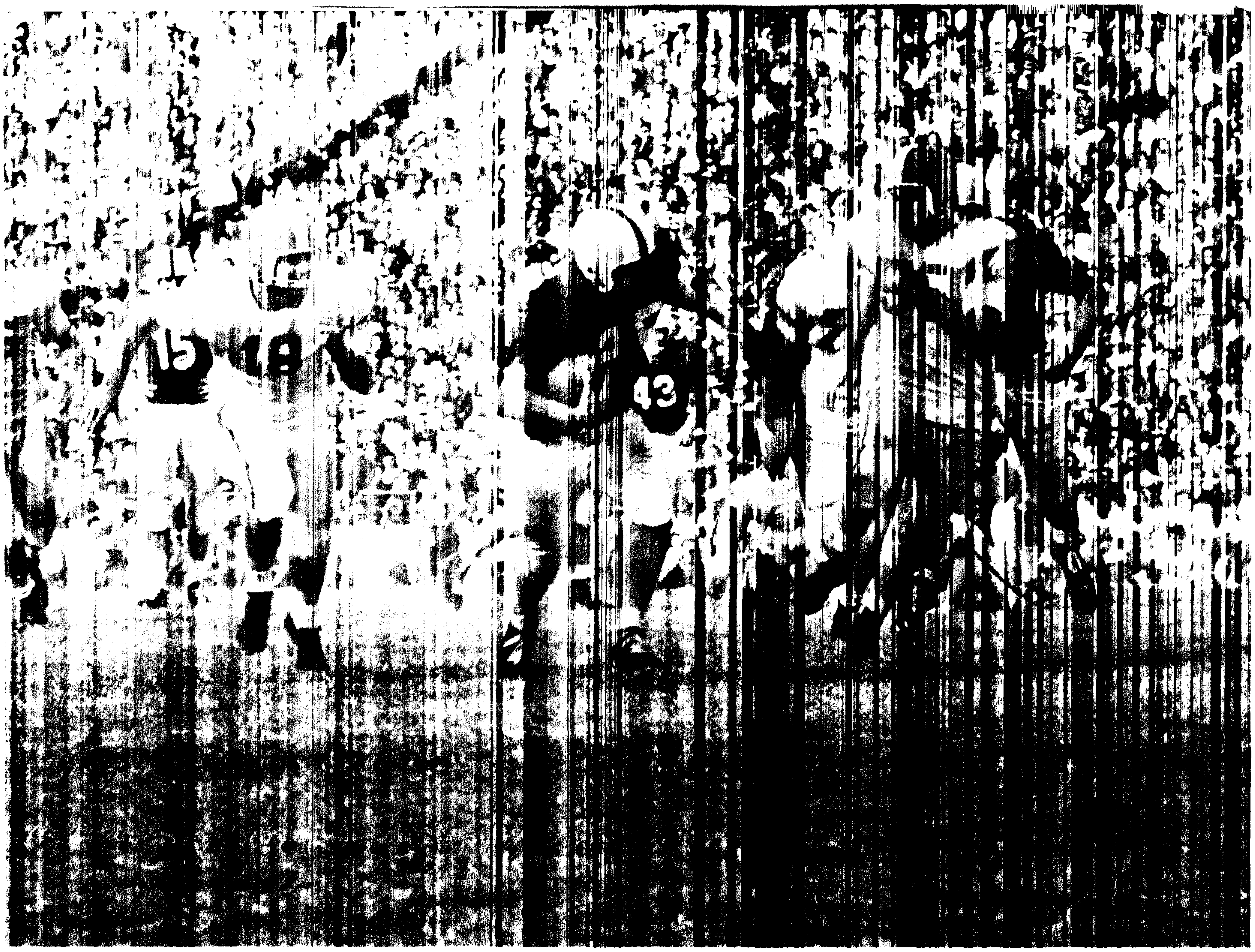
Although hampered for a spell by a shoulder injury, Majors staked his All-America claim early. While playing a total of only 38 minutes against Auburn and Duke, Johnny spearheaded Tennessee to triumphs by running 153 yards in 21 attempts, scoring three touchdowns and setting up two others. He also hit nine of 13 passes for 130 yards and two more TDs. As the season progressed, he was even more effective. He tossed three touchdown passes, for example, in the 34-7 win over Maryland.

Majors, a twenty-one-year-old senior majoring in education, is the son of the high-school grid coach at Huntland, Tennessee (population 303). Younger brother Joe quarterbacks at Florida State; still younger brothers Bill and Larry are tailbacks for *Coach* Majors at Huntland, where sister Shirley leads cheers; and youngest brother Bob, seven, already is busy learning tailback fundamentals. If a trophy were awarded to the family of the year in football, it would go to the Majors of Tennessee.



"Far and away the most versatile and consistent back in the South . . . a sure-fire All-American" —WALLY BUTTS, Georgia

"He can beat you three different ways—running, passing or kicking. Angles punts beautifully away from safety men and gets good distance" —BILL MURRAY, Duke



Tommy McDonald sprints past swarm of Texas defenders as he goes 4[illegible] yards for a touchdown. The shifty, speedy breakaway genius had a field day in the 45-0 Oklahoma triumph. He averaged more than eight yards a try for 16 carries, scored three touchdowns and completed the only pass he threw

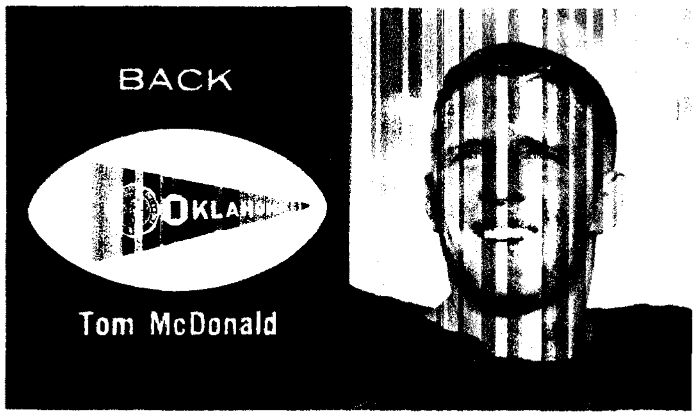
Oklahoma's famed option play worked like this: Quarterback Jimmy Harris took the snapback from center and started running to the right, waiting for the defensive end to commit himself. If the end held his ground, Harris cut inside and carried the ball off tackle; if the end crashed for Harris, Jimmy flipped a backward lateral to the trailing left half, Tommy McDonald.

Then McDonald had an option, depending on how the defensive halfback reacted. If the halfback stayed deep to cover potential pass receivers, McDonald kept on running with the ball around end; if the halfback rushed up to stop the run, McDonald fired an on-the-run pass to a receiver cutting into the vacated defensive zone.

This ability to pass accurately on the run made McDonald (five nine and 170) the nation's most effective split-T halfback and an overwhelming All-America choice. "It was plain suicide for that defensive back to move up before Tommy crossed the line of scrimmage and became ineligible to throw," says Sooner coach Bud Wilkinson. "Tommy completed upwards of 70 per cent of his running passes. He accounted for three touchdowns in our 27-19 win over a fired-up Colorado club that had us 19-6 at the half."

McDonald's versatility was demonstrated in Oklahoma's 40-0 rout of Notre Dame. Tommy sparked two touchdown drives by turning the Irish flanks, set up a third TD with a 49-yard aerial, and scored a fourth by running 55 yards with an intercepted pass. And he's consistent. Last fall, Tom even eclipsed the Sooner records set by the fabulous Billy Vessels, scoring at least one touchdown in every game.

McDonald lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He is twenty-two, a senior, and is majoring in industrial education.



BACK

Tom McDonald

". . . tremendous driver and virtually tireless . . . equally good on quick pops through the middle or turning the ends on the split-T option . . . fine defensive back, can go all the way with intercepted pass" —CHUCK MATHER, Kansas

". . . nation's fastest breakaway back" —DALLAS WARD, Colorado

Husky Joe Walton (87) comes roaring out of the line to lead interference for Pitt ball carrier against Duke. A strong blocker and tackler, Joe also nabbed two touchdown passes in his team's 27-14 victory. The next week he made a circus catch in end zone to provide winning margin over Oregon

END
PITTSBURGH
Joe Walton

"*Smart, resourceful and powerful enough to go full 60 minutes at top speed . . . great hands . . . caught every pass that came within reach*" —BEN SCHWARTZWALDER, Syracuse

"*. . . unmatched at smashing end runs*" —BILL MURRAY, Duke

Since the repeal of the unlimited substitution rule three years ago, there has been a pronounced trend toward the use of brawnier and burlier ends. Pass-catching specialists have virtually disappeared, to be replaced by rugged two-way flankers who can add blocking punch to the attack and also stand up against the battering of power runners on defense.

Collier's All-America ends, Joe Walton of Pitt and Ron Kramer of Michigan, thrived on rugged duty. Walton (five eleven and 205) was the standout in a Pitt line rated the strongest in the East. "We use a crashing defense," says coach Johnny Michelosen, "and our ends do most of the crashing. Their job is to bust up the interference, get the ball carrier if possible.

"Naturally, they absorb plenty of punishment, but Walton could really take it. In our tough battle with Syracuse, for example, when our line held Jimmy Brown to 52 yards (and what a powerhouse that boy is!) Walton played 54 minutes and caught the TD pass which provided our 14-7 victory."

The touchdown pointed up the fact that Walton was an extremely effective pass receiver in addition to lending solid blocking support to Pitt's T. Last year he led collegiate receivers in scoring with eight touchdowns. Perhaps his top '56 performance was ironically in a losing cause against Minnesota. He grabbed an end-zone pass to tie the score. Then, after the Gophers went ahead 9-6, he ran 77 yards for an apparent last-minute victory only to have the TD nullified by a penalty.

Walton is the son of the late Frank (Tiger) Walton, star Pitt tackle of the early 1930s. He is a senior, twenty-one, holds a B-plus average in predental studies, and lives in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania.

Ron Kramer (six three and 220) of Michigan won All-America end recognition for the second straight year by doing everything an end can be expected to do—and a lot more. Ron provided the crunching blocks needed to make Michigan's tackle smashes effective off the single wing. He was rated the Big Ten's finest receiver; he boomed kickoffs into the end zone, converted extra points consistently, and shared punting assignments (one of Ron's boots traveled 57 yards).

Kramer's offensive skills were more highly publicized, but it was Ron's defensive qualities which particularly impressed rival coaches. As Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State points out: "We never moved the ball consistently against Michigan, even though we capitalized on two breaks—a pass interception and a fumble recovery—to win, 9 to 0. We couldn't even make a first down in the first half—mostly because Kramer jammed the tackle hole where we like to run. We put two blockers on him but they couldn't move him."

Kramer incurred a painful fracture of a small bone in his left hand during the Michigan State game, but the injury didn't prevent him from making a leaping, taped-hand catch on a 57-yard pass play against Army the following Saturday. "It was a typical Kramer effort," comments coach Bennie Oosterbaan; "Ron always came through in the clutch."

Kramer lives in Detroit. He is twenty-one and expects to enter the Air Force for pilot training after graduation next June.

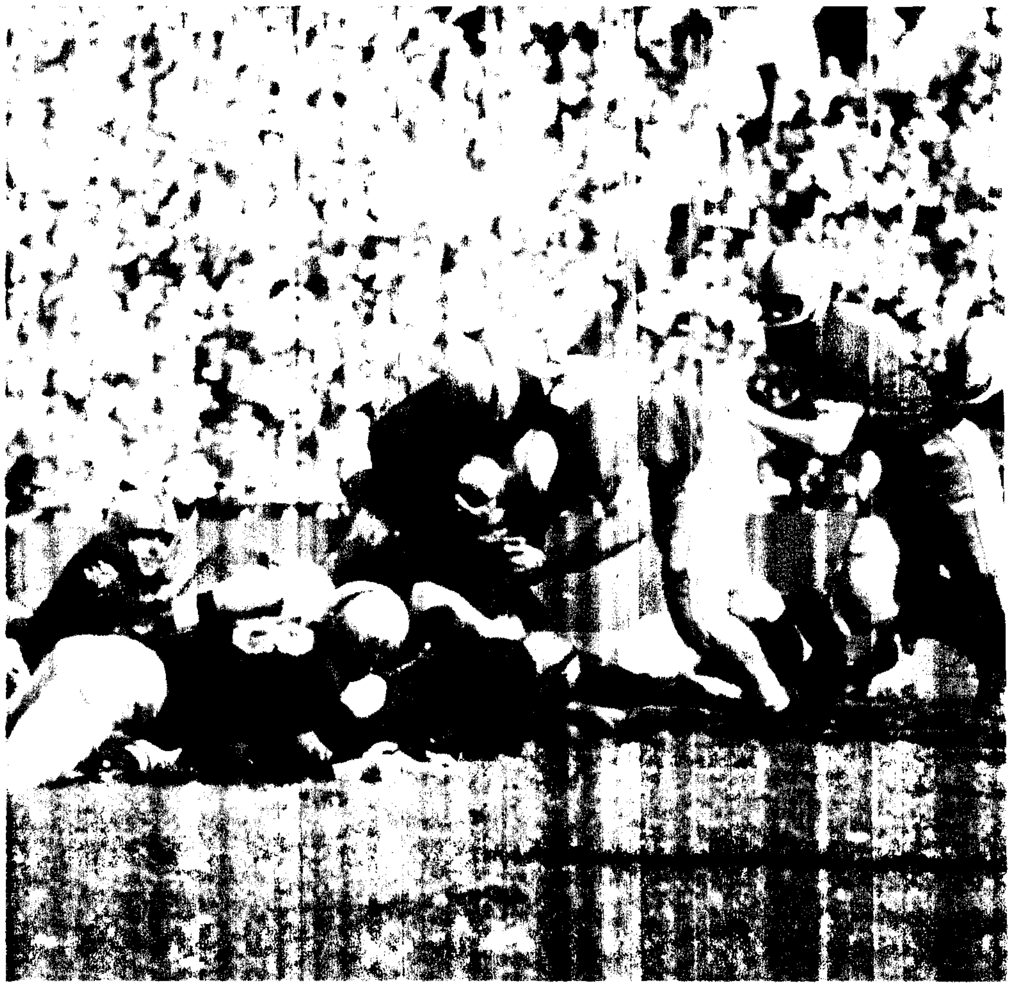
Kramer and Walton won out over Lamar Lundy of Purdue, Jerry Leahy of Colorado, Buddy Cruze of Tennessee and Frank Gilliam of Iowa.

END
MICHIGAN
Ron Kramer

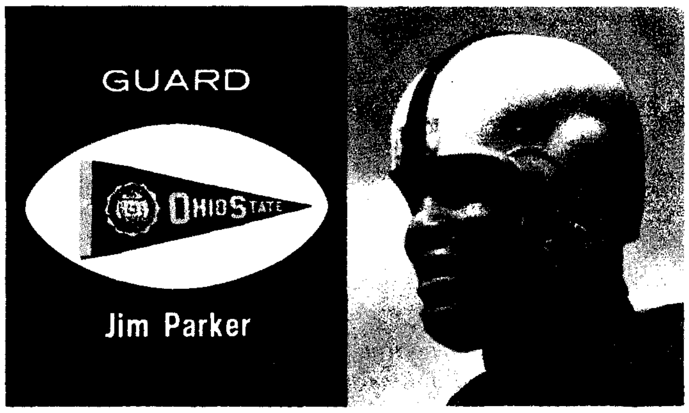
". . . magnificent competitor . . . gave us more trouble, both offensively and defensively than any other lineman we faced . . ." —DUFFY DAUGHERTY, Michigan State

"Unmatched speed, power and aggressiveness . . . could have been star at any position . . . one of the all-time great ends" —RAY ELIOT, Illinois

Ron Kramer, who again this year was a tremendous all-around performer, buttonhooks past the Michigan State defenses to take a pass. His work in tense Iowa game was typical. He kicked a field goal and two extra points in 17-14 triumph that knocked the Hawkeyes from unbeaten ranks



Burly Jim Parker (62) brings down an Illinois runner with a crunching tackle. Parker hounded the Illinois backfield all day spearheading Ohio State to 26-6 win



"Never budged an inch on defense and a powerful blocker . . . worth man-and-a-half in a goal-line defense . . ."

—BERNIE CRIMMINS, Indiana

Big Jim Parker (six three and 256) of Ohio State was an overwhelming All-America guard choice, and Bill Glass (six five and 230) of Baylor won the other All-America guard nomination in a close balloting race against Bill Krisher of Oklahoma, Stan Slater of Army, Charley Duck of Mississippi, Lou Lovely of Boston University and Sam Valentine of Penn State.

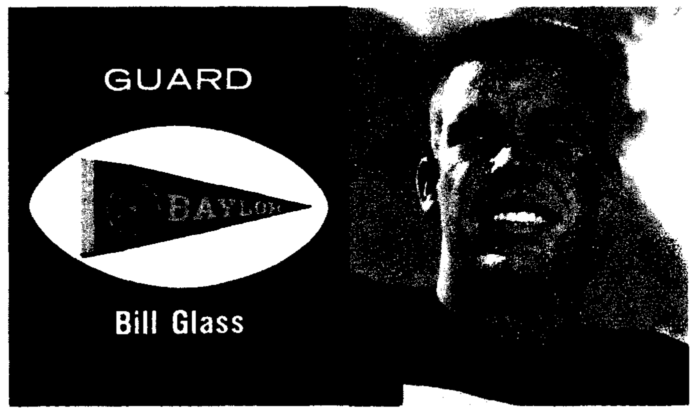
Parker has been a line star since he stepped in as a sophomore regular and bulwarked the rugged forward wall which led unbeaten Ohio State to a share of the 1954 national title. Last fall, Parker's blocking powered the Buckeyes to their second straight Big Ten crown. "And this season," reports coach Woody Hayes, "Jim's tremendous straightaway charge kept us rolling even though we were meeting defenses stacked to stop our running attack. Jim was fast enough to handle downfield blocking chores, too."

"We couldn't move him on defense," declares Illinois coach Ray Eliot, "and his tackles produced fumbles. The way Jim separated our Bobby Mitchell from the ball was the turning point of the game. The score was tied 6-6. Three plays later Ohio State took the lead for good."

Parker, one of six children, grew up in Macon, Georgia, and moved in 1951 to Toledo, Ohio, where his work as a senior tackle on the Scott High School team immediately attracted Midwestern talent scouts. Jim spent a few days on the Michigan campus before settling down at Ohio State. "I had a nice big hotel room and all that at Michigan," Parker remembers, "but I got sort of lonesome. Nobody came around to show me the campus. Then I came down to Ohio State and Woody showed me the campus, *and* Mrs. Hayes had me over to dinner. Felt like they really wanted me . . . so I came." Michigan was out and Ohio State in an All-American.

Parker, who's twenty-two, is a senior in physical education. He is married and became the father of a daughter before the Illinois game.

Glass, who shares All-America guard honors with Parker, started out as a center in 1954, moved to tackle last season, and attained All-America stature this fall as a hard-hitting middle guard. "Bill hits with terrific impact," says coach Sam Boyd of Baylor. "He literally knocked out two players in our game with Maryland—fullback Tom Selop with a head-on tackle, and center Gene Alderton on a block you could hear downtown." Bill is a brother of Vernon Glass, star quarterback of Rice's 1949 Southwest champions. He's a twenty-one-year-old senior, lives in Corpus Christi, and is studying for the Baptist ministry.

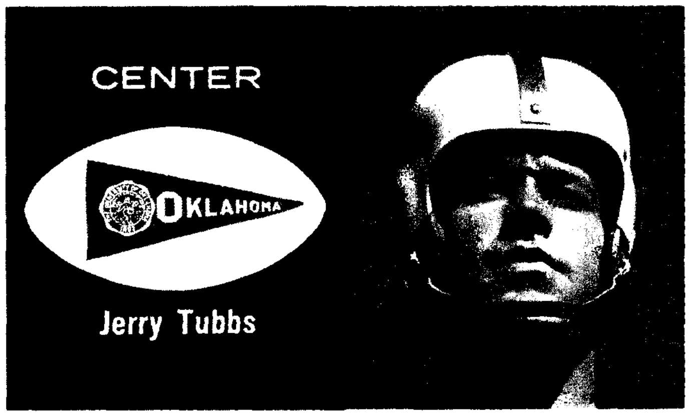


"A middle guard who really jammed up the middle area . . . unusually strong and tenacious . . . got in on at least half the tackles"

—LYNN WALDORF, California

"Best lineman in the Southwest" —JESS NEELY, Rice

Maryland fullback Jack Miller is going no place as big Bill Glass (55) plugs opening. Glass made key tackle to stop the best Terp drive in 14-0 Baylor win



"A jolting tackler with wonderfully quick reactions on pass defense . . . just too rugged to play with college boys"

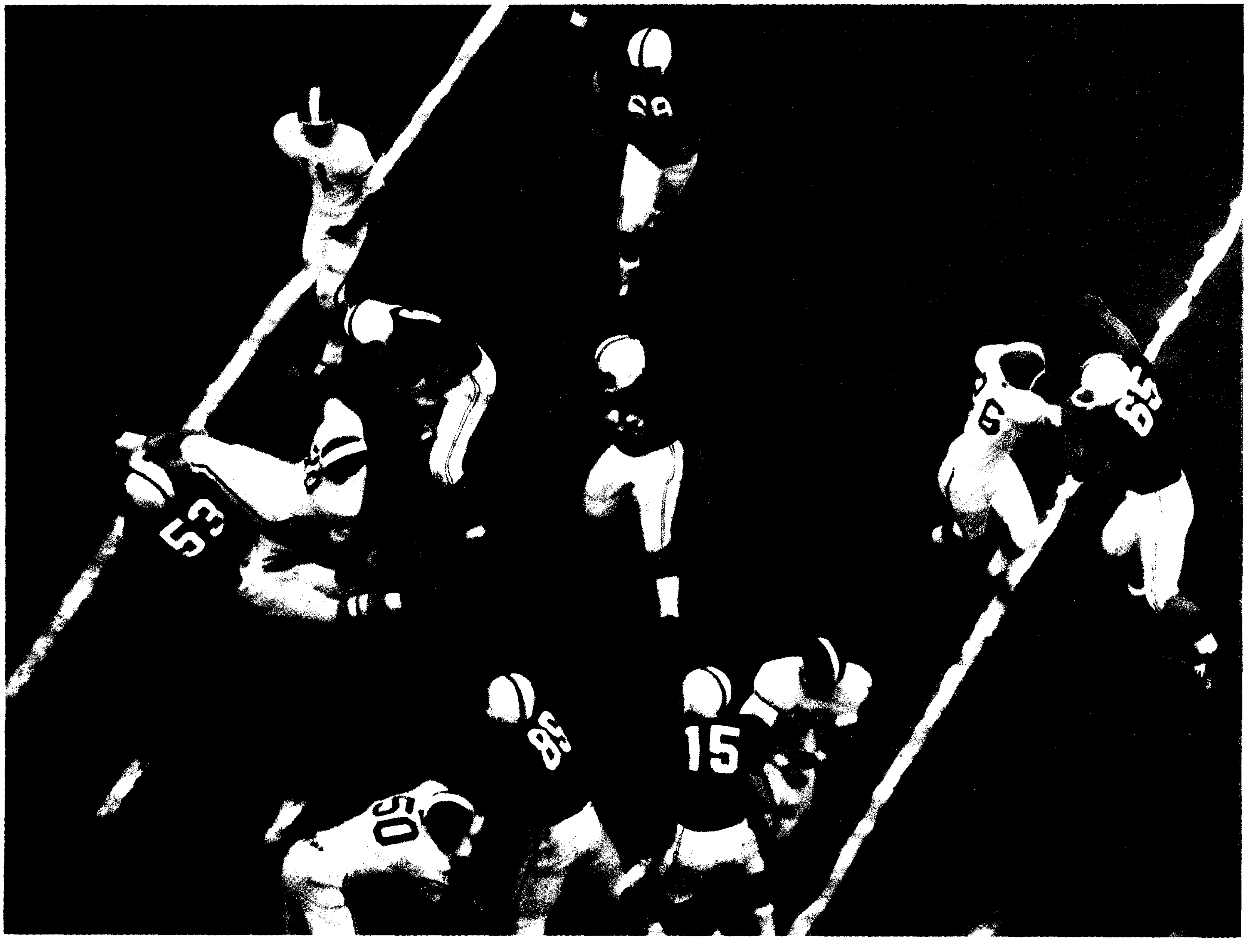
—JIM TATUM, North Carolina

Although Oklahoma teams are famous for their high-scoring split-T offense, coach Bud Wilkinson actually puts defensive considerations first in picking personnel. Two years ago, when the Sooners lacked a fullback who could back up the line in keeping with Wilkinson's exacting standards, Wilkinson turned the job over to sophomore Jerry Tubbs. An all-state high-school center from Breckenridge, Texas, Tubbs had no ball-carrying experience but he was a slam-bang tackler with a knack for diagnosing enemy plays. ("You can teach a boy to carry the ball," says Oklahoma line coach Gomer Jones, "but he has to be born with the instinct to follow the ball on defense.")

Tubbs (six two and 205) learned how to carry the ball. He averaged 6.1 yards and fumbled only twice in 10 games as the Sooners went undefeated. When the fullback situation improved last season, Wilkinson returned Tubbs to center and Jerry's solid blocking helped power the Sooners to another unbeaten year. This fall, his tremendous all-around play made him a virtually unanimous All-America center selection.

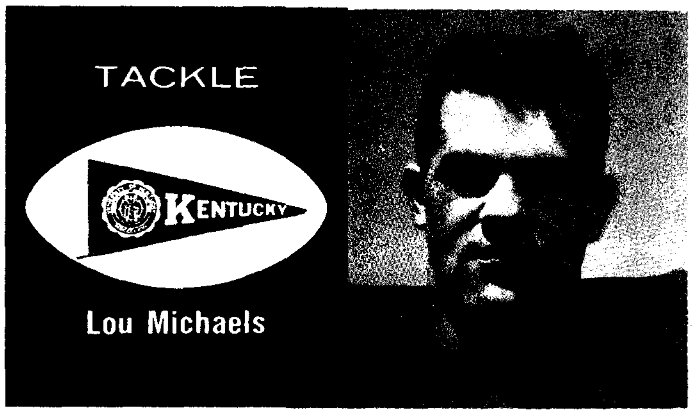
Tubbs, a twenty-one-year-old senior, was co-captain of the '56 Sooners with tackle Ed Gray. He is an honor student, majoring in economics.

The coaches also cited John Matsko of Michigan State, Jim Matheny of UCLA, Dan Radakovich of Penn State and Ed Sullivan of Notre Dame.



In a typical display of his skill, Player of the Year Jerry Tubbs (53) dumps Texas quarterback Jim Moffatt with a diving tackle to break up intended pass play

Lou Michaels (79) leaves would-be blocker sprawling during 14-to-7 victory over Georgia as he turns in a running play and fights on to try for the tackle



"Most aggressive lineman in Southeastern Conference . . . blocked everybody in front of him and was scarcely taken out of a play on defense" —BOB WOODRUFF, Florida

"Fast. Very effective rushing passer . . ." —SHUG JORDON, Auburn

John Witte of Oregon State and Lou Michaels of Kentucky earned All-America tackle honors over a rugged field, including Paul Wiggin of Stanford, Earl Leggett of Louisiana State, Bob Pollock of Pitt, Bob Hobert of Minnesota, Carl Vereen of Georgia Tech and Ed Gray of Oklahoma.

Witte (six two and 232) ranks as the Northwest's strongest lineman since huge Herman Clark was playing for Oregon State in 1951. Clark currently is an All-Pro guard for the Chicago Bears.

Although Witte was a tremendous blocker, his defensive work was even more remarkable. "John was so strong that opposing teams ran most of their stuff *away* from him," reports his coach, Tommy Prothro.

"Yet he came up time and again with pursuit tackles. Early in our 21-7 win over UCLA, they got marching on reverses. The second time they reversed away from Witte, he slid along the line of scrimmage, brushing off blockers, and smeared Lou Elias for no gain. It takes a mighty quick lineman to pick off fast backs that way."

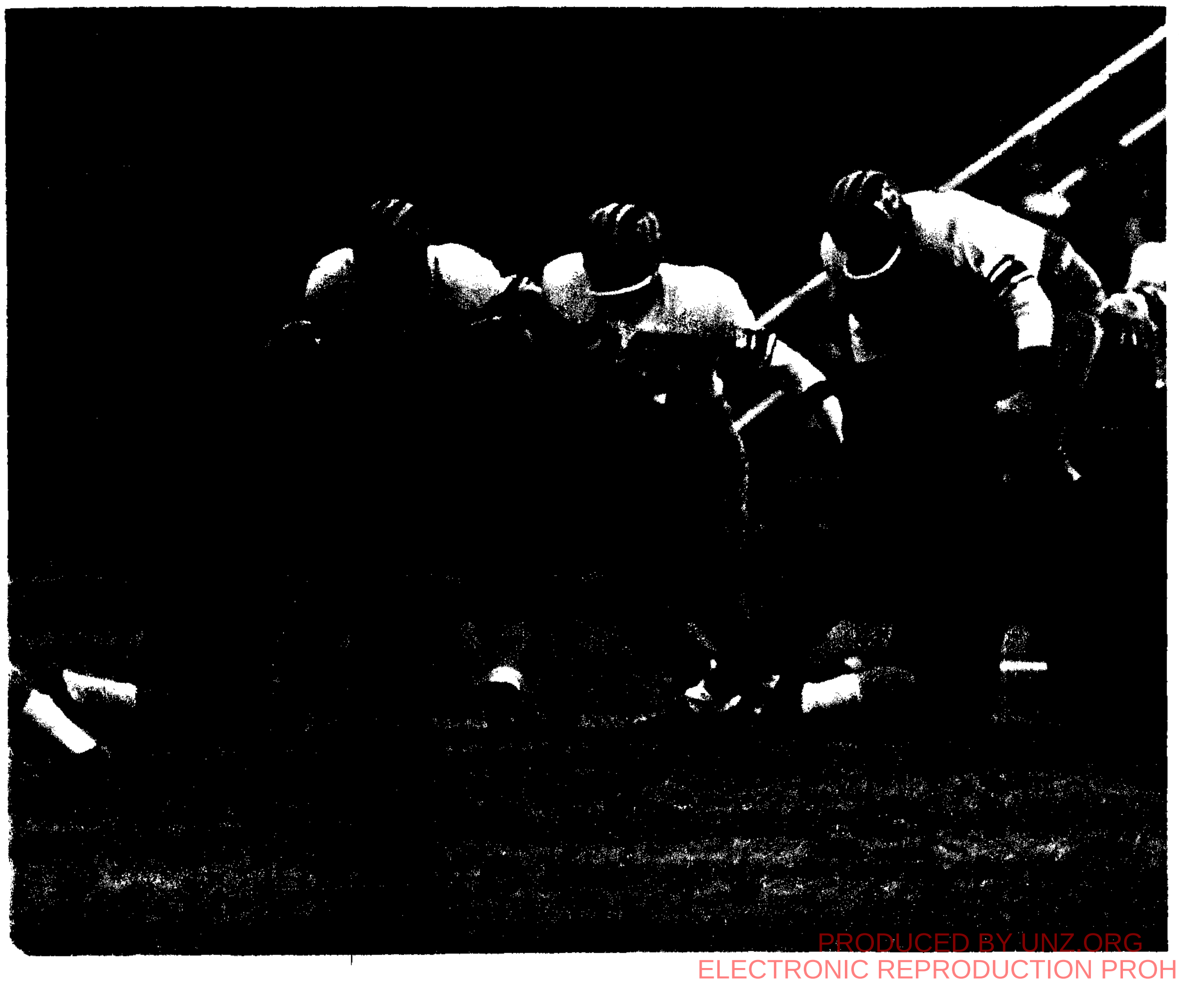
Witte started his varsity career in 1952, then put in two years of military duty in Alaska. "I grew two inches and gained 20 pounds," he says, "making me a lot stronger when I got back into action in '55."

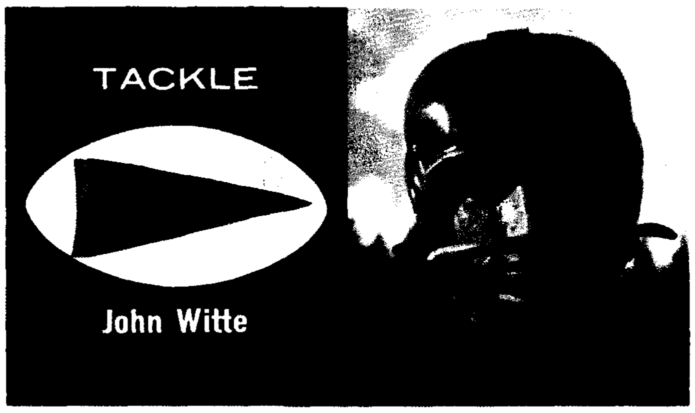
Stanford found this out the hard way. "The Indians had a first down on our one-yard line," Prothro remembers. "They ran three straight plays at Witte and ended up back on the two. That was the turning point and we went on to a 10-to-0 upset."

John is twenty-three, earns above-average grades in education and lives in Klamath Falls, Oregon. For the last two years he's worked as an apprentice mortician in a Corvallis funeral parlor. After watching Witte lay out a Southern Cal line-backer with a thumping block, a press-box observer commented: "That kid hits like he's looking for clients."

Lou Michaels of Kentucky, who shares All-America tackle honors with Witte, won the solid backing of Southern coaches off his standout performances in game after game—and especially against powerful Georgia Tech. "Michaels ruined every running play that came near him," admits Engineer coach Bobby Dodd, "and his 61-yard punt on-the-fly from Kentucky's end zone was one of the greatest pressure kicks I've ever seen. We won, 14 to 6, but Michaels was the best football player on the field."

Lou is twenty-one, a junior, and lives in Swoyersville, Pennsylvania. He's a brother of Walt Michaels, star line-backer for the Cleveland Browns.





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By HUGH PENTECOST

A big-time mobster threatens vengeance—and touches off a chain reaction that ends in murder an American mystery

EDDIE MADDEN sat in the basement of the Shropshire Building, muttering to himself. Ordinarily the Sunday-night stretch of duty was one he looked forward to. The women who cleaned the offices were usually through by nine in the evening at the latest. That meant that after nine o'clock he could settle down in his snug quarters in the basement, listen to the radio and drink a little beer.

It was almost nine now, and he was waiting for the last of the cleaning women to signal him from the seventeenth floor that they were ready to be brought down. The trouble was that on this particular Sunday there were two people working in the offices of Cuyler, Trent & Leland on the fourteenth floor, and there was no telling when they'd decide to go home.

The signal came from the women on the seventeenth floor, and Eddie went up for them in the elevator. As the car passed the fourteenth floor, he thought he heard an unusual sound—a sort of thumping. He couldn't place what it was. At the seventeenth, three elderly women carrying mops and pails got into the car, and Eddie started down. As they passed the fourteenth floor he heard the thumping sound again. He thought maybe they were building something in the Cuyler, Trent & Leland office—bookshelves or something. He muttered to himself that they'd probably be at it all night.

The women got out in the basement and went to the lockers where they kept their street clothes. Eddie stood in the elevator glancing upward, thoughtfully. The people in the office up there were the big boss himself—the famous Warren Cuyler—and a young woman lawyer who worked for him.

"They wouldn't be likely to be building no bookcases," Eddie told himself. "Not them two."

He started to go to his room for a swig of beer, but something made him stop. Maybe he ought to make sure about that thumping. This unusual sense of responsibility made him mad at himself. Muttering, he closed the car door and started up.

At the fourteenth floor Eddie got out of the car, hooking the door back so it wouldn't close. The thumping was very loud now—and it came from the main entrance to Cuyler, Trent & Leland. It sounded like someone pounding on the door from the inside. Eddie went to the door. "Hey, is somethin' wrong in there?" he shouted.

"Thank Heaven!" a man's voice said from the other side of the door. "Is that you, Madden?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Cuyler."

"Get this door open. Have you got your passkey?"

"You don't need a key to get it open from the inside, Mr. Cuyler."

"I know that—but I can't get it open. Do something!"

Eddie fished the ring of passkeys out of his hip pocket, selected the right one and put it in the door lock. He turned it and pulled on the handle. Nothing happened.

"It ain't bolted on the inside or something, is it, Mr. Cuyler?"

"No!"

"Well, I got the catch released. Push, sir."

The door shivered as the man on the inside seemed to hurl his body against it—shivered, but didn't budge.

"That's crazy," Eddie said. "Try again, sir."

Eddie tried pulling out at the same time, but the door wouldn't open. Eddie lowered his head and yanked. And then he saw. Three small rubber doorstops were wedged under the door from the outside. The more they pushed and pulled, the tighter the door wedged shut.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Cuyler. I see what it is," Eddie said.

This was crazy, he told himself as he tugged at one of the doorstops. Why

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

WARREN CUYLER	The hunted hero
GLORIA SPENCE	His adoring secretary
BETSY COLLUM	Switchboard operator
SARAH MOFFAT	Office manager
PORTIA DENMARC	Beautiful lawyer
BILL LELAND	Junior partner
ROGER TRENT	Legal strategist
JOHNNY ARCUS	Memory expert
ALAN QUIST	Syndicated columnist
LIEUTENANT MOLLOY	Of the police

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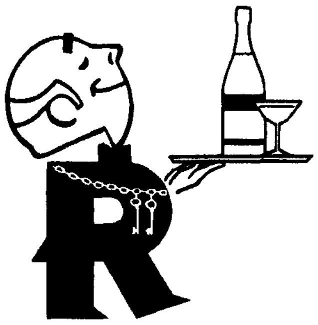

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would anybody wedge the door shut like this from the outside? If it was a joke, it was a pretty cockeyed one. The wedges were so tight he had to take the screw driver from his overall pocket and pry them loose.

"Okay, Mr. Cuyler," he said, breathing hard. And as the door burst open he held up one of the doorstops. "Some joker wedged these things—" He stopped, staring at Warren Cuyler.

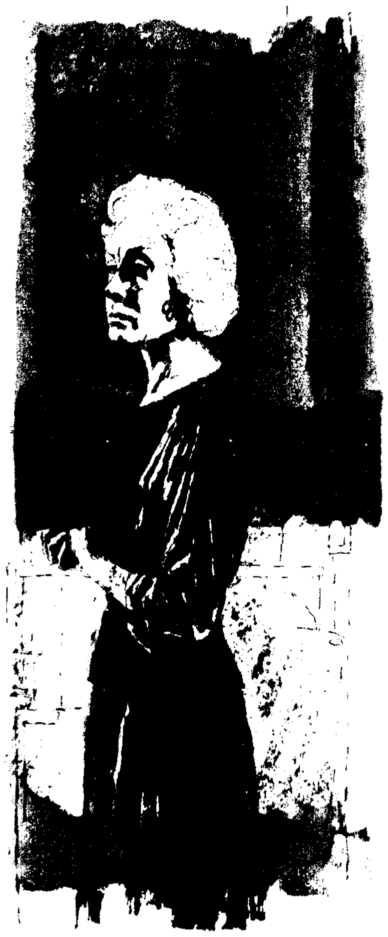
The famous lawyer, tall and broad-shouldered, leaned against the doorjamb. His gray, crew-cut hair shimmered in the light from the hall brackets. His eyes were two black smudges in his face. Sweat ran down his lined cheeks. He looked like death.

"Gee, Mr. Cuyler, you sick?"

Cuyler drew a deep breath. "There's been a terrible accident, Madden. I can't use the phone in here. I want you to get to a phone and call the police."

"Is somebody hurt? The lady? You want I should call a doctor?"

"It's too late for a doctor," Cuyler said. "Tell the police it's murder."



Sarah Moffat, the office manager, was outwardly emotionless. And yet she guarded a startling secret

LIEUTENANT PAUL MOLLOY had settled in a comfortable armchair in his apartment for one of his rare evenings off from his duties on the homicide squad. The phone rang and his wife answered it. "It's the commissioner, Paul," she said.

"Oh, brother! What now?" Molloy went to the phone. "Hello, sir."

The commissioner's voice crackled with anxiety. "Carl Zorn tried to get Warren Cuyler about an hour ago, just as he promised he would," the commissioner said.

"He got him?"

"No. But one of Cuyler's staff was killed. I don't know the full details, Molloy, but I want you on it. You know more about Zorn than any other cop on the force."

Molloy's face had hardened. "He sure waited till the last minute," he said. "Warren Cuyler goes before the grand jury tomorrow with his case, doesn't he?"

"He does if we keep him alive," the commissioner said grimly. "He's at his office in the Shropshire Building. That's where the murder happened. Get rolling, Molloy."

IN a studio of the local radio station the regular Sunday-night program of recordings called Symphony Hall was in progress. A staff announcer came into the control room and signaled to the disc jockey with a couple of sheets of paper he was carrying. He sat down at the table microphone, and the disc jockey faded out the record on the turntable. A moment later thousands of people heard the announcer's voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this program to give you a flash bulletin from our newsroom. An attempt to murder Warren Cuyler, the governor's special prosecutor in the market rackets, backfired a little while ago but resulted in the death of one of Cuyler's staff members. The name of the victim has not yet been revealed by police. Cuyler and his assistant were working in the lawyer's office in the Shropshire Building when the murderous assault was made. Police have sent out a general alarm for Carl Zorn, notorious underworld figure, who has repeatedly stated that he would 'get' Cuyler.

"Most of you are familiar with the story behind these threats of Zorn's. About three months ago Alan Quist, well-known syndicated newspaper columnist, wrote a series of articles exposing racketeering in the city's markets. He named Carl Zorn as head of a criminal ring and charged that both the police and the district attorney's office had been lax in dealing with the situation. The governor took immediate notice of these charges and appointed Warren Cuyler, famous criminal lawyer, as special prosecutor to investigate the situation.

"Cuyler selected a staff, including Alan Quist, and has been preparing a case to present to the grand jury. He was, in fact, to appear tomorrow morning to ask for indictments against Zorn and his lieutenants. Zorn has boasted that he would never be indicted and has been quoted as saying that he would get rid of Cuyler if necessary. Police believe he attempted to make good his threat tonight and, though he failed to get Cuyler, the result is murder. Other members of Cuyler's staff are being sought so that they may be placed under police protection, on the theory that they may also be in danger of gangster vengeance.

"As soon as there are further details about the murder of Cuyler's staff assistant we will bring them to you. Meanwhile, the governor, the mayor and the police commissioner have all promised swift action against Zorn and his mob. We return you now to Symphony Hall."

SEVEN members of Warren Cuyler's staff sat around a table in a private dining room at Mario's, quite unaware of the drama being played out in the Shropshire Building just four blocks away. Alan Quist, the columnist who had started the ball rolling with his exposé of the market racket, was the host. His job, once he testified before the grand jury tomorrow, was over. It had been his idea to give this party for Cuyler and the whole staff, but it hadn't worked out that way.

Cuyler had refused at the last minute. He expected to work in his office all day Sunday on his opening speech to the jury. He had said he would come if he could. Then, around noon, he'd called Alan and told him he just couldn't make it.

"I am a man of very little character," Cuyler had said in his pleasant, vital voice. "If I came I'd probably talk myself out of going back to work. Give me a rain check, Alan."

Without Cuyler the party lost much of its point. Also, there was another absentee, this one unexplained. Portia Denmarc, a brilliant woman lawyer who worked in Cuyler's office, simply didn't show up. The lovely Portia had lunched with Bill Leland, a junior partner in Cuyler's firm, and had told him she planned to go home, soak in a hot tub, and would see him later at Alan's party. She didn't come, and no one answered her telephone when they tried to reach her to find out why. So the party was without two of its brightest lights, and it wasn't going well.

Betsy Collum, for one, felt ill at ease. She didn't really belong in the group. She was the switchboard operator for Cuyler, Trent & Leland, and while she had done some overtime work for the special staff on weekends, she was not a part of it. Alan Quist had insisted on her coming, however, and at the moment Betsy's life was very much involved with Alan. Tomorrow would be a critical time. After he testified he might just say to her, "Well, it's been fun, Collum. Be seeing you around sometime." That could happen, or the humorous twinkle might fade from his eyes and he would say, "This isn't the end, Collum. It's just the beginning for us."

When Alan had come to help Cuyler prepare his case he had spotted Betsy as a sympathetic personality. They had spent a lot of time together. Now—tomorrow—Betsy would know just how much it had meant to him. She had come to the party, even though she felt she didn't belong. Miss Moffat's presence didn't ease things. She obviously felt that Betsy's being there was not protocol.

Sarah Moffat was the office manager and treasurer for Cuyler, Trent & Leland. A tall, silver-blonde woman of fifty-odd, Miss Moffat was cordially hated by all the office force. She was a severe, emotionless disciplinarian. Betsy had once heard Warren Cuyler describe the main office, with its two rows of stenographers' desks, as "the galley, with Moffat cracking her whip over the slaves who are, naturally, chained to their typewriters."

Miss Moffat had been with the firm for thirty years, coming there as a stenographer in the days when Warren Cuyler's father was head of the firm. She had a secret, which Betsy had guessed.

For thirty years Sarah Moffat had been secretly in love with Warren Cuyler. He was the center of her life, yet it was doubtful if he had the slightest notion of it. To him, she was simply an efficient and loyal employee who had earned his respect and trust over the years. And Miss Moffat had lived off that respect and trust all her adult life.

Betsy knew that two of the guests were more than a little distressed by Portia Denmarc's unexplained absence: Bill Leland, the dark, sleek grandson of one of the founders of the firm and now a junior partner, and Johnny Arcus, a young lawyer employed by Cuyler, who was a member of the special prosecution staff.

Johnny Arcus, always tense as a violin string, took off his heavy-rimmed glasses and polished them within an inch of destruction. Betsy knew that the casual remark Bill Leland had made about lunch with Portia had been like a skewer pushed into Johnny's vitals. Johnny spent every moment of his spare time

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trailing after the beautiful, self-contained Portia. Betsy knew a little about Johnny's terrible insecurities. In her first weeks at Cuyler, Trent & Leland he had tried to date her. Instinct told her that she would be caught up in a molasseslike sentimentality if she followed her impulse to be kind to him.

Roger and Gloria, the two other guests, had their own problem. Roger Trent, like Leland a junior partner, was the exact opposite of the suave Leland. Roger was blond, aggressive, with a perpetual, anxious scowl that made him look almost comically serious. His hair was constantly rumpled, his expensive tweeds seemed never to have been pressed. Alan had described him as a "toy bulldog." In spite of his tenaciousness Roger had not, as yet, persuaded Gloria Spence, Warren Cuyler's attractive, red-haired private secretary, that she ought to marry him. It hadn't helped his case that he constantly accused her of having a "papa fixation" on Cuyler.

He and Gloria sat side by side now, at the table in the private dining room, carefully avoiding each other. There must, Betsy thought, have been serious argument before they arrived at the party.

Betsy sat between a silently brooding Bill Leland and Johnny Arcus, who had taken very little food and was engaged in dissecting a lone string bean into a couple of dozen tiny cubes. Alan Quist caught Betsy's eye and made a wry face, as if to say, Something's got to be done about this party. It's laying an egg.

"A man in my trade," he said to the table at large, "is basically greedy. My particular greed is for facts about people. As a newspaperman, I make people my business."

"You certainly turned this town upside down with your facts about Carl Zorn," Roger Trent said. "He must have nightmares about you."

ALAN leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigarette. "Zorn doesn't interest me any more," he said. "Warren Cuyler does."

Bill Leland's eyes widened. "Warren? What about him?"

"Everything. I've known him for two months, and yet I don't know anything except what I see on the surface. All of you except Betsy have been close to him for a long time. Who and what is Warren Cuyler?"

"He is the most brilliant legal mind of our time," Miss Moffat said quietly.

"He is the kindest, most generous, most thoughtful man I have ever known," Gloria Spence said in the same breath, her eyes bright as stars.

Johnny Arcus looked up from his mangled string bean. "Just to make it interesting," he said, "he is a colossal phony."

Miss Moffat turned her cold blue eyes on Johnny. "You've been drinking again," she said. "Will you never learn that you and alcohol don't mix?"

Alan had started something.

"Johnny can't let himself believe what a great guy Warren is because it would make Johnny look too insignificant to himself," Roger Trent said. He glared at Johnny, who picked up his knife and fork and began to work on another string bean. Roger relaxed a little. "Warren was a hero of mine when I was a kid. Now that I've grown up, the gilt hasn't tarnished."

"He was something of an athlete, wasn't he?" Alan asked.

"All-America end at the university. Olympic skier. But for some rotten bad luck he might have been the first man to climb Mount Everest. He took up mountain climbing in the late thirties; he and John Cramden, the famous explorer, financed an expedition in nineteen forty. They were only a few hundred yards from the top when Cramden had a fall. Warren nearly lost his own life trying to save him."

"Cramden was killed," Bill Leland said. "They never recovered his body. Warren had to give up the climb. He was pretty badly banged up going after Cramden."

"He never tried again?" Alan asked. "Somehow he strikes me as a man who doesn't turn away from a challenge."

"The war," Roger said. "He enlisted in the paratroopers. Came out a colonel, with decorations from here to there. He has amazing vitality, physical and mental."

Gloria Spence turned her bright eyes to Alan. "He's hardly changed a bit since he was in college—thirty years ago," she said. "I've seen some old pictures. Same crew-cut hair, same broad shoulders. Oh, maybe the lines of his face are a little deeper—his hair turned gray when he was thirty." She laughed self-consciously. "The handsomest and most elegant man I've ever known."

"He never married?" Alan asked.

Johnny Arcus looked up, and then his eyes, behind the thick glasses, turned for a second to Gloria. "Why should he?" he asked. "He doesn't have to marry them."

Roger Trent, his face dead-white, started to get up from his chair. Alan's hand closed tightly over his wrist. "That'll be about enough of that, Johnny," he said.

The thick lenses turned toward Alan. "I'm sorry. I apologize. And I shouldn't have called him a phony. He's an opportunist and a first-rate organizer of other people's brains. No crime in that. I wouldn't be here if he wasn't. He hates my guts—just as you all do."

"Nobody hates you," Leland said. "It's just that sometimes—"

"Oh, don't bother to be polite," Johnny said. "Cuyler keeps me in his office because my particular kind of mind is useful to him." He turned back to Alan. "You're an outsider, Quist, but surely you've seen how it works in the two months you've been on his staff. Who provided the facts for Cuyler's case against Zorn? You did. Who plans the legal strategy? Why, Roger Trent does. Who roughs out the courtroom speeches, the famous Cuyler oratorical wit and keenness? Bill Leland does that. Who has prepared his legal precedents, the cases he'll have to refer to during the trial? Portia. Who will sit at his elbow in court with a fabulous memory for everything we've discussed for the last two months and for every word that is spoken in court—so that our boy will never miss a trick if there is an unexpected turn of events? I will. Who makes the whole machinery run like a timekeeper's watch? Miss Moffat."

Johnny took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his forehead. "You want to know who and what Warren Cuyler is, Quist? He's right here in this room. *We* are Warren Cuyler."

IN THE moment of silence that followed, the door to the private dining room opened. Mario, the proprietor, came in looking worried, followed by a man in a raincoat and a uniformed policeman.

"I am sorry to break in, Mr. Quist," Mario said, "but the police—" He shrugged.

"You are all members of Mr. Warren Cuyler's staff?" the plain-clothes man asked.

"That's right," Alan said.

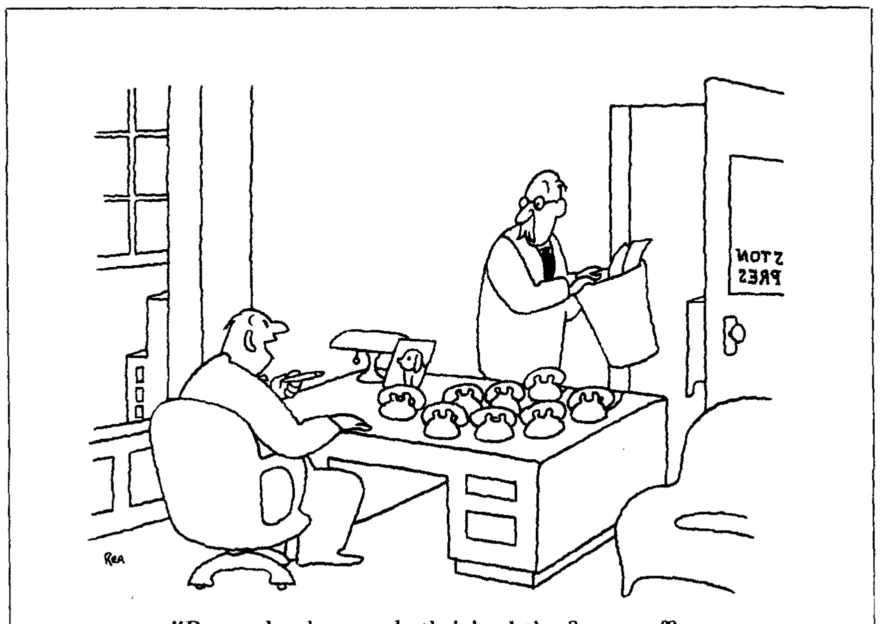
"You're all wanted at the Shropshire Building," the detective said. "There's been a homicide in your office."

They sat there, turned to stone. Then suddenly everybody began to talk at once. Betsy was vaguely aware that someone, either Roger or Bill, asked: "How did it happen?"

She remembered, afterward, that no one asked *what* had happened. They were all very much aware of the threat that had been made on Cuyler's life. All seven of them seemed to assume without question that the victim of the homicide must be Warren Cuyler.

"I've got three prowl cars outside," the detective said. "I got orders to ride you. The lieutenant's afraid Zorn may go real haywire and try to wipe out the whole staff."

Betsy, like an automaton, let Alan help her into her coat. Two months ago, after Zorn's threats, they'd lived in the shadow of imminent danger to Warren Cuyler. But, as time went on,



"Remember how we both joined the firm as office boys, Simpson? And how in a few short weeks you became so efficient you were irreplaceable?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

the danger had seemed to grow less. Betsy remembered a press conference the day Cuyler had announced his acceptance of the job as special prosecutor. A reporter had asked whether he intended to have police protection. Cuyler had laughed. "Police protection? No, gentlemen. You know and I know that if Zorn is determined to get me he will. So if somebody drops a brick on my head you'll know who did it." Now, at the last moment, the brick had been dropped. . . .

Out on the street the three prowl cars waited. As Alan and Betsy got into the first one, Betsy saw Sarah Moffat walking toward the next car, erect as a ramrod, without a sign of weakness. This must be the most dreadful moment of her life.

"Poor Miss Moffat!" Betsy said.

Alan, staring straight ahead, his face pale, his jaw muscles knotted, didn't answer. He was lost in his own thoughts, and Betsy could guess what they were. He had started this trouble with his articles. In a way he was responsible for the murder. He had put the forces of violence into action.

Outside the Shropshire Building there was a convention of prowl cars and other official automobiles. The others were already there. Bill Leland and Miss Moffat had been taken up. Roger, Johnny and Gloria waited. Somehow, they all seemed separated from one another, remote, frightened. The man in the raincoat got them into the elevator and they were whisked up to the fourteenth floor. Outside the office door a uniformed patrolman waited, lists in his hand. The raincoated man checked with him, and he pulled the door and they all went in.

THE reception room, with its modern furniture and paintings, was deserted. The receptionist's semicircular desk was as neat as she had left it Saturday noon. The left-hand corridor, which led to the private offices, was dark. The right-hand one, which led to the general office and the law library, was brightly lighted. The raincoated man gestured that way.

The "galley" was not in Miss Moffat's charge now, although she was there, rigid, emotionless, a figure carved out of pale rock. The place swarmed with anonymous-looking men, dusting desks and furniture for fingerprints. A photographer was packing up his equipment, his pictures already taken. Then Betsy saw that someone was inside her soundproofed switchboard booth fiddling with the machinery. Science was at work.

Betsy's eyes moved away from the booth and were suddenly fixed on a piece of canvas, which obviously covered a body. It lay just a few feet from the door of her switchboard booth. As she stared at it, Betsy was aware of the unpleasant odor of burned flesh. Her fingers tightened around Alan's.

Miss Moffat and Bill Leland were talking to a pleasant-faced man with a fringe of red hair showing under the brim of his hat. The raincoated one interrupted and the red-haired man glanced at the newcomers and nodded. He was obviously in charge.

They stood in the doorway, staring at that grim canvas covering. Then, suddenly, Gloria Spence propelled herself forward, before Roger, who was standing next to her, could stop her.

She dropped on her knees beside the canvas and pulled one end of it back. Then she screamed.

Betsy had never heard any sound to compare with it. Gloria screamed again. Then she began to laugh—a high-pitched, hysterical cascade of laughter.

Alan reached her first, took her by the shoulders, pulled her to her feet. Then he seemed to freeze as he looked down at the body. Betsy, crowding in behind him, saw why. Unbelievably, it was not Warren Cuyler. The face was twisted in some final, awful agony. It had been a beautiful face in life—the face of Portia Denmarc.

IN THAT moment of shocked surprise Gloria Spence gave another little cry and broke away from Alan. She ran down the aisle between the rows of typewriter desks, and a moment later strong arms were around her and her face was buried against the shoulder of a rough tweed coat. Her screams had brought Warren Cuyler from his private office. He looked over Gloria's copper-colored hair at his associates, and his face was a death's-head, gray as his cropped hair, dark eyes sunk in smudged hollows.

Sarah Moffat walked briskly down the aisle, took the sobbing Gloria by the shoulders, turned her around and slapped her face hard. "Stop that nonsense!" Miss Moffat said.

Roger Trent and Bill Leland hurried across the office to join Cuyler. Johnny Arcus leaned against the wall, staring down at Portia Denmarc's dead face. He ought to go somewhere, Betsy thought. He's going to be sick. The red-haired man came over and covered Portia's face again. Johnny turned to the wall, and his shoulders shook with silent weeping.

The red-haired man looked at Alan, and his cold blue eyes were not friendly. "You're Quist," he said, "the guy who started all this. I'm Lieutenant Molloy, Homicide—in charge. Mr. Cuyler told me you were all at Mario's. I had you brought here because Zorn may strike again."

Alan's voice was unsteady. "Will you please tell us what happened here, Lieutenant? We all assumed that it was Mr. Cuyler who—"

"It was meant to be Cuyler," Molloy said. He turned to Betsy. "You're Miss Collum, the switchboard operator?"

She nodded.

"Place look normal to you?" Molloy nodded toward the booth.

Normal? The switchboard, the index file of numbers, the chair. . . . "That chair doesn't belong there," Betsy said. "That metal chair is usually in the law library. It's used as a sort of stepladder. My regular chair is wooden, with a rubber cushion."

Molloy nodded. His eyes went back to Alan. "I have no reason to like you, Quist. No one on the police force has any reason to like you after those articles."

"I'm sorry," Alan said. "I wrote the truth as I saw it."

MOLLOY grunted. "Just remember, you're not here as a reporter, Quist. You'll print only what I tell you you can print."

"I understand," Alan said. "Now, will you please tell us what happened?"

Molloy pushed his hat back on his head, revealing the fact that the red fringe was really just a fringe. He was egg-bald. "Darnedest thing I've ever run across in my whole career," he said. "Complicated—yet simple. A twelve-year-old child who knows how to run his own electric train could have done it. You ever notice anything odd

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about the front door to this office, Quist?"

"No."

"It opens out," Molloy said. "That's a violation of the building code. It's supposed to open in. Miss Moffat tells me that Richard Cuyler, the original head of the firm, was a firebug. He thought people might get trapped in here if there was a fire and the door opened in. He was a big shot, so the authorities overlooked the violation. That door's opened out for thirty-odd years."

"Interesting, but what of it?" Alan Quist said.

"Just this. Portia Denmarc wouldn't be dead if that door opened in." Molloy turned to the switchboard booth. "Down on the baseboard behind that machinery is an ordinary wall plug. Someone detached the main plug-in cord and connected it with the main electric current. It was, in effect, a live wire. When anyone plugged in the board they'd get a jolt."

"A hundred and ten volts," Alan said. "It wouldn't kill anybody."

"It would and it did," Molloy said. "When they sat down in that metal chair and took hold of it, it became a sort of private electric chair."

ALAN shook his head. "But how could anyone be sure that someone would sit down in that chair and make a call? How could you be sure you got the right person?"

"I'll answer those one at a time," Molloy said. "The murderer was sure someone would make a call. That's where the door comes in. Cuyler was working here alone. Around six he went out for a cup of coffee. While he was out they got in here and rigged the switchboard and put that metal chair in there. Then they went out of the office and waited for Cuyler to return. He came back shortly before seven. As soon as he was in the office they took three little rubber doorstops"—Molloy took one out of his pocket and held it up—"and wedged the front door shut from the outside. Finally—this is the way it was supposed to work—Cuyler would be ready to go home. He'd get to the front door and find he couldn't open it. The harder he pushed, the tighter it would wedge shut. So what does he do?"

"He pounds on the door to attract attention," Alan said. "The elevator man—"

"Only one man in charge of the whole building on Sunday. One chance in fifty he'll hear you. After you've pounded and hollered for a while, and nothing happens, what do you do?"

Alan moistened his lips. "I—I telephone for help."

Molloy nodded. "And you are dead," he said flatly. "It was set up for Cuyler—but without Cuyler's knowing it and without the killer knowing it, Miss Denmarc was in the office. She's the one who tried to leave—and she got what was meant for Cuyler." Molloy wiped the inside of his hatbrim with a handkerchief. "Every cop in this city is looking for Zorn and his special boys. We may pick 'em up in the next hour—the next day. Until we do, watch your step. Zorn may try to wipe out the whole lot of you."

Betsy's head was whirling. There was something wrong about Molloy's story, but she couldn't put her finger on it. Something about it didn't make sense, but she was too tired and too frightened to make it come clear.

Miss Moffat joined them. "Mr. Cuyler wants you all to know exactly what happened," she said. "If you'll come to his office now—he doesn't want to have to tell it all over and over again."

BETSY, Alan and Johnny Arcus followed Miss Moffat to Cuyler's office. Betsy thought she had never seen a man so crumpled in crisis as Cuyler. His tall, muscular figure seemed to have shriveled inside his gray tweed suit. His deep voice, usually rich and buoyant, was harsh and unsteady. The rest of them, sitting in a semicircle around his desk, all seemed dazed. Young Roger Trent, chewing on an empty pipe, turned his head occasionally toward the sound of muffled weeping that came from the adjoining office—Gloria Spence's office. He looked helplessly angry. Bill Leland, sunk deep in his chair, stared at the tips of his polished shoes. Johnny Arcus, the light reflected in his heavy spectacles, fiddled and twitched, his hands never still. Sarah Moffat stood in the doorway, a bleak sentinel.

Cuyler lifted a trembling cigarette to his lips, drew deeply on it and lowered his hand to the desk, as if to make certain it wouldn't shake. "I always knew I was running personal risks when I accepted this job," he said. "I knew Alan was running risks, but I assumed he was willing. After all, he ran risks when he wrote his articles. But I swear—I swear before Heaven—I didn't think any of the rest of you were running any—any physical risks."

"We all went into it with our eyes wide open," Bill Leland said.

"I think it has been explained to you all how—how it happened," Warren Cuyler said.

"You could have made a call any time during the day," Roger said.

Cuyler shook his head. "No. It was set to happen when it happened. I got here just after noon—made a couple of calls. Everything was all right then. About six I decided to go out for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. I made a call on the way out. It was all right then."

"You sat down in the chair both times?" Alan asked.

"Yes. I practically have to crawl into that booth on my hands and knees. I guess I was out for about an hour. I walked up the Avenue to the club and had a sandwich and coffee in the grill. Ran into a couple of fellows I knew and we talked for a while. It was just before seven when I came back."

"No wedges in the door?" Roger asked, rumpling his blond hair.

"Naturally not," Cuyler said dully. "I came back in here and went to work on my opening speech. I—I cut through the main office instead of going down the private hallway to get here. It—it's shorter and there wasn't anyone around." His voice broke. "I *thought* there wasn't anyone around. I didn't walk past Portia's office, you see. Well—it was a little after eight o'clock and I'd just decided to quit when she—she screamed."

Cuyler lifted his hands to his face and they were shaking. Nobody moved or urged him to go on. Finally he lowered his hands. "I—I ran out there. She was lying on the floor, that metal chair tipped over on top of her, and her hand still gripping that wire. Her hand

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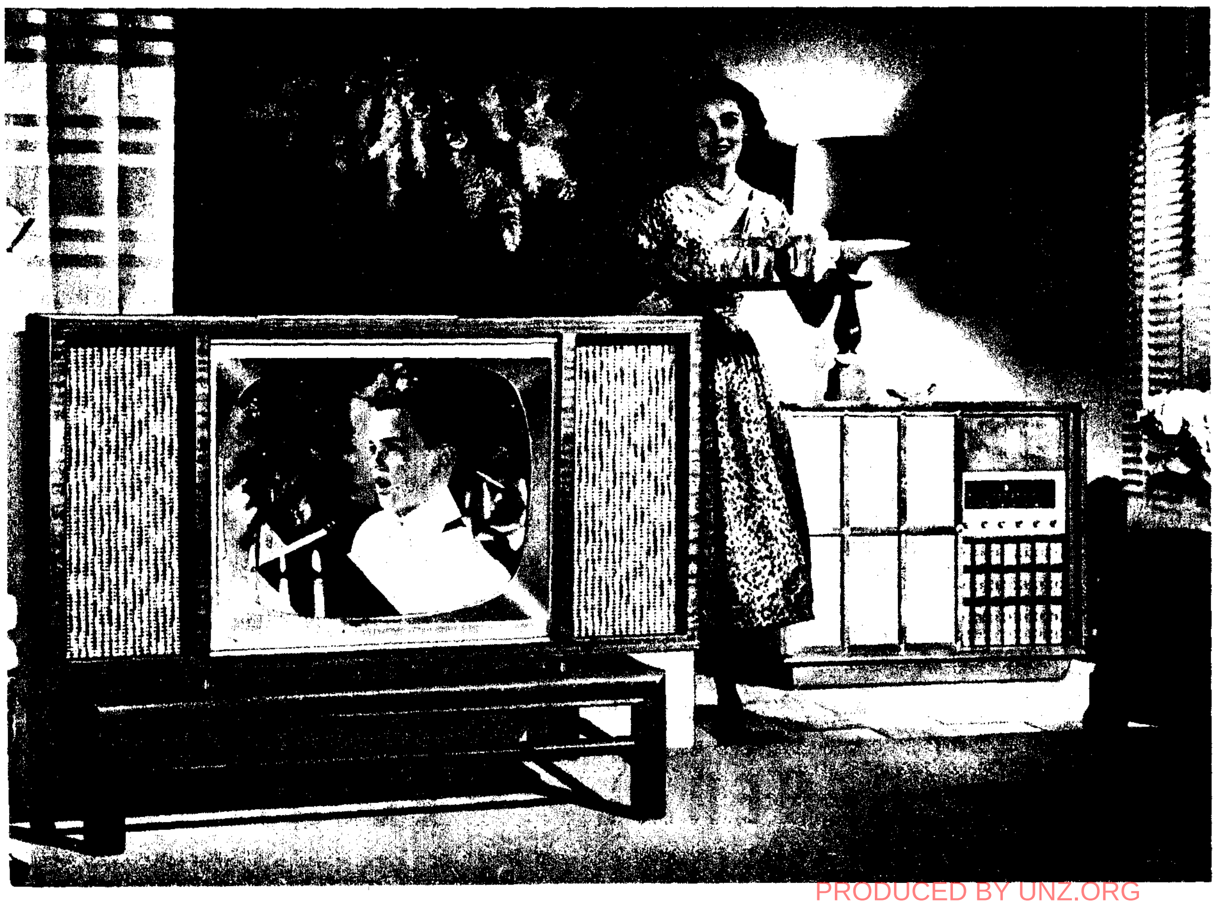

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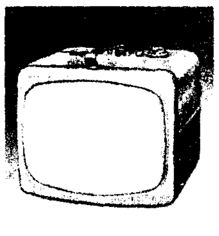

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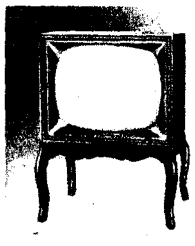

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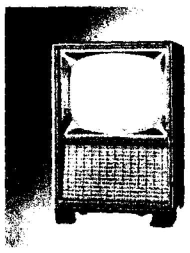

THE MANHATTAN

was—was sizzling. . . ." Cuyler suddenly swung around in his desk chair and sat with his back to them, staring out into the black night. They waited.

His voice sounded muffled. "I realized—instinctively, I guess—that it was electricity. I—I knew better than to touch her. I ran to the front door to get help and I—I couldn't open it. I—I pounded on it with my fists. Then I realized the night man was probably in the basement. Couldn't have heard me if I'd fired off a cannon. I—I went back to Portia. Somehow she'd let go of the wire. Molloy tells me she must have made a—a convulsive movement that pulled the wire out of the wall plug. She'd let go of it and—and her hand was smoking. She—she was dead."

THERE was another long wait, and then Cuyler swung his chair slowly back around and faced them. His eyes were red, as if he had been fighting tears. "Of course, I didn't know what was wrong with the switchboard except that it was deadly. I—I went back to the door and tried to force it, pounding and yelling betweentimes. It was half to three quarters of an hour before the night man heard me." Cuyler drew a deep breath. "When he got the wedges out and the door open I sent him to phone for the police. I came back and waited—with Portia."

There was a long silence before anyone spoke. It was Johnny Arcus, twisting in his chair, who asked the question: "How do you account for her being here without your knowing it, Mr. Cuyler—or your being here without *her* knowing it?"

Cuyler's red-rimmed eyes blinked at Johnny Arcus. It was clear that Johnny had been right when he said that Cuyler respected his legal talents but didn't regard him too highly as a man. Some of the old bite seemed to come back into Cuyler's voice. "There's only one way it could have happened, Johnny. Portia must have come in while I was having my sandwich at the club. She may have looked in here and seen I was gone. When I came back I went through the main office, as I told you. Evidently she didn't hear me. When she tried to leave she couldn't get the door open and came back to the switchboard to get help."

"You made a phone call just before you went out, Mr. Cuyler," Johnny said. "So the fellow who rigged the switchboard did it after you left—and after Portia came in."

"If Portia didn't go into the main office he could have been working on it when she came in," Cuyler said.

Johnny Arcus's voice rose peculiarly: "Why did Portia come in this evening, Mr. Cuyler?"

"Heaven knows," Cuyler said.

"She knew you were working here. We all knew you were working here." Johnny's voice rose still higher: "Did you ask her to come in? Did you send for her?"

"What's the matter with you, Johnny?" Bill Leland asked.

"I want to know why she came in here," Johnny said. "She was supposed to come to Alan's party."

"Maybe she wanted to check her precedents before we go into court tomorrow," Roger said.

Johnny's near hysteria seemed to act as a tonic on Warren Cuyler. The dark eyes had come to life, half amused, half angry. "What are you trying to get at, Johnny? That there was something between Portia and me beyond our office association?"

Johnny was suddenly on his feet. "Well, was there?" he cried.

Cuyler's voice was silky calm. "And what business would it be of yours, my friend, if there were?"

Great tears ran down from behind Johnny's glasses. He choked as he tried to speak. "B-because Portia and I were engaged to be m-married," he said.

FIVE faces stared at Johnny as if he'd just announced the discovery of a uranium deposit under the rug. Surprisingly, Cuyler was the first to recover. He moved quickly out of his chair and went to Johnny. Betsy watched, fascinated, as if she were seeing a play on the stage. Cuyler's arm went around Johnny's shoulder.

"My dear boy, I didn't know," he said. "Of course there was nothing between Portia and me. She's—she was a good lawyer. I respected her. What do you think has knocked me for such a loop? That girl died for me, Johnny! I can't bring her back—but I promise you I'm going to square it for her when I get Zorn in court. I promise you that."

Johnny stared at Cuyler. "You liar!" he whispered, and then he turned and ran out of the office.

Cuyler watched him go, and he was tall and straight and alive again. "Poor kid," he said. "I never dreamed Portia cared for him."

"She didn't," Bill Leland said, still staring at his well-shined shoes. "She hated his guts. Told me so a hundred times."

Cuyler shook his head, as if to clear it. "But why would he say they were engaged if they weren't?"

Roger Trent gave a short, sharp laugh. "Portia was nice to him for a while, and then she couldn't stand his clinging to her like a leech. She gave him the air, but good. But you can bet he dreamed of being engaged—of marrying. Now that she's dead—" He shrugged. "Who can contradict him when he says she loved him? It's a way of bolstering his nonexistent ego."

Johnny's outburst had revived Cuyler, and Betsy thought she understood why. This was a man whose whole life had been involved with unexpected emergencies. When there was something to cope with, Cuyler's internal machinery was geared to "cope." There was a problem they all had to cope with now, quite apart from the solution of the murder—to go or not to go before the grand jury tomorrow as planned.

"We can easily get a postponement on the basis of what has happened," Roger said. "And, to be brutal about it, what has happened won't hurt our case."

"It would seem we owed Portia a little respect," Bill Leland said, still staring at his shoes.

"She would want us to go ahead if we thought it was the best way to get Zorn," Cuyler said.

Leland's eyelids flickered. "There's a great deal of nonsense talked about what dead people would wish if they could only tell us," he said.

Cuyler gave his young partner a puzzled glance. "What's eating everyone here?" he asked. "First Arcus and now you, Bill."

Leland gave the older man a ghostly smile. "Your

(*Continued on page* 106)

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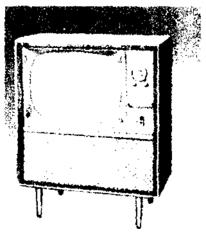

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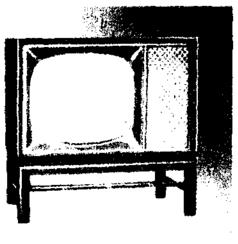

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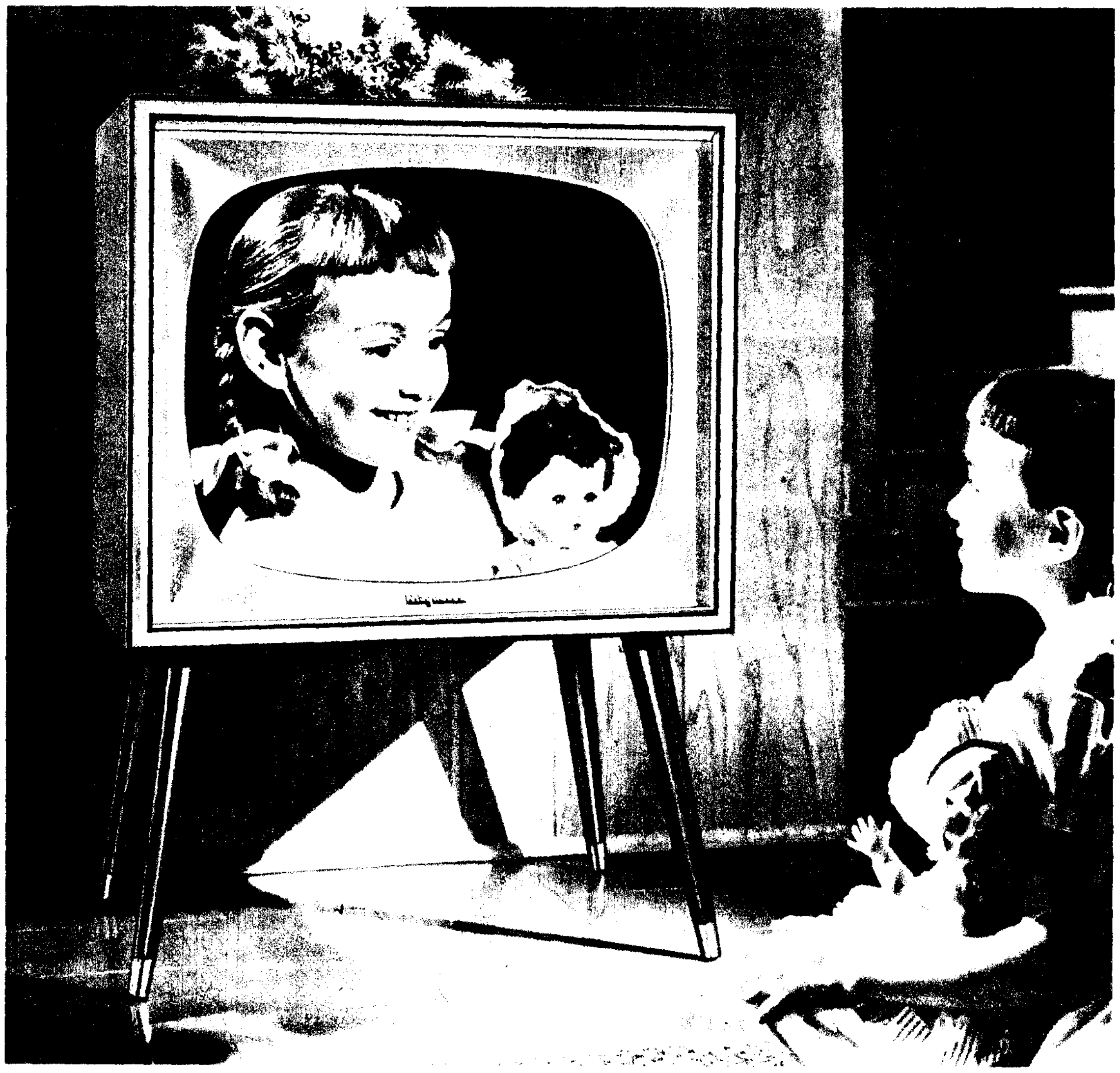

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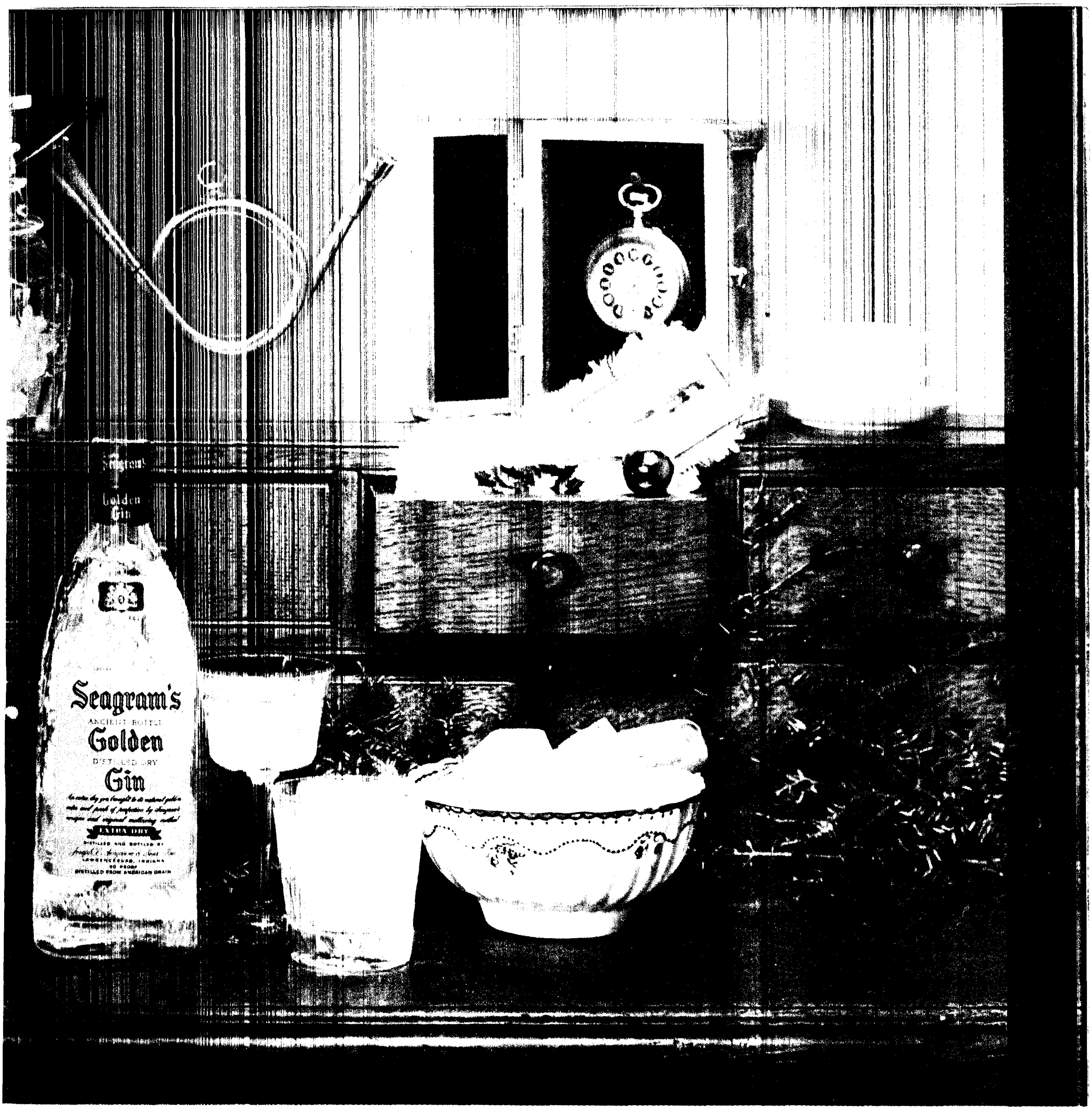
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(*Continued from page* 103) recuperative powers are better than mine, Warren. I had lunch with Portia today. We—we had a pleasant, gay, relaxed time."

"Did she say anything about coming here to the office later?" Cuyler asked.

Bill Leland lowered his eyes. "She did not. As a matter of fact, she remarked how pleasant it was to have a day off from the case. When she left me—about three o'clock—she said she was going home, be very female and soak in a hot tub loaded with expensive bath salts for hours, and then go to Alan's party."

Betsy, watching and listening, had the peculiar sensation still of being the audience at a play. For some strange reason nothing rang quite true. She couldn't put her finger on it.

IN THE moment of silence following Bill Leland's statement they could all hear the sounds of hysteria from Gloria Spence's office. Roger Trent glanced angrily in the direction of the closed door, teeth biting down on his pipestem.

"Quite apart from any tactical considerations," he said, "we'll need at least a day or two to reorganize Portia's material so that we can present it properly in her place. We'll have to ask for a postponement."

Cuyler seemed back at the problem. "I agree," he said.

The clamor from Gloria's office increased. Cuyler turned impatiently to Betsy. "See what's eating Gloria, will you, Miss Collum?" he said.

Betsy nodded, crossed the room and opened the door to the secretary's private cubicle.

What was eating Gloria was downright terror. Molloy was with her, and Molloy had asked a favor. They needed to use the telephones. A police technician had the switchboard in working order again, and Miss Moffat, knowing that Betsy was with Cuyler, had informed the lieutenant that Gloria knew how to handle the board.

Gloria took off in a wild torrent of weeping and expostulation. They had tried to murder Mr. Cuyler with that "thing." She wouldn't touch it if her life depended on it. Was the lieutenant out of his mind? Did he think anyone should ever be asked to touch that "murder machine" again?

Betsy was surprised to see that even in tears Gloria Spence was an extraordinarily attractive girl. As she was thinking this, Roger Trent burst into the room, his expression thunderous. He walked straight over to Gloria, took her by the shoulders and shook her. "Will you stop that caterwauling?" he shouted at her.

She was instantly silent, staring at him with her mouth half open. It was, Betsy thought, a certainty that no man had ever spoken to Gloria like that before. Roger didn't let it ride there.

"Just bear the facts in mind," he said, in the same angry voice. "Papa isn't dead." The papa fixation again. "Papa is alive and kicking. You've got nothing to worry about. Maybe you're not a big girl but you're supposed to act like one. Now just shut up—and do what they tell you!" With which he turned and stalked out of the office.

Twenty-four hours ago, Betsy reflected, Cuyler's staff had been a closely knit unit working out a strategy to bring a criminal to book—or so it had seemed. Now the raw edges of personal relationships were showing.

"I'm perfectly willing to operate the switchboard for you, Lieutenant," said Betsy. "It's my job."

They had brought the proper chair back to the switchboard. The murderer had left it in the law library when he got the metal chair from there. Molloy wanted an outside line. He wanted a report from headquarters on how the search for Zorn was going.

Betsy gave him a wire to one of the phones in the general office and she saw him sit down, receiver propped on his shoulder. As she watched him she realized what it was that had been bothering her ever since Molloy had described the murder device. The police were hunting for the wrong man! And while they were hunting for Zorn, the real murderer was being given time to plan a second attack on Warren Cuyler.

Betsy sat at the switchboard, her fingers ice-cold. It was suddenly so clear—so terrifyingly clear. She had to tell someone. She didn't want to talk to Molloy until she'd tried it on Alan. Alan was the someone who would tell her she was crazy—if she was.

How long it was she didn't know, but she sat there, facts tumbling into place. Then, providentially, she saw Alan coming across the office carrying two paper cartons of coffee. "Do you good," he said, offering her one of the cartons.

"Alan, I've got to talk to you. They're hunting for Zorn, and all the time he had nothing to do with it. Somebody right here in this office—someone we all know—and Mr. Cuyler is still in danger—and—"

"Easy, Collum, easy," he said, smiling at her. "What kind of wild talk is this, my girl?"

"This wasn't a gangster killing, Alan," she said urgently. "Everyone's jumped to the conclusion it was Zorn because we've been expecting him to strike at Mr. Cuyler. But he didn't. Oh, please, Alan! Isn't there someplace we can talk? They're hunting for the wrong man!"

He saw that she was serious. "There's the office I've been using down the hall," he said.

She came out of the booth and they walked out to the reception room and down the other corridor to his office. Alan switched on the lights and put the two cartons of coffee down on his desk.

"I think you're out of your mind, Collum, but I'd like to listen to your reasons," he said gravely.

She took a deep breath. "Would Carl Zorn have waited till the very night before Mr. Cuyler was to present his case to try to kill him?"

"He might," Alan said.

"If he did, wouldn't he have made dead certain of it?"

"The mistake was the purest chance," Alan said.

"But you would have expected him to use another kind of method, wouldn't you, Alan?" Her voice shook slightly. "Something more direct and less risky? There was all kinds of chance that whoever set that trap would be caught while he was working at it."

Alan's face showed nothing. "I'll concede it for the sake of argument," he said quietly. "But Zorn might have tried it this way to throw suspicion off himself and his mob."

"Alan, suppose he thought of this way of doing it. I can't imagine it, but suppose he did. He had to know a lot of things. He had to know the door opened out."

"He could easily have sent someone to the office and found that out."

"But would he think of sending someone to find out such a thing? Wouldn't he assume the door opened in—like all other office doors? Thinking about this trap had to begin with that door, knowing about it."

ALAN reached for his cigarette. "So, let's suppose somebody told him about the door and that's how his thinking *did* start."

"I don't believe it, but I'll concede it," she said. "So he knows about the door. Now he had to know about the switchboard and the fact there was a wall plug in the booth."

"A fake repairman."

"There wasn't any repairman, fake or otherwise—but let's suppose it was something he could find out some other way—maybe some kind of floor plan of the office. So now he knows about the door and the plug—although I won't concede it. Next are the rubber doorstops."

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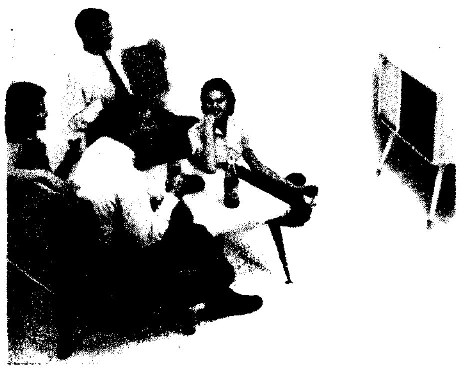

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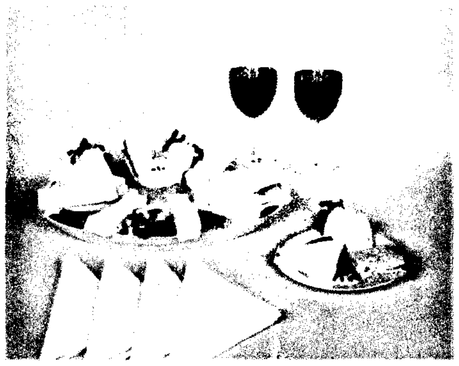

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library. He couldn't have known about the metal chair."

"He would have had time to look when he rigged the trap."

Betsy shook her head stubbornly. "That's my whole point. Zorn wouldn't have sent anyone who wasn't equipped to do the whole job, Alan. If he didn't know about the chair he would have brought one. Don't you see? Everything came from the office. No one from outside would have been certain of *all* the things."

"Is that all?" Alan asked.

"Zorn had to know for certain that Mr. Cuyler was going to be working alone in the office tonight. It was his last chance. If the whole staff had been working here—and it might well have been—it wouldn't have worked."

"We all knew Cuyler was going to be here alone," Alan said.

BETSY asked urgently, "How could Zorn know—unless somebody told him? And how could you or anyone know that something wouldn't happen to change the plans? Mr. Cuyler, working on the case, might have suddenly decided he needed help from someone."

"But he didn't. He didn't call anyone. He didn't send for Portia."

"But how could Zorn be sure he wouldn't? Don't you see, Alan? Zorn would never have run such risks, even if he could have known all the things I say he *couldn't* have known!"

"So?" Alan said softly.

"So it had to be someone who knew all those things, Alan—someone who would plan that kind of trap because he *did* know them. Someone who knew Mr. Cuyler was going to be there alone, and felt fairly certain he could count on it."

"Someone," Alan said tonelessly, "on the inside. Someone in the office."

"Don't you see?" It was almost a wail from Betsy. "And if I'm right, Mr. Cuyler is still in danger. The murderer failed, but while Lieutenant Molloy is hunting for Zorn he has a chance to try again." A shudder ran over her. "Alan, it's someone we know. Probably someone who is here tonight."

Alan was silent for a long time. Then he said, "Why?"

"Oh, Alan, I don't know. It's all seemed like a comedy until tonight. I mean—the way people in the office feel about one another. It's been like watching a show. Mr. Cuyler has an eye for a pretty girl. I know. He's looked at me. He's looked hard at Gloria. Roger Trent's in love with Gloria. He looked at Portia. Both Johnny Arcus and Bill Leland are—were goofy about Portia. And there's Miss Moffat."

"Moffat!" Alan said, surprised. "She worships Cuyler!"

"Of course! She's been in love with him for thirty years. Anyone watching her knows that. But he's never been serious about anyone. Suppose she thought he was serious about Gloria—or about Portia? Or Gloria—suppose she *thought* she was losing him to Portia?"

"Sounds like a soap opera."

"There can be a million other reasons I couldn't guess," Betsy said. "The point is, someone is still free to try again, and the police aren't even giving them a tumble!"

Alan pushed back his chair. "Let's get going," he said.

"To where, Alan?"

"To warn Cuyler," Alan said. . . .

Molloy was still sitting with one of the desk phones propped against his shoulder. As Betsy and Alan walked down the hall she saw Roger Trent and Bill Leland in a huddle in Bill's office, evidently preparing for tomorrow's postponement request. Sarah Moffat, gaunt and exhausted-looking, stood watch outside Warren Cuyler's office.

"He can't see you," she said. "He's preparing a statement for the press."

"It's a must," Alan said.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Quist, but—"

"I'm sorry *too*," Alan said and, grasping Betsy firmly by the hand, brushed past the outraged Miss Moffat.

Warren Cuyler looked up from the paper he was writing. There was a deep scowl between his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cuyler," Miss Moffat said. "I told Mr. Quist—"

"And I very rudely pushed my way in," Alan said. "We've got to talk to you, Warren."

Cuyler put down his pen and leaned back in his chair with a sigh. He too looked near exhaustion. "Make it snappy, Alan. I've just about had it."

Alan turned to Betsy. She opened her mouth to speak, and *nothing* happened at first. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Miss Moffat glaring at her. "Alone," Betsy whispered.

"Do you mind, Miss Moffat?" Alan said, and taking the older woman by the arm he escorted her out. He came back in and closed the door.

"I must say—" Cuyler began.

"You must listen," Alan said. "Go on, Betsy."

She shook her head. She suddenly couldn't. Warren Cuyler was a stranger. Alan understood, and he began to talk. He stated the case well and eloquently. Cuyler never once interrupted, but the lines of his face deepened and his dark eyes were fixed on Betsy, not Alan. "It's inconceivable," he said, when Alan had finished. "Who, and why?"

"You can answer that a great deal better than we can, Warren," Alan said. "But before you brush it off, go back over the facts as we've put them. So help me, once you see it there's no argument. It had to be an inside job."

FOR a moment anger darkened Warren Cuyler's face, and then his deep fatigue seemed to down it. He lifted his hand and pressed his finger tips against his closed eyes for a moment. "You've been here only six months, Miss Collum," he said. "You've known us for only two, Alan. I admit the logic of your argument—but it won't stand up against other facts. I know the people in this office. There isn't one of them who—"

"Johnny Arcus called you a liar not long ago," Alan said. "He implied there was something between you and Portia."

"The boy was beside himself," Cuyler said. "He was engaged to Portia. He—"

"Bill says he wasn't. Bill says she hated him. Your life may be at stake, Warren. You've got to look below the surface. You've got to see more than you want to see. There's Roger—obviously and angrily jealous of Gloria."

Cuyler shook his head, slowly. "If you were right, Alan, I'd rather be dead. My whole life has been built around the associations in this office. I simply can't bring myself to believe your theory. I would stake my life—" He hesitated and smiled, grimly. "I *am* staking my life on my belief in the people here. I trust them just as I trust and believe in you two."

"I'm going to have to pass this theory along to Molloy," Alan said.

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"I can't stop you," Cuyler said. "I shall be sorry to have Roger and Bill and the rest know that I even listened to you."

It came, unexpectedly, out of Betsy: "Please, Mr. Cuyler! Please don't be so stubbornly loyal. Miss Denmarc is dead, and the person who killed her meant to get you, and he's still free as air to try again."

"My dear Miss Collum," Cuyler said, "as I say, I appreciate your concern, but—"

"Come on, Collum; we're wasting time," Alan said.

But they had already taken too long. Lieutenant Molloy had gone, leaving word that they were free to go home for some rest.

Betsy clung tightly to Alan's arm. "I'm sorry, I just couldn't talk," she said. "He was like a stranger. He wasn't the boss. He was a man somebody wants to kill."

"He wouldn't have listened," Alan said. "I'll take you home now and then chase Molloy down. He's probably gone to his office to wait for reports on the search for Zorn."

Betsy lived in a remodeled brownstone on West Oak Street, the rear apartment on the third floor. Alan took her there in a taxi. On the way downtown she leaned her head back against the seat and closed her eyes. She couldn't get the image of Warren Cuyler's gaunt, deeply lined face out of her mind.

"I keep going over it and over it in my head," she said. "First I thought I must be crazy. Everybody was at your party. But that was no alibi. The murderer had done his job by a little before seven. Mario's was only four blocks away, and nobody got there till seven. It could have been anyone there—but you and me. Roger, Bill, Gloria, Johnny, Miss Moffat, any of them."

"Have you figured why Portia went to the office?" Alan asked. "If we knew that—"

"We can only guess, Alan. But suppose she suspected—at the last minute—that somebody was going to try to murder Mr. Cuyler—"

"Who?"

"She had lunch with Bill Leland. If Bill was jealous of Mr. Cuyler, maybe he said something. Maybe she just got worrying about it—"

"We've got to stick to facts, Collum, or we'll get nowhere," Alan said.

"Yes," she said, in a small, tired voice. "We've got to stick to facts."

The cab pulled up in the deserted street outside Betsy's building. Alan walked up the steps to the front door and stood there while she dug her key out of her bag. She unlocked the door and then turned to say good night. He was smiling at her.

"You're quite a gal, Collum," he said, and he reached out and gave her arm a little squeeze. "Get yourself some rest. Molloy may take some convincing. I may have to turn you loose on him in the morning."

"Good night, Alan." Betsy wanted to hold onto him tightly, so instead she turned and went quickly into the house. As she started to climb the first flight of thickly carpeted stairs she could hear the taxi pull away from the curb.

THE stairway at night had always been an irritation to her. The landlord, with an overdeveloped sense of economy, had low-watt bulbs in the orange-shaded wall brackets. It was always too dark for comfort. Tonight Betsy was too tired to feel her usual anger. She trudged wearily up the first flight, turned around the second-floor corridor and started up the next flight. About three steps from the top she came to a dead stop. Her eyes were just above the third-floor level and she could see her own doorway at the end of the hall—and in front of it a pair of dark-blue trousers and black shoes. Betsy lifted her eyes quickly and had to stifle a scream. Staring at her out of the gloom was a pair of huge orange eyes.

Her instinct was for flight, and she had actually started to turn when the voice, hoarse and urgent, called out to her: "Betsy!"

The figure moved forward, and then the orange eyes disappeared and she saw Johnny Arcus's thick-lensed spectacles. "I've been waiting for you," Johnny said. "A long time."

Betsy took a deep breath. "You nearly scared the daylights out of me," she said. "The reflection of those orange lights on your glasses—you look like a Halloween spook!"

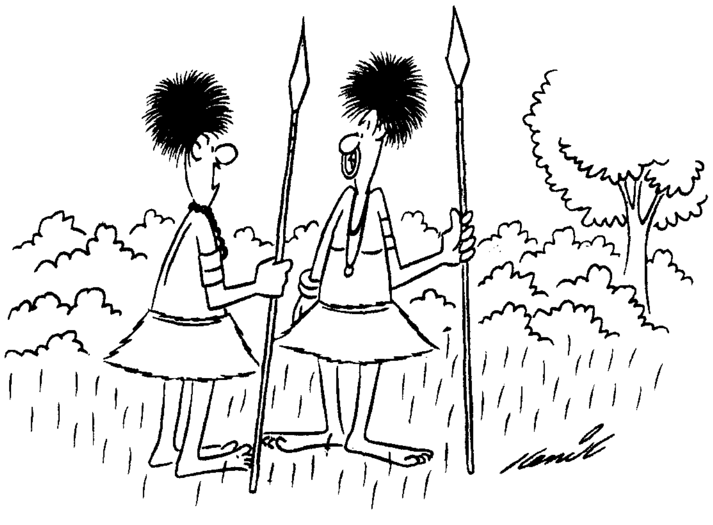
"Sorry," he said.

She went the rest of the way up and stood beside him in the hall. "How did you get in?" she asked.

"Rang someone else's bell. I've got to talk to you, Betsy."

"Look, Johnny, it's been a long, hard night!"

"You think I don't know?" He lifted



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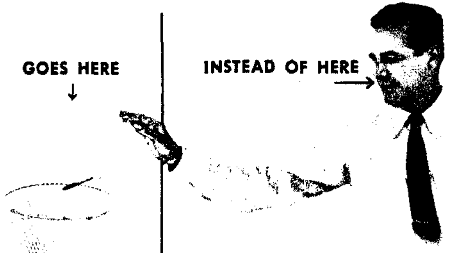

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the back of his hand to his mouth to wipe away the beads of perspiration on his upper lip. "I was sitting in my office in the dark tonight." She was too tired to get it for a moment, and then he went on: "My office is next to Quist's. I heard what you said. I've got to talk to you about it."

"Well, we can't talk here in the hall," Betsy said. She walked past him, unlocked the door to her apartment and switched on the living-room lights.

He was right behind her—almost pushed her into the room, and closed the door behind them. "So you and Quist know," he said.

"Know?"

"That it wasn't Zorn."

VERY slowly Betsy put her bag and gloves down on the end table by the couch. For a sickening moment she thought: I am alone with a killer! "It's a theory," she said.

"It's a fact," he said. "How did Cuyler go for it?"

"He—he—"

"He talked big about how we're all one big happy family and he loves and trusts everyone."

"Johnny, I'm tired. If you have something definite you want to say—"

"Oh, I'm not here for a bull session! What you think is true; it *was* someone in the office. After they've chased Zorn over half the world they'll find it out. And do you know who the person is they'll try to pin it on?"

"No."

"Me," Johnny said. "Have you ever lifted the lid and looked down into the cesspool that's the average big, happy family?"

"Johnny, if you—"

"Hate and hostility and jealousy and greed—a hundred motives for murder. And I have them all. I'm not country club, and so they laugh at me behind my back. Even Portia. We were engaged, and all the time she was carrying on with Cuyler."

"I thought it was Bill Leland who—"

"That's what he thought—as I did in the beginning. But it was always Cuyler. And when I told Portia he was making a play for Gloria, she didn't care! It was still Cuyler. And every time he looked at me or spoke to me I could see it in his eyes, hear it in his voice. He was laughing at me. Oh, I had motives."

"Johnny, why are you telling me?"

He looked at her, and to her amazement tears started to run down his cheeks. "Because you were the only one who ever showed me any consideration. When I—I tried to date you, you turned me down. You didn't like me enough, but you didn't play games with me. You showed me the respect one human being deserves from another. That's why I'm here."

"Why you're here?"

He put his hand in the pocket of his coat. When he brought it out he was holding a small, flat automatic.

"Johnny!" Betsy's terror was shattering.

"Oh, no, no, no! Not you, Betsy. I—I was just showing you. You mustn't be afraid. Not of me. You're the only one who showed me any respect."

Betsy sank down on the couch. She had to, because her legs wouldn't hold her up.

Johnny's eyes, behind the thick lenses, looked magnified—big as black half dollars. "I know who killed her, Betsy," he said, and his voice shook. "I'm not going to wait for them to pin it on me. I'm going to settle it before morning. But I wanted to be sure that you were home first—that you were home and safe."

"But, Johnny—"

"I don't know who you and Quist have told about your suspicions. It doesn't matter, really, because you told Cuyler, and he will have spread the news. If the murderer found you and Quist snooping around, you wouldn't be safe. I had to be sure you were safe and out of trouble before I did anything else. It was the least I could do for the only person who treated me like a human being."

"Johnny, listen!"

"You listen," Johnny said. "Nobody knows just how much you and Quist really know. It may be they won't take chances. When I leave here, you lock your door—put the chain on it. Don't let anybody in—not anyone, except Quist or Molloy, or—or me."

"Johnny, whatever you think you know, you can't handle this by yourself. Go to Molloy."

"And give them hours and hours more, while Molloy asks a lot of fool questions, to destroy any evidence there may be left? I've got to protect that evidence."

"Johnny—"

He was at the door, and the huge black eyes had a wild look in them. "You'll know all about it in the morning," he said. Then he laughed. "You and Quist were very clever, Betsy—but you weren't quite clever enough." He smiled, a mirthless smile. "Like everyone else, you missed the whole point."

"What point, Johnny?" Somehow Betsy knew she mustn't let him go. "Come back and tell me what you think you know."

"Sorry," Johnny said. "You stay here, and stay locked in, and if it doesn't rain before morning the whole thing will be finished. And thanks—for treating me like a human being."

"Johnny!"

He was gone, and she could hear the thud of his running feet on the carpeted stairs.

BETSY stood staring at the closed door, her heart thumping against her ribs. Johnny, definitely treading on the edges of hysteria, and armed, was nobody to be running around loose. The violence of his feeling against Warren Cuyler was obvious. All his talk about missed points, evidence to protect—and if it didn't rain! Crazy talk—dangerous talk. Why had he come here to see her? There had never been anything between them except "Good morning" and "Good night," except his two invitations, both of which she had turned down. Now, in his hysterical state, he saw those turndowns as evidence of "respect." An off-base killer might well decide to go to the one person he thought "respected" him before he embarked on a new crime, to boast of it. Was that what Johnny's visit had been—to advertise further violence? After all, she wasn't really in danger from anyone. She only had a theory—no facts.

Betsy sat down by her telephone and called police headquarters. Alan, she thought, would be there talking to Lieutenant Molloy. But Molloy wasn't there nor Alan—and no one seemed to know where the lieutenant could be reached.

She explained carefully, keeping her voice as steady as she could, that she worked for Warren Cuyler and that she had some evidence in the murder

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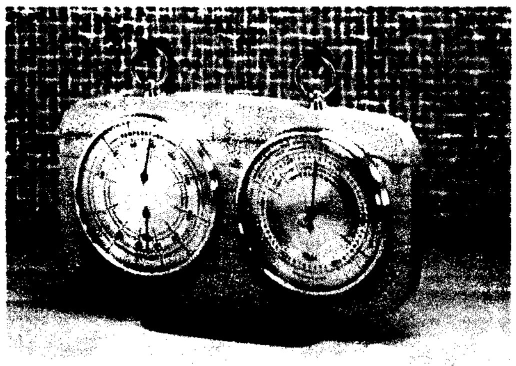

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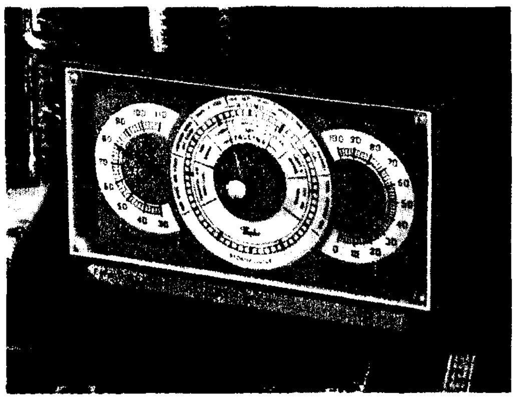

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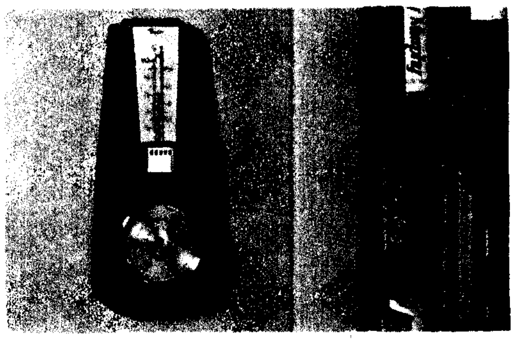

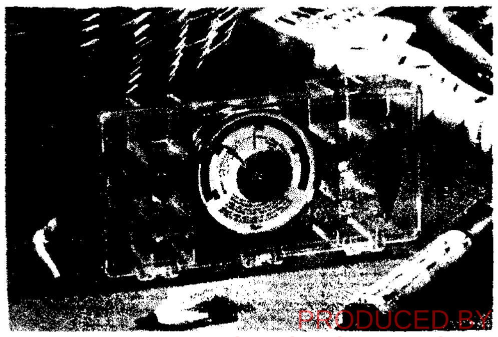

that Molloy should get at once. "We'll broadcast word to him through our prowl cars, miss," the sergeant on the other end promised. "Where can he reach you?"

She gave her number and hung up. She sat for a moment, wondering. If Johnny had it in his twisted head that Portia Denmarc had gone to the office to see Cuyler, he might decide Cuyler, indirectly, was responsible for her death. At this moment he might be gunning for Cuyler.

WARREN CUYLER'S home telephone was unlisted, and nothing she could do would persuade the telephone supervisor that she must have it. As a forlorn hope she called the office. It was a quarter to three in the morning—Cuyler would certainly have gone home by now. Then she thought—Miss Moffat! Sarah Moffat lived on Bond Street, only a few blocks away. She would certainly have Cuyler's private number. Betsy fumbled through the phone book and found Moffat's number. She dialed it and promptly got a busy signal. At any rate, Moffat was at home. She tried again in thirty seconds. Still busy. She tried twice more. Busy, busy, busy. Panic was beginning to take charge of Betsy. While she just sat here, a crazy Johnny Arcus might be getting closer and closer to Cuyler, the automatic ready for use. She tried Moffat once more and the phone was still busy. Then she snatched up her purse and gloves and ran out and down the stairs to the street.

Four short blocks, and she was standing outside the brownstone where Sarah Moffat lived. There were lights in one pair of windows on the second floor. In the foyer she found Miss Moffat's name on the brass hall plate and rang the bell. A moment later she heard Miss Moffat's cold, flat voice on the house intercom system. "Yes?"

"Miss Moffat, it's Betsy Collum. It's terribly important that I see you."

There was a moment's silence, and then the click of the front-door buzzer. Betsy let herself in and ran up the flight of stairs to the second floor. Miss Moffat was standing in the hall—dressed, as always, in the severe black suit that was like a uniform to her.

"I've been trying to get you on the phone, Miss Moffat, but your line's been busy. It was so urgent I came over."

"What could possibly be so urgent?"

"I'm afraid Mr. Cuyler may be in danger—real danger."

Miss Moffat's face was stony. "Mr. Cuyler told me what you and Mr. Quist believe. If you've come here at this time of night to try to convince me that—"

"Something's happened since then," Betsy said. "Johnny Arcus—half crazy—armed—saying he'll settle everything by morning."

Sarah Moffat looked past Betsy. A little shudder seemed to run over her; then she said in her flat voice, "You'd better come inside."

Betsy had never given any thought to what Sarah Moffat's private life might be, or to the kind of place in which she'd live. If she had, she would have missed the target entirely. Miss Moffat's apartment—at least, the living room into which Betsy was ushered—was incredible. The furniture was nondescript, without style or taste, but comfortable and well worn. But the walls! Every inch of wall space in the room was covered with photographs, framed press clippings and framed telegrams.

Even though she couldn't see them in detail from the doorway, Betsy realized that every single picture in the room—perhaps more than a hundred of them—was of Warren Cuyler. They must have covered the last thirty years of the man's life: pictures of him as a football player, as a skier, as an Army officer. A crew-cut boy here, laughing, bubbling with vitality. A crew-cut man of fifty there, very little changed except for the gray hair and the deeper lines around the mouth.

The sound of the door closing made Betsy turn. Moffat stood with her back to it, a blush coloring her cheeks. "A pictorial record of Warren Cuyler, the finest man I know," Moffat said, and for the first time since Betsy had known her she detected a defensive note in the older woman's voice. "Now, please, what is this danger you are talking about?"

Betsy told her about Johnny's visit, his wild talk, his gun. She told of trying to reach Molloy. "Of course, Mr. Cuyler had left the office, and naturally I don't have his private number. You were the only one I could think of, and I could get to you faster than I could to Mr. Cuyler's apartment to warn him."

"Arcus hasn't the courage for violence," Miss Moffat said.

"He's evidently been living with a persecution complex," Betsy said, "and I think he's dangerous. Please, Miss Moffat, call Mr. Cuyler. At least, if you warn him I'll have done all I can."

Sarah Moffat hesitated, and then walked to the table behind the couch and picked up the telephone. Her back was to Betsy as she dialed a number and waited. "You may look at the pictures if you care to," she said, dryly, and Betsy realized that in spite of herself she had been drawn to look at the walls again.

SHE went over to get a closer view. There was a picture of Cuyler with a championship Olympic team, and one of him being decorated by a general; there was an astonishing picture of a man spread-eagled against the face of a cliff, and the caption, in Miss Moffat's bold hand, indicated it had been taken with a telescopic lens on one of Cuyler's mountain-climbing trips—this one in Switzerland. Then there was a group picture, taken at an airport somewhere, of Cuyler, another man and a child—a little girl.

"Mr. Cuyler?" Miss Moffat's voice was crisp.

Betsy turned, and Miss Moffat smiled reassuringly. She had Cuyler on the phone.

Betsy looked back at the group picture. Again Moffat's bold hand had titled it: *Mr. Cuyler and John Cramden, ready to take off on Everest expedition. The child is Mr. Cramden's daughter, Patricia.* Betsy felt her muscles stiffening. She could hear Miss Moffat telling Warren Cuyler about Johnny Arcus, but her eyes were riveted on Patricia Cramden. The little girl in ribboned pigtails was Portia Denmarc—at about age twelve! Moffat's voice went on with the story of Johnny Arcus. Betsy moistened her lips. She even saw the inversion of the last name. Cramden—Denmarc, a rearrangement of the letters.

The receiver clicked behind her. Betsy turned quickly. "Mr. Cuyler wants me to express his appreciation," Miss Moffat said. "He'll be prepared

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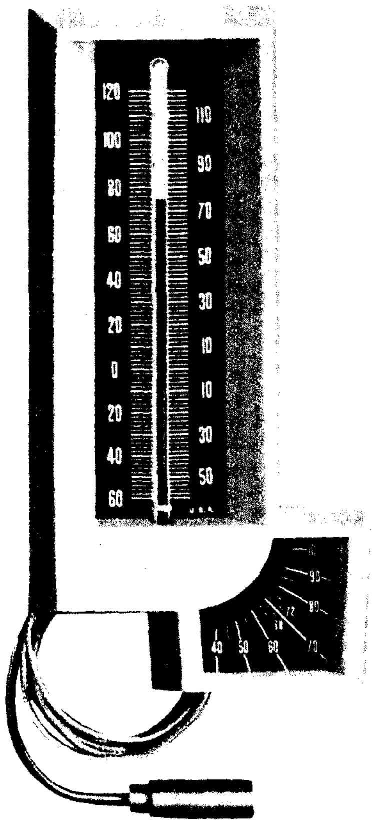

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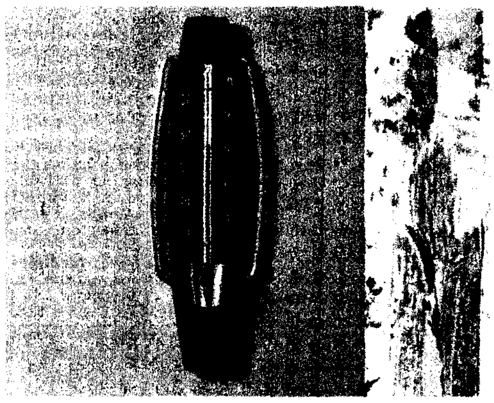

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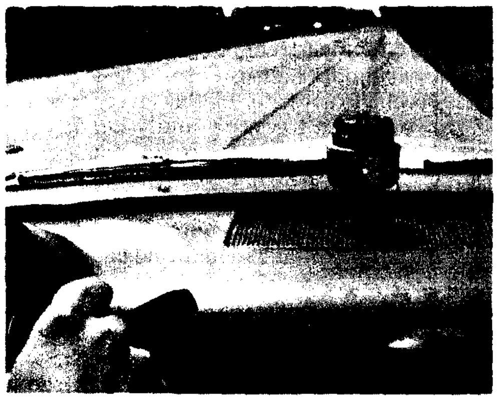

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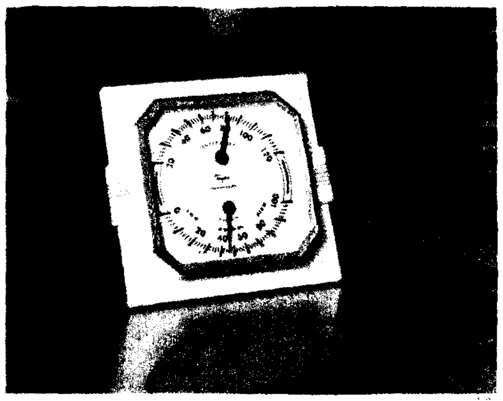

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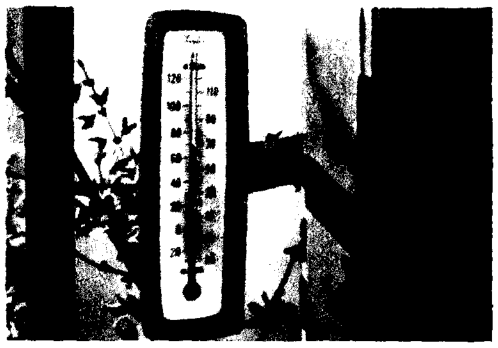

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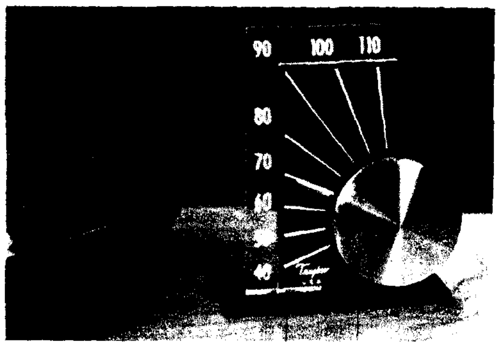

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for Arcus if he shows up." She came toward Betsy with a strange expression on her face. "You recognized Portia?"

"Yes."

"It was a tragedy—her father's death."

"But the—the name?" Betsy said.

"She is—she was a strange girl," Moffat said. "Her father left her well fixed, financially. When she was old enough she went to college—studied law. She applied to Mr. Cuyler under the name of Portia Denmarc for a job. He had no idea who she was. I don't think he had ever seen her but that one day when the expedition took off. He didn't recognize her as a grown woman—a lawyer. She changed her name because she wanted to get the job on her merits, and not because Mr. Cuyler might want to help because she was John Cramden's daughter." Miss Moffat drew a deep breath. "Quixotic but commendable. And now I think you can rest easy about Mr. Cuyler. Whatever Arcus has in mind, he won't be able to get to him. Thank you for your prompt action. Good night."

Betsy went to the door and out into the hall. Miss Moffat followed her. Betsy started down the stairs, and something began to fight for recognition in her mind. Halfway down the stairs she stopped.

"Something wrong, Miss Collum?" Miss Moffat asked.

"No—good night."

Down she went, step by step, aware that Miss Moffat watched her all the way. When she reached the street she didn't look back, but she knew Miss Moffat would be looking out at her from between the curtains of her living room, wondering if Betsy had fallen for it. If not, Betsy would be running for a phone, or a taxi to take her to police headquarters. So Betsy walked, no faster, no slower than would seem normal. She would have to cross the square before she would be out of Miss Moffat's view.

Betsy had been so absorbed by the Cramden-Denmarc picture that she had only half listened to Miss Moffat's efficient recital of the facts to Warren Cuyler. It wasn't until she was halfway down the stairs that she realized that all the while Miss Moffat had been talking to Warren Cuyler there had been the steady hum of the dial tone. Miss Moffat had made no call at all. . . .

A TAXI cruised by. Betsy hailed it. She was fighting back a hysterical need to weep as she asked to be taken to police headquarters. When she got there she found that no one had so far contacted Lieutenant Molloy. It seemed too long a story to tell to the bored desk sergeant who had none of the facts of the case. As briefly as she could, she told about Johnny Arcus, urged them to try to pick him up, urged them to send police to Warren Cuyler's apartment to protect him. Meanwhile, she was going to the office in the Shropshire Building. Warren Cuyler's private telephone was listed there in her card-index file. It would be quicker to go there and phone him than to taxi uptown to his apartment, forty or fifty blocks farther north. She pleaded with the sergeant to keep trying to reach Molloy and to tell him she would be at Cuyler, Trent & Leland.

Her taxi swept her uptown through the deserted city streets. It was nearly three thirty. Moffat! Sarah Moffat, whom Betsy had included in her list of suspects to Alan, but who she'd really believed would have given her life for Warren Cuyler. Miss Moffat faking the phone call that would have warned him of danger, deliberately withholding the warning that might save Warren Cuyler's life!

It seemed incredible, but was it possible that Moffat and Johnny Arcus were working together? Betsy was too emotionally exhausted to try to think it through. She kept her mind focused on the card-index file in her booth at the office. In five minutes she would be able to warn Warren Cuyler. If she wasn't too late!

THERE were no police cars outside the Shropshire Building now. The night man was surprised to see her but took her up when she said she had to get a telephone number from the files.

"Everyone else cleared out quite a while ago," he said. "You coming right down again?"

"I have some calls to make," Betsy said. "I'll ring for you."

She fished her office key out of her handbag and went to the door—the old familiar door that opened out. She pulled it toward her. The reception room was pitch dark. She remembered there was a light switch to the left of the door, found it, and turned on the lights. She closed the door and made sure it was locked. A wave of relief swept over her. She turned down the right corridor toward the main office. It was dark up ahead, but again she remembered there was a switch at the end of the corridor. She reached it and turned it on—and nearly fell headlong over the body that lay at her feet.

Johnny Arcus lay face down on the floor. His glasses had fallen off and one of the lenses was cracked. The back of his head had been smashed in.

Betsy tried to force air into her lungs. A kind of destroying despair closed over her. She wasn't sure she could make her legs work. She should phone the police. Then she should call Mr. Cuyler. Then she should— There was a quick, shuffling sound behind her and the lights went out.

Betsy screamed, loud and shrill and clear. The shuffling sound moved toward her. A hand fumbled at her shoulder. Betsy bolted into space, ricocheting painfully off the front desk in the left-hand row in the main office. She blundered down the center aisle. Behind her was the shuffling—and a heavy breathing. She came up hard against the closed door of the law library. She thought of running in, closing the door and locking it, but she couldn't remember if there was a key to the door. The shuffling sound came closer. She could imagine hands reaching out for her in the darkness.

To her right was the corridor leading past the private offices. It went past five offices, turned at right angles, and led back into the reception room and the door out into the hall—and the stairway to the street. A cold draft of air struck her face. Someone had left a window open in one of the offices.

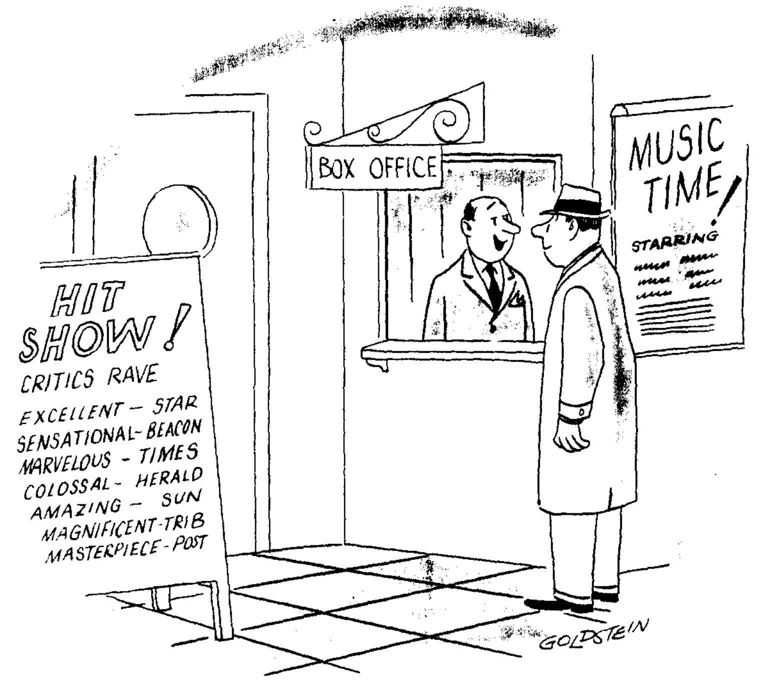
Behind her she heard the labored, almost frightened breathing of the shuffler. Gasping, Betsy ran past the offices to the corner. She could hear the shuffler running behind her. She turned the corner and headed for the reception room. It was still lighted, as she'd left it. She was only a few feet from it when the light went out. Betsy stopped in her tracks. There were two of them—or had she only imagined the shuffler behind her? Had he cut across the main office, knowing where she was headed? She strained to hear something. The shuffling had stopped.

BETSY leaned against the wall, trembling. If there were two of them she was hopelessly trapped. There was no way out except through the reception room. One of them was there. The other was in the corridor behind her. Slowly she sank down onto her knees. There was nothing she could do but wait for it to happen.

Then she heard a sound—a sound she hadn't dreamed she would ever hear. Someone was putting a key in the front door of the office. The person who had switched off the lights in the reception room was hurrying back to the darkened main office. Betsy was suddenly on her feet, screaming.

IT NEVER HAPPENS

By WALTER GOLDSTEIN



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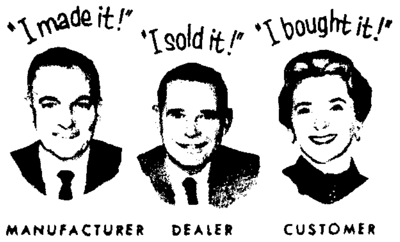
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The door opened. There were lights. "Betsy! Where are you?" It was Alan Quist.

"Alan! *Alan!*"

She saw him at the end of the corridor, hundreds of miles away, coming toward her. Molloy was with him. Then she heard the steps behind her.

Betsy whirled around. Sarah Moffat, her face the color of gray marble, was coming toward her from the other direction. Miss Moffat's hands were curled like the talons of a bird, reaching for Betsy—reaching for her face. Betsy staggered toward Alan and felt his arms go around her and heard his voice, low and soothing: "Easy, honey."

A terrible animal sound came from Miss Moffat's throat as Lieutenant Molloy bore down on her. Betsy turned in Alan's arms. Miss Moffat was fumbling for something in her handbag, and just as Molloy reached her she produced it. It was a small, compact automatic—the same one, or the twin of the one, that Betsy had seen earlier in Johnny Arcus's possession. She could have killed the lieutenant in that instant if that had been her intention. Instead, she hesitated a moment and then turned the gun toward her own head. With a sweeping blow of his hand Molloy knocked the gun to the floor.

Miss Moffat stared at him, swaying. Then, with a little moan, she collapsed in a heap on the floor.

HAVING to do something kept Betsy from going entirely to pieces herself. Lieutenant Molloy had her busy on the switchboard at once getting Warren Cuyler, Roger, Bill and Gloria back to the office.

The last three she contacted at once. The reactions were all the same when she told them they were wanted, that Johnny Arcus had been murdered: "Do they know who did it, Betsy?"

"They think," Betsy said, in a small voice, "that it was Miss Moffat!"

"Moffat!" Total, blank disbelief.

Warren Cuyler's telephone was busy. For the second time that night Betsy heard the monotonous busy signal over and over. She got the operator to dial the number for her. Still busy. The news of the earlier crime was out, of course. Hundreds of Cuyler's friends must know by now.

Betsy reported to Molloy. "Keep trying," he said. "Meanwhile, I'd like a preliminary statement from you."

She told him—everything that had happened to her from the time Alan had left her at her own apartment until he and Molloy had arrived in time to save her from Moffat's attack.

It had taken Betsy a good ten minutes to tell her story, and during it she kept dialing Cuyler's number. At last he answered, crisp, angry-sounding: "Yes?"

"Mr. Cuyler," she said, "this is Betsy Collum. I—"

"My dear Miss Collum, if you are going to try to sell me on that theory of yours— Do you have any idea what time it is?"

"I've been trying to reach you, sir, but your line's been busy. There's been another murder. Johnny Arcus."

"*What!*"

"Lieutenant Molloy wants you here. They think Miss Moffat did it."

"Miss Moffat!" He sounded stunned. Then suddenly he laughed. "They *are* crazy!" he said. "I'll be there at once."

But Sarah Moffat, pale and unsteady, revived a little by spirits of ammonia, left no room for doubt. They had all gone to Warren Cuyler's big office. There was an assistant D.A., a police stenographer, Alan and Molloy. And there was Roger Trent, his arm around a dazed Gloria, and Bill Leland. Cuyler hadn't arrived.

Miss Moffat sat in Cuyler's desk chair, staring straight ahead of her, through people, into space. "I killed them both," she said matter-of-factly. "I planned to kill Portia. Arcus brought it on himself by meddling."

WHEN she paused, no one spoke. The people who knew her stared at her, not believing what they heard. The people who didn't know her had the same doubting look on their faces. It was almost impossible to believe it of her. Only Betsy accepted it. She remembered that fake call—the calmness of Miss Moffat's duplicity.

"Portia deserved to die," Sarah Moffat said.

"Why?" Molloy asked.

"She deserved to die," Miss Moffat said doggedly. "I'm glad I killed her."

"If you won't tell us why, perhaps you'll tell us how," Molloy said.

"I waited almost too long," Moffat said. "I'd been thinking about it a long time. I knew if I was going to do it I'd have to act while people might still think Carl Zorn had tried to carry out his threat. I had planned the way to kill her. It was easy for me. I could go over it day by day—be sure there was no chance of a slip-up. Finally, last evening, I phoned her and told her Mr. Cuyler wanted her here at the office at six. I knew he would go out for supper about six. If he hadn't I would have got him out somehow."

"Miss Moffat!" It was a whisper from the doorway. Warren Cuyler had joined the group while she talked. At the sight of him a spasm of pain twitched her face. Then she looked away from him. Betsy saw grief and pity in Cuyler's eyes.

"Portia came a little late," Miss Moffat said. "I was watching for her down on the street. I didn't see Mr. Cuyler come back. Somehow I missed him . . ."

"I—I came in the service entrance," Cuyler said.

"So I didn't know he'd come back," Moffat said tonelessly. "But I saw *her* arrive. When she'd gone up in the elevator I climbed the stairs. I wedged the door shut and I went home—not dreaming that I'd locked Mr. Cuyler in with her. When I think that it might have been he who went to that switchboard—"

"But *why*, Miss Moffat!" Roger Trent cried out.

It was Warren Cuyler who spoke. "My dear, dear Miss Moffat," he said gently. "I would have faced it through. I told you! I told you over and over!"

EVERYONE turned to look at the tall gray man. He lifted a hand and pressed his finger tips against his eyes for a moment. Then he spoke in a toneless voice: "I take it you all know that Portia was John Cramden's daughter. She came here, using a false name, with excellent recommendations. I had no idea of her real identity. I hired her, and she was a highly efficient member of our team here. Then, six months ago, she revealed herself—revealed herself as a deadly enemy."

"No, Mr. Cuyler!" Sarah Moffat cried. "There's no point in going into it. She's dead. And the story died with her."

"We have to save you, Miss Moffat, if we can," Cuyler said gently. "To have a (*Continued on page* 116)

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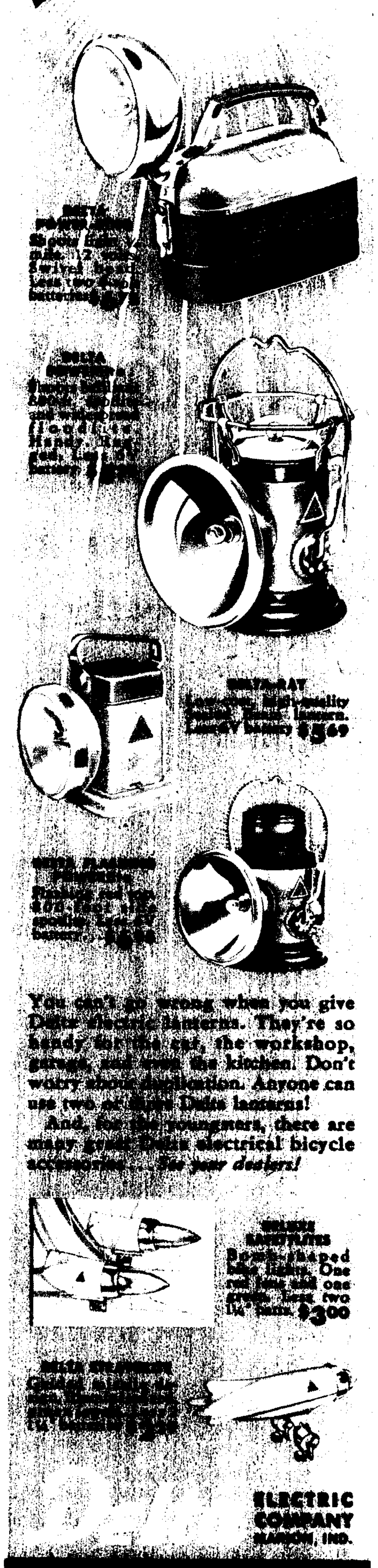

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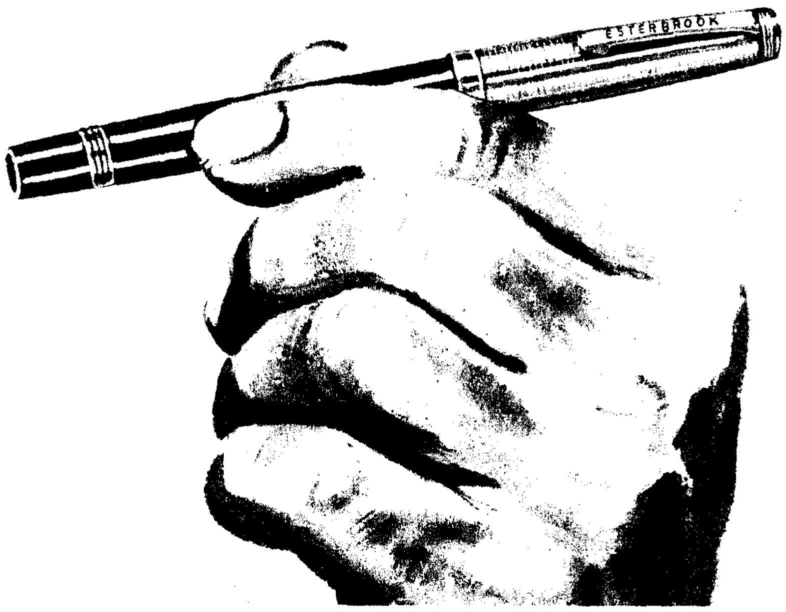

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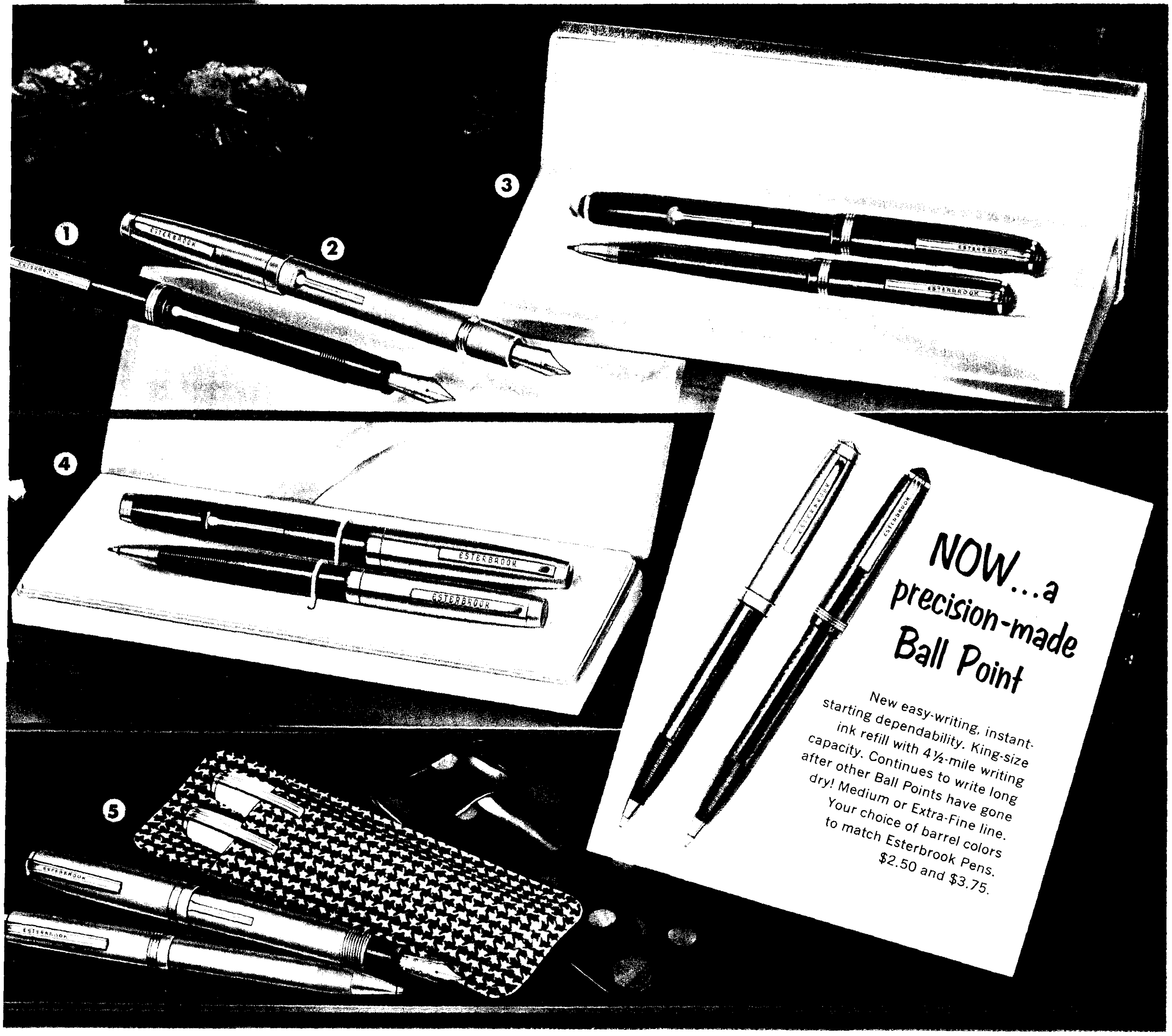

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(*Continued from page* 113) chance, we have to know that you acted as a brave and loyal friend.

"You all know how John Cramden died," Cuyler said. "We were only a few hundred feet from reaching the top of Everest—a few hundred terribly dangerous feet—when Cramden fell, tumbling into a deep crevasse. I nearly lost my own life trying to get him out—my oxygen was running low. I finally had to leave him there.

"There was a young man in our party, an Australian. He was a paid camp hand. I had several run-ins with him. He was lazy and inefficient. Unknown to me, this Australian boy wrote a letter to John Cramden's daughter, not realizing that she was a child. He'd heard Cramden speak of her and evidently assumed that she was a grown woman. He wrote, because he was afraid for his life. He said that I knew that *he* knew the 'truth'—which was that I could have saved Cramden but that I had left him to die while I went on with the climb. He said he was afraid I might kill him to keep him from telling the 'truth.' " Cuyler's lips curled each time he pronounced the word "truth." "He also said there was a Tibetan guide in the expedition who could vouch for the 'truth.'

"Portia was twelve," he went on. "She had no one in whom she could confide. She built up some kind of childish fantasy to the effect that I was a villain—her father's murderer. When the war was over she tried to get in touch with the Australian boy. She learned that he had been murdered in some back alley in Hong Kong the day before I'd sailed for home after the failure of the expedition. Her fantasy grew—and she was set on revenge.

"She came here, her name changed so I wouldn't know who she was. She hoped to find some sort of proof of her absurd fantasy through associating with me. All the while, she was spending money to find that Tibetan guide. A few months ago she located him. He made a sworn statement substantiating the Australian boy's letter." Cuyler laughed shortly. "Portia must have paid him handsomely. Then she came to me, revealed who she was, showed me Photostats of the letter and the guide's statement, and threatened to make a public scandal unless"—again Cuyler laughed—"unless I would conduct my life exactly as she ordered.

"I told Portia her charge was a fantastic lie," he said softly. "I told Miss Moffat the whole story, and we discussed what we would do if Portia carried out her threat. Portia gave me a deadline—tomorrow morning's hearing before the grand jury. I laughed at her. She could prove nothing."

SARAH MOFFAT broke in. "Revenge was all she wanted! I tried to reason with her. I knew she would go through with it, and I—I have known Mr. Cuyler for thirty years. I—I have loved him all that time."

"Miss Moffat!" Cuyler whispered.

"I loved him," she said grimly, "and I knew what this would mean to him. His whole life has been built on success, on a kind of heroism. I couldn't let this thing happen to him! *I couldn't!* So I killed her." She lowered her head for a minute and then went on: "When Miss Collum came to see me tonight and told me about Johnny Arcus I knew I had to deal with him, too. Johnny couldn't stand rejection, and when Portia rejected him—which she did after stringing him along for a while in the hope he might be useful to her in finding evidence against Mr. Cuyler—he began trying to find a way to get even. He was his own private detective. He said to Miss Collum that she had 'missed the point.' I knew what he meant. He meant that there had been no accident—that Portia had been the intended victim of the trap. How he knew I couldn't guess, nor what evidence he thought he had to 'protect.' But I had to find out.

"As soon as Miss Collum left me I came up here—and found Johnny snooping around. He said he knew I had done it. I didn't give him a chance to say any more. There was a water carafe on the desk out there. I killed him with it. I was wiping away my fingerprints on the bottle when Miss Collum came. I took Johnny's gun—"

She stopped. It was the end of her story. She lifted her eyes to Warren Cuyler. "I would have died for you, Mr. Cuyler. I—"

Then Betsy heard a strange sound, which was her own voice saying, "No! It couldn't have been that way at all."

It was, Betsy thought, like living in a nightmare. Eyes stared at her from everywhere—startled eyes, frightened eyes. Only Alan seemed real as he moved closer to her and she felt his strong fingers lock themselves in hers. "Go on, Collum," he said gently.

She found herself focusing on the white-faced, frightened Sarah Moffat.

"You see, Miss Moffat," Betsy said, "there were *two* people who tried to catch me when I came here to the office *tonight*. After—after the lights went out, I ran through the main office and then turned down the private corridor. And just as I was in sight of the reception room the lights went out there—and yet there was someone just behind me. That was you, Miss Moffat. You were right behind me when Alan turned on the lights again. Someone else had cut through the main office to the reception room and switched the lights off, and then ducked back into the main office when he heard Alan's key in the lock."

"There was no one else in the office when we got here," Molloy said.

"There wasn't anyone else here when you looked, Lieutenant," Betsy said, her fingers tightening around Alan's. "But quite a lot happened before you looked. You and—and Alan came running down the hall to me, and Miss Moffat got the gun out of her purse, and you knocked it out of her hand when she tried to shoot herself, and she fainted, and you and Alan carried her into her office. There was a long, long time during which someone could have left by the front door, gone down the fire stairs and disappeared."

"Suppose you're right," Molloy said. "Do you have any idea who it was?"

BETSY'S fingers ached from the pressure, but she hung on to Alan for dear life. "Mr. Cuyler's phone was busy when I tried to call him, Lieutenant. It was busy for about fifteen minutes."

Warren Cuyler gave a short laugh. "Is there something wrong with my phone being busy, Miss Collum?"

"No, Mr. Cuyler, but—"

"The story of the murder has been on the radio," Cuyler said, "and in the papers. A lot of people called. I—"

"I checked with the telephone company supervisor, Mr. Cuyler," Betsy said, almost inaudibly. "She said no one was talking. That—that the receiver must have been off the hook."

Cuyler's mouth was a straight slit. "This is absurd, Lieutenant," he said. "I don't see the point Miss Collum is trying to make. People called—I got sick of it, and finally left the receiver off the hook."

"And finally put it back on again?" Alan asked. "And answered it when Betsy kept on trying?"

"Yes, I—"

"It should be easy enough to check," Molloy said. He saw the point she was making, Betsy realized. "Just give us the names of the people you talked to and we can establish your alibi."

"Alibi? What do I have to have an alibi for?" Cuyler asked sharply.

"Miss Collum thinks you were the other person here in the office with Miss Moffat. If you did come back here after you went home earlier, Mr. Cuyler, you might have left your receiver off so that in case I or someone else called you, we'd think you were at home, talking on the phone."

"Now, just a minute," Cuyler said.

"If the lieutenant suspects you, Warren," Bill Leland said, "you ought to

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"Please," Betsy said. "If you'll just let me finish, then—"

"By all means finish—as quickly as possible!" Cuyler said.

"Earlier, Miss Moffat's phone was busy. I didn't check that time, but when I got to her apartment she was dressed—ready to go out. I think—"

"We're not interested in what you think, Miss Collum," Cuyler said. "If you have any facts—"

"*I think*," Betsy said, "*that the person* who killed Johnny here in the office had phoned her, told her what he'd done and asked for help. I think she was on her way to help when I interrupted her. She pretended to telephone Mr. Cuyler to warn him, but she faked the call. I thought *she* was the person who had tried to kill Mr. Cuyler—I thought that then. But now I think she faked it because Mr. Cuyler wasn't at home—she knew he was here—and she didn't have to warn him because he'd already killed Johnny."

Cuyler spread his hands in a comic gesture of despair. "The implication being that I killed Johnny because he accused *me* of killing Portia?"

"Yes, Mr. Cuyler," Betsy said.

"Haven't we had enough of this fanciful young woman, Lieutenant? The one thing I couldn't have done was kill Portia. I was trapped in the office with her! The killer wedged the door shut from outside—and I was *inside!*"

Everyone was watching Betsy. "I think Mr. Cuyler was counting on that," she said. "According to Miss Moffat, Portia had to be silenced before tomorrow morning. He hoped everyone would assume that Carl Zorn was the murderer and that Portia had been killed by mistake. But he must have known there was a chance someone would realize that it couldn't have been Zorn—that it had to be someone who knew all the little details about the office. If that happened he would still be safe, because we would know he was *inside* the office and the murderer had to be on the *outside* to wedge the door shut."

"And, Miss Collum, I *was* inside the office!" Cuyler said.

BETSY moistened her lips. "Miss Moffat's apartment is full of pictures of Mr. Cuyler. There is one—"

"We know about that," Molloy said. "The picture of Miss Denmarc as a little girl—the picture that told you she was really Patricia Cramden."

"No," Betsy said. "It was a picture taken with a telescopic lens of Mr. Cuyler climbing in Switzerland."

"What about it?" Cuyler asked. "That picture appeared in dozens of newspapers."

"Johnny Arcus wasn't killed because he was crazy," Betsy said. "He was killed because he knew something. And —and he told me what he knew."

"That's something you overlooked telling me," Molloy said.

Betsy shook her head. "I told you. Johnny said we'd missed the point. He said he was going to protect the evidence. He said if it didn't rain, everything would be settled by morning."

"Now, look, Miss Collum—" Molloy said.

"Don't you see, Lieutenant? The point we missed was that Portia's death wasn't an accident. We know that now. Johnny came here, to the office, to protect the evidence. And yet the evidence that was so important was outside—outdoors."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because rain couldn't destroy any evidence indoors," Betsy said. She felt Alan's hand tighten.

"By George, Collum, I think you've done it!" he said.

"I remembered the picture of Mr. Cuyler on the face of that cliff," Betsy said, "and I got thinking about the narrow ledge that runs around the building just under our windows. Then I realized that Mr. Cuyler could have killed Portia, could have wedged the *door shut from the outside*, and could have had himself found *inside* again by crawling along that ledge."

Warren Cuyler snorted. "Fourteen floors up?"

"Everest was higher," Alan said.

"I think Mr. Cuyler came back here tonight to wait for daylight—to make sure there were no traces of that journey along the ledge. I think Johnny came here to make sure that no one destroyed those traces. If it didn't rain, Johnny said—don't you see, Lieutenant?—if it didn't rain there should be marks in the dirt on that ledge."

"And it hasn't rained," Alan said.

MISS MOFFAT burst out in a shrill voice. "I told you what happened!" she cried. "Please don't listen to this nonsense. I killed them. I—" She stopped because Lieutenant Molloy was not listening. He was walking slowly over to the window.

He pulled up the Venetian blind, opened the window, and looked out. With the blind up, the room was suddenly filled with the light of early morning. Molloy looked for a long time, and then turned. "See for yourself, Mr. Cuyler," he said.

"You're kidding," Cuyler said. He walked briskly across the room to the window. As he passed the desk he patted Miss Moffat's shoulder in a gesture of affection. He looked out the window for a moment, and then he turned to face them. He was smiling.

"Of course, there isn't a word of truth in what Miss Moffat has been telling you," he said, almost jauntily. "Substitute my name for hers and you just about have it. She never knew anything about it until a few hours ago, after I'd killed Johnny. I phoned her because I needed help. I told her the whole story. If there was anyone I could trust, it was Sarah Moffat."

The long time Miss Moffat's phone had been busy, Betsy thought.

Cuyler's eyes shifted, with almost humorous affection, to Miss Moffat. "I would have tried to get you off, Miss Moffat, if they'd accepted your story. But if I couldn't, you know I wouldn't have let you take the rap."

"Did you leave John Cramden to die?" Roger asked, his voice hoarse.

"Would I have committed two murders to cover up a falsehood?" Cuyler laughed. "I'm afraid you'll have to find yourself a new hero, Roger. Yes —Cramden was standing on the edge of the crevasse, he lost his footing, his body twisted round—"

"No, Mr. Cuyler! *No!*" Miss Moffat screamed.

Warren Cuyler sprang out into space —and down, and down. Betsy was suddenly in Alan's arms, her face buried against his chest, sobbing. And above the sound of her own weeping she heard Sarah Moffat's curious, cracked voice. "He didn't have to do that," she said, like a puzzled child. "I would have helped him. No matter what he did I would have helped him. I would have died for him." —HUGH PENTECOST

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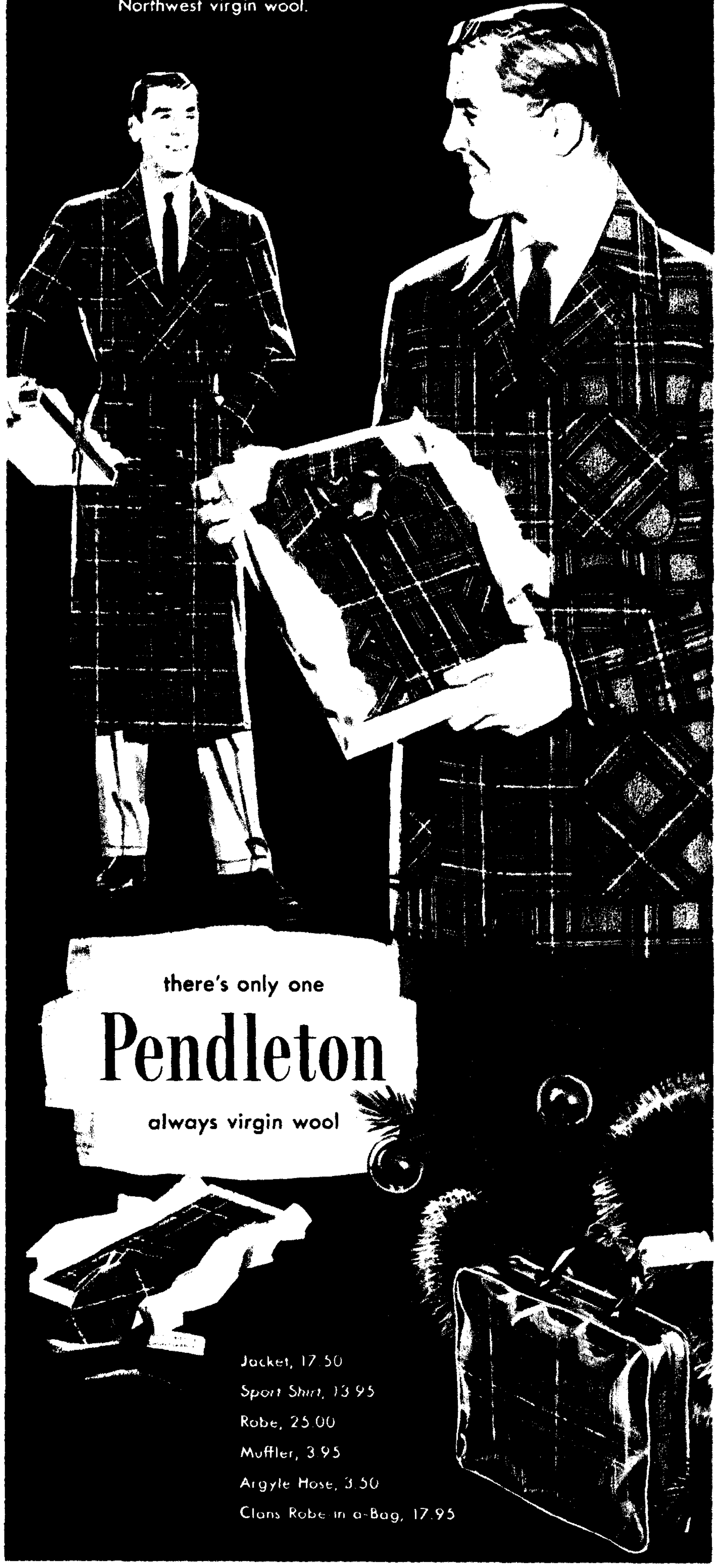

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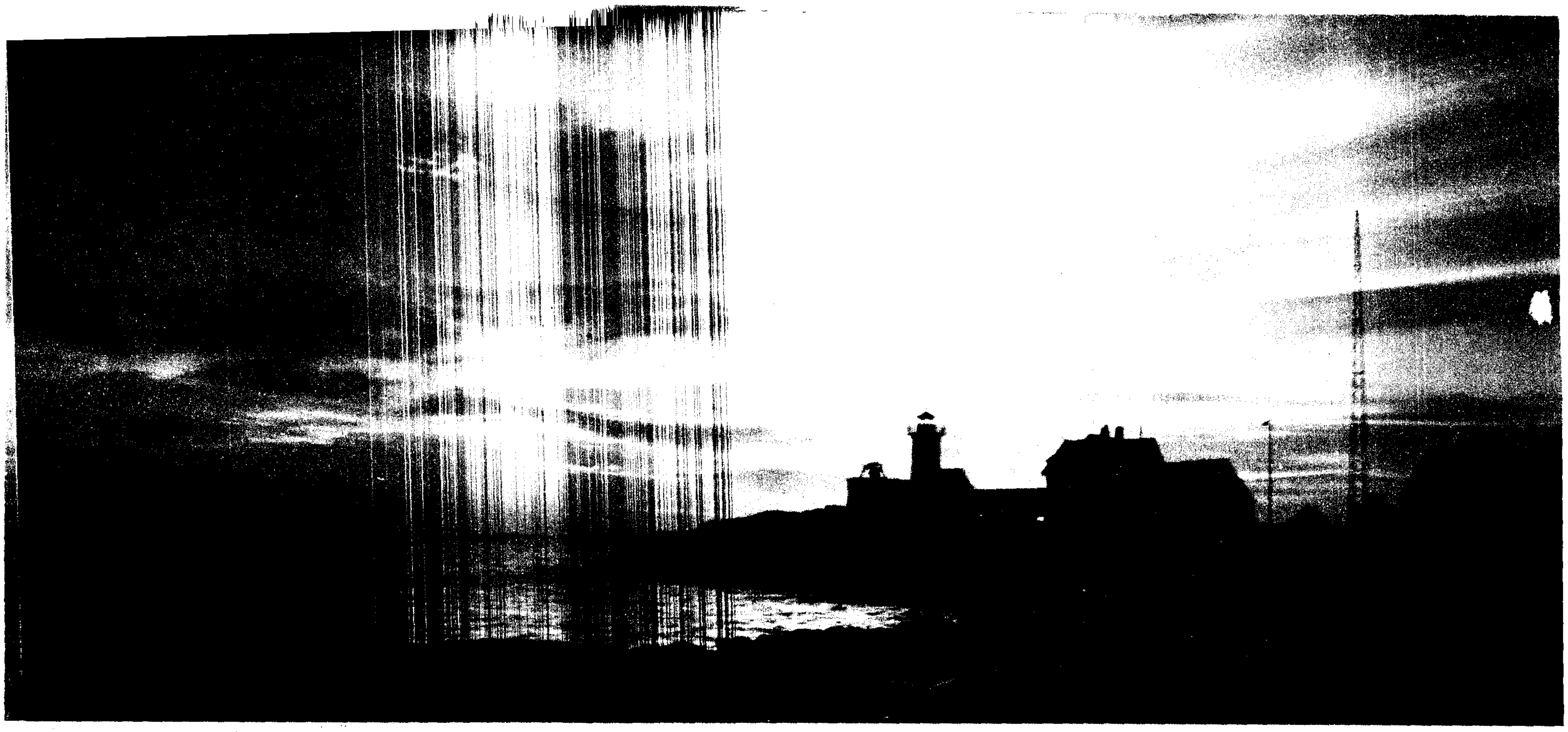


SHOSTAL

Collier's Comment

New Light on the Way to Peace

NOW IT IS HALF a generation since Pearl Harbor; youngsters who first trudged off to grammar school that year went to the polls to vote this November. Time has rushed by since that day—four years of war, 11 years of troubled truce; Korea, Iran, the furious slashing violence in the Middle East; impasses in the United Nations, the massive roilings of unrest in Poland and Hungary. Great events have hurtled past in swift succession like scenes past the window of a speeding train. Yet peace, like the sun behind the far hills, seems never to come nearer. Where have we come in 15 years?

Further, perhaps, than appears at first glance.

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, like the German assault on Poland two years earlier, was carried out on the classical assumption that military force, alone, could order and reorder the world to an aggressor's taste. Four years of global war demonstrated otherwise.

The Japanese and Germans learned that the love of liberty could be galvanized, iron-hard, to serve powerfully as a weapon of defense or offense.

The Allies learned, in their turn, that even when they had amassed the physical and spiritual weapons to produce victory, this victory crumbled in their fingers.

Both sides discovered, somewhere in the fury of global combat and in its aftermath, that all men, friends and foes, locked together on this shrinking planet have a common destiny, and that what affects the welfare of one people ultimately affects the welfare of all peoples. Hitler, being a maniac, piled up corpses by the millions in a fantastic effort to buttress his own dignity. Rational Germans now know, along with everyone else, that he only proved the opposite of what he sought—that the dignity he destroyed in the furnaces of Dachau and Buchenwald was not his victims' but his own.

Meanwhile, the Western Powers had matured so far that the shooting had hardly ceased before they themselves were helping rebuild what they had so recently destroyed in Germany and Italy and Japan. Here was something new on earth, replacing the old concept that to the victor belong the spoils and the equally ancient idea of an eye for an eye. Poor as Britain and France were after the war, they realized they could not afford to be confronted by an impoverished Germany. Call this morality or practicality, the results were the same. An erstwhile mortal enemy was treated like a brother—a prodigal, but a brother.

By far the clearest and most dramatic lesson in this newly found oneness of mankind has been provided by the development of the fission and fusion weapons. It seems likely that, in spite of the brave efforts of the United Nations, the postwar world must have exploded long since except for the bleak discipline imposed by these indifferent monsters, able to put an absolute end to civilization's brief dominion over the planet. A few crackpots here and there have been reckless enough to invite global conflagration in pursuing their own small ends. But the responsible leaders of the great powers, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, have refused this bait: those who control the nuclear weapons do not dare risk the universal catastrophe of nuclear war.

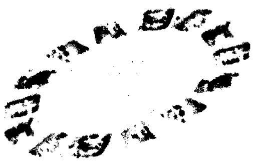
So a truce has been gained—a truce punctuated with fierce localized outbreaks any one of which could touch off that catastrophe, but a truce all the same. It began as a truce of fear; it remains, in part, a truce of fear. But out of it has also come wisdom, which may conceivably hold the truce long after fear has been conquered.

The world is awakening to a knowledge that until now has been shared only by a handful of philosophers: that man's ultimate conquest in his search for peace must be not over weapons, not over armies, not over the atom or the earth and its mysteries, but over himself.

The most savage weapons devised or imagined will remain safe in their hiding places—unless some human finger should trip the trigger. Whether the titanic power of the atom will work for man or against him depends on man's own choice.

This is not a new truth. It has always been so. It was man's savagery and fear that turned stones into weapons. But the great new bombs have sharpened and clarified this truth, and they have brought it home to people everywhere.

We have not won security in these 15 years—but security is, after all, ephemeral, a treacherous, elusive beacon shining always as a guide but leading us to disaster if we try to possess it absolutely. Every war in modern times has been launched in a quest for security. What we have won is understanding. We have learned where the real danger lies; we have focused on its source and are beginning to comprehend its nature. And, in this, we may at last have opened the way to its conquest. The latest fury in the Middle East has again emphasized the meagerness of the beginning and the enormity of the hazards. Still, even when optimism is eclipsed by the thunder of gunfire, there is room for hope.



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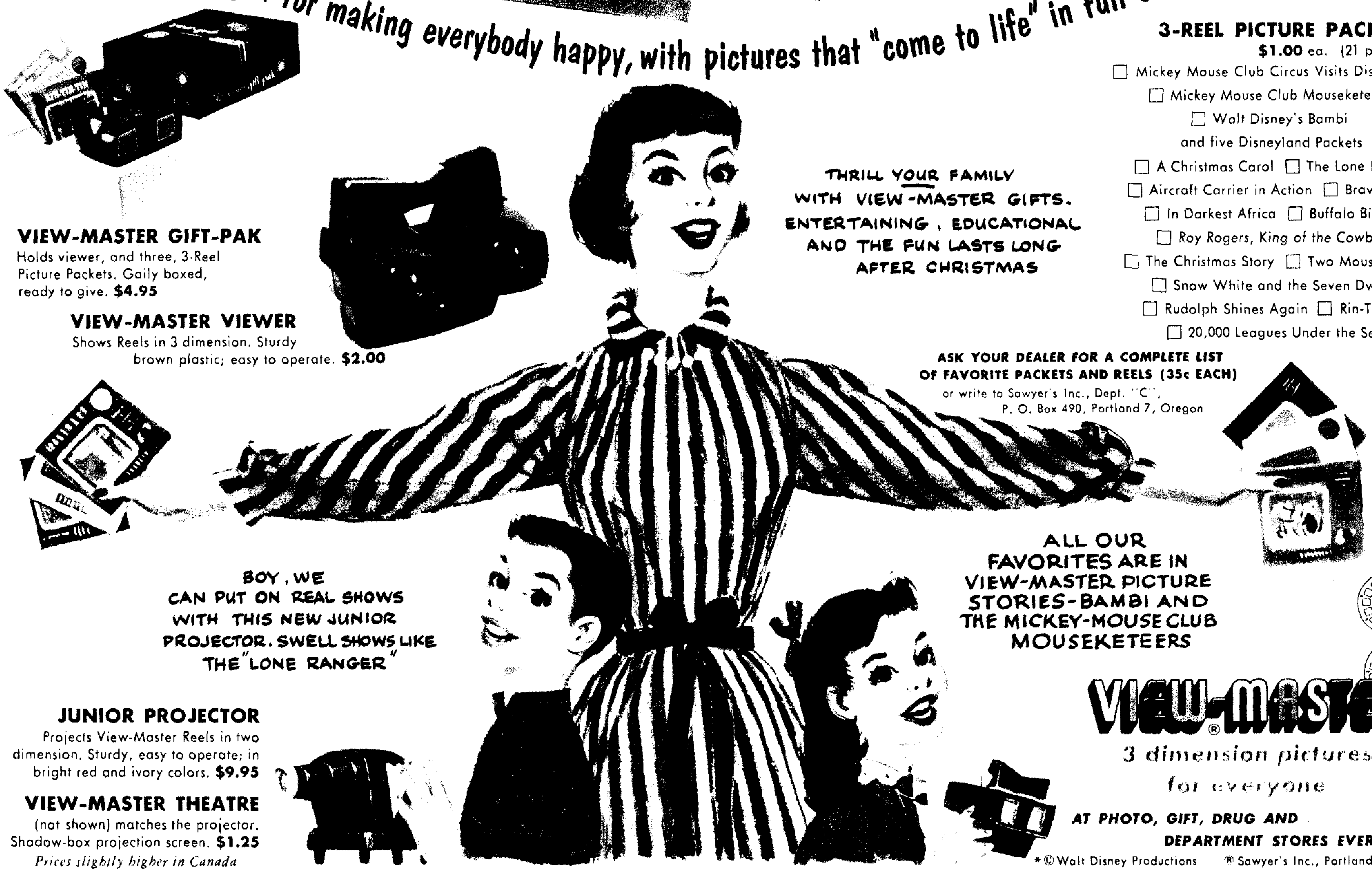

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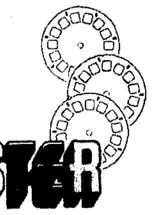

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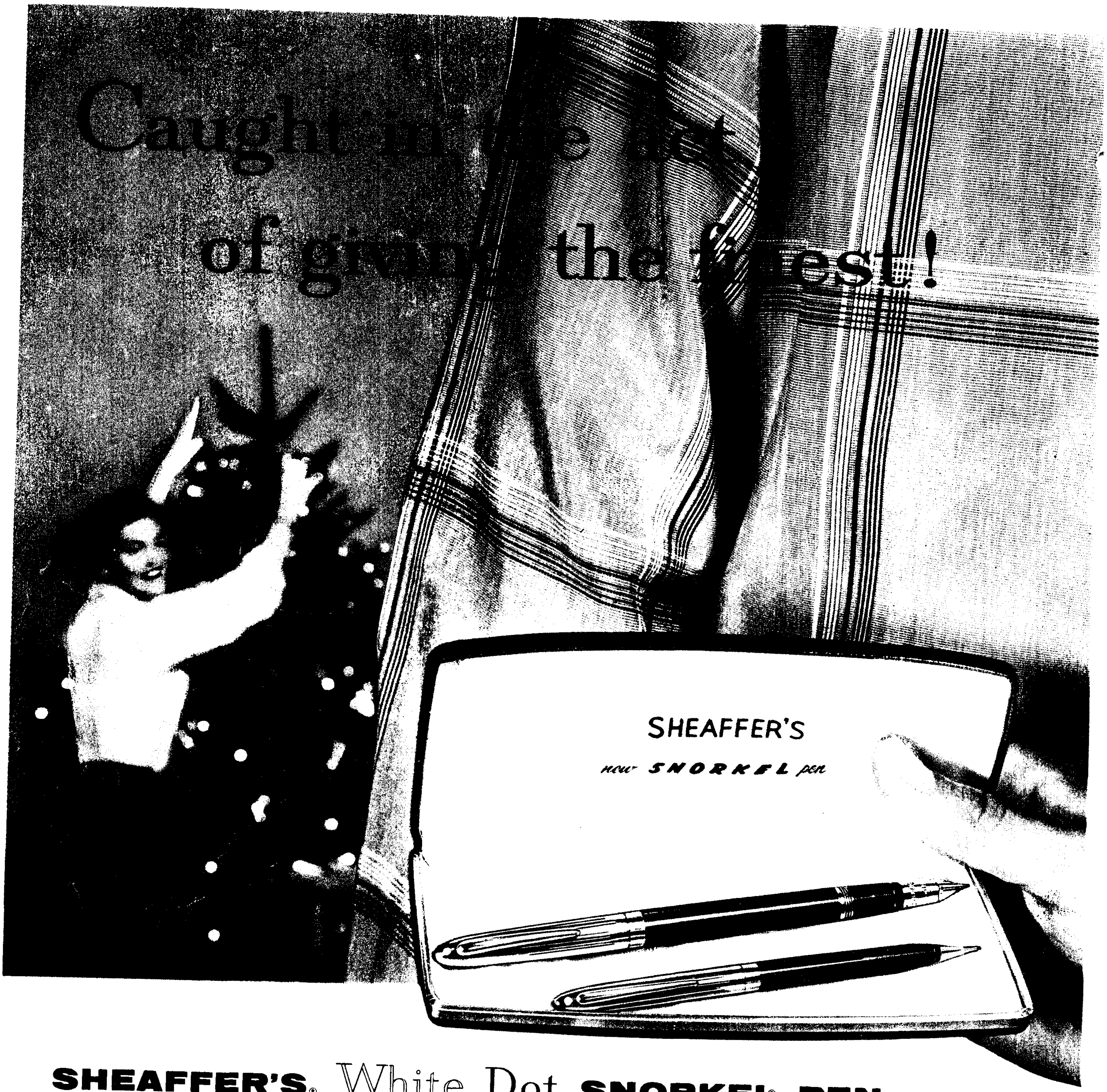

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